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THE WEEKLY GLOBE.
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"WHERE MEN DECAY."

Henry George, Jr., Goes Among the Peasant Farmers.

He Sees a Country Where the Population is but One to a Square Mile.

Plenty of Rich Untilled Land, but Not an Acre for the Poor.

LONDON, May 16.—Rural England is now in all its glory. A few days ago I went down to Wiltshire, one of the southwestern counties, with Mr. William Saunders, member of the London County Council for Walworth, and Liberal candidate in the same district for Parliament.

Leaving the train at Devizes, we drove southeast, ascending the famous Salisbury plain, a fine plateau 16 miles square, on which stand the rude monuments of Stonehenge, ancient and mysterious even to the first Saxon invaders. There are but few running streams here, but by making a basin in the ground and pouring in a little water a perpetually filled fresh pool for stock is provided, as the clouds, settling over the plain at night, are condensed by the water and constantly add to it.

As we drove along the splendid road leading to the town of Salisbury, the absence of signs of farming was most noticeable. On this important highway of an important shire in "Over-populated England" one felt a loneliness more suggestive of the newer parts of our western country; and, indeed, I learned that the population in this part of the country, including the villages, is only a fraction over one to the square mile. The soil is rich enough, and even with inferior tools and methods of cultivation, once supported a large population, but is now given up to sheep and game. Much more obtrusive than farmhouses were the twelve by six sheep cabins, supported on wheels, so as to be pulled from field to field; or the tangled thickets where lodged hare and pheasant and snipe, and occasionally a fox.

In these game preserves

The Squires of the Country

round, and their ladies, frequently gather and mount in the fall to "blood the hounds." A fox is started from the brush, or if foxes be scarce, one is loosed from captivity. Off then dash the hounds, and off dash squires and ladies, and attendants. Helter-skelter they go, through fields, over hedges and fences, up steep embankments and down sharp declivities, in mad flight, till, perhaps, they suddenly bring up, hounds, squires, ladies and attendants, around a hole into which the fox has run.

The hounds are drawn off and a man with a shovel is set to digging Mr. Fox out, while the whole party watch with intense interest. All at once some one cries, "There's his tail!" Quicker the shovel is plied until the tail is well exposed. Then up steps one of the squires, and, giving word to have the hounds ready, catches hold of the tail, and, with great agility, strength and skill pulls Mr. Fox out, seizes him by the back of the neck to prevent his biting, and flings him high into the air. Down comes the poor brute into the midst of the furious dogs, who quickly tear him to pieces. Thus the hounds are "blooded," and, squires, ladies and attendants remounting, return in high good spirits over their "amazingly enjoyable day."

We stopped at a small hamlet called Market Lavington, just off Salisbury Plain, and I listened to Mr. Saunders talk with people whose social conditions are those, more or less, of the whole of rural England.

Market Lavington contains 2000 souls. It has but one policeman, whose chief occupation seems to be to carry out the mandates of

The Load of the Manor.

Indeed, there is nothing else for a police man to do, for the people are most religious and law abiding, and besides supporting several churches, furnish a relatively important branch to the Salvation Army. One man owns nearly all the land within the immediate limits of the village, and a few others own the land around it, so that all the people save these few are renters.

But where a large renter, say a sheep-raiser, occupying 500 or 1000 acres, pays at the rate of 15, 10 or 5 shillings, or even less, an acre, the small cultivator of 5 or 10 acres of precisely the same kind of land pays £2, £3, and even £4 an acre, the deliberate purpose being to prevent poor men from getting land, as for many, many years, since poor-law settlement began, the poor have been deemed undesirable neighbors by the rich.

Yet this land is well adapted to the small cultivator. This is shown by the great quantity of fruit raised by Mr. Saunders' own brother, Mr. Samuel Saunders, from 10 acres of the poorest land for miles around. Many authorities calculate that even five acres would be enough to supply comfortably a farmer's family of five.

As with rent, so with taxes, for taxes here are levied, not on the owner, but on the occupier. And the "rates," or local taxes, and the tithe for the support of the established church fall on land, not according to its value, but according to its rent; so that the small farmer who pays £3 or £4 rent per acre, must pay a great deal more relatively than the sheep raiser whose rent is but a few shillings an acre.

The usual

Wages of Farm Laborers

in Wiltshire is 10 shillings ($2.50) a week. This, divided among a family of five, would only allow four pence (eight cents) a day for each member. What kind of living this affords may be inferred from the fact that the poor law guardians, who have never been charged with extravagance, cannot keep those dependent upon their charity in conditions of health and decency for less than an average of six pence a day each. At this rate, the support of five persons for a week would amount to 17½ shillings—seven and a half shillings more than the average weekly earnings of the farm laborers in Wiltshire. Most of these laborers have each, however, a quarter or half acre lot from which they are supposed to produce enough to help out their scant wages. But they can only do this when they are out of other employment, since working hours are from 7 to 5 in winter and from 5 to 7 in summer.

Not only are his wages low and his rent high, but the farm laborer is hedged about by all manner of restrictions and penalties. The pieces of common land once attached to every village in England have now almost all disappeared—for the most part appropriated by the powerful. In Market Lavington the children have nowhere save in the public highway to play. They may not run in the green fields and pick the wild flowers.

Sheep stealing not many years ago was a capital offence, and even now the law is severe upon poachers. A man caught unlawfully with game, even though it may have done his crops much injury, is heavily fined, and then, if not summarily evicted, may be, at any rate, subjected to a lingering persecution. One case I came upon was that of a man of known integrity and industry who was seized and fined 10 shillings for merely walking under the shade of trees close to a field where his sheep were grazing. The trees were part of a wooded tract which was used as a cover for pheasants, but there was not fence, hedge or anything else to separate the two properties.

Jasmine Cottage was the name of one of

The Peasant Homes

we visited—a small, tiled house, fronted by a pretty little garden, and as neat within as a New England housewife's. James Moore was the occupant, and though feeble with age he spoke with much clearness of thought. "You see my wife and me, sir, comin' to the end," said the old man. "It has been a long struggle from the first. Even when I were a boy we did have so little to eat of a mornin' and were that hungry that as we did go up Salisbury Down we did eat piece by piece the bit of bread that we did carry in our pouches to keep us through the day. One of the boys he were that hungry he did take peas out en the pigs trou'. Mr. Fowle caught en at it and didn't he beat en unmerciful!

"If I could have had a bit of land when I were come of age, I could have earned an easy livin', but you might as well go lookin' for sovereigns as for a bit of land. I could not relate to you how my wife and I lived; I could not tell that to no one livin'. At last we were gettin' too infirm to walk it to work, and poor old donk he were worn out, but I kept out at it till I were hardly able to get indoors. I were obliged to give up at last, and to call on the guardians for help. I were always free of thinkin', and some things did raise up in my mind a very revolutionary speret. I did seem to want some strong man to rise up and put down these persons who were withholding the land which the Almighty made for all of us. My time now, sir, is very short, but I shall yet see things better than when I came."

In 1872 Joseph Arch came along with his Farm Laborers' Union and caused an increase in wages. This increase was only temporary, but it set the laborers and small farmers to thinking. Many of them, like James Moore, concluded that if a change were made in the land laws, so that all would be enabled to have free access to the tracts of land lying practically idle about them, they could live in comfort and independence. Others wanted to fight it out on the union lines. Some believed that much would be done if the public charities were made more bountiful.

Where does this long

Struggle for Subsistence

end? One of James Moore's neighbors answered: "There is no use mincing matters," said he, "we've got to go to the work house in the end."

And this is the condition of things all over rural England. Is it any wonder then that each recurring census reveals a greater and more startling thinning out of the agricultural districts? With wages at the brink of starvation, and the prospect of the workhouse for old age, the young and energetic strike out for the towns where, at least, whatever may be the other conditions, there are the strongly attractive elements of excitement and change.

Nor are they, as a class, among those who swell the ranks of the unemployed in the towns. Messrs. Duncan, Bryce & Co., representing the Waterbury Sales Company, made a partial census of the unemployed in London in 1887, and reported that "the bulk of the unemployed"—of whom 17,711 of a great variety of trades were registered—"seem to be either natives of London or those who had been a long while here." In fact, while the newcomers from the agricultural districts find their way to employment, they push others out of it.

And what that means is shown by the following extract from a letter handed to me by a well-known London editor, and written by a man 60 years of age, working in a charitable institution, and who had formerly fallen through drink, but had long since observed good habits:

I am unable to find any employment whatever, and thus am no better off than I was 11 months ago. I appeal to you once more; can you find me any occupation in connection with your paper? Anything would suit me. I would hawk it about the streets, or could do anything, even do menial work. I am a good translator from the French, and can speak the language, and, having been a sandwich man, could live on one shilling or one and six per diem, and would now carry boards at the same rate. I am active and smart for my age, and would prove efficient in almost any capacity whatever, being in perfect health at the present time. I am sure you would find me useful in some capacity or other. I could write good English, could correct proofs for the press, besides being a good decipherer of difficult handwritings. I am well educated, being a matriculated student of the University of London, and formerly belonged to University College in Gower st.

Here is the bitterness of our civilization—for alas, it is not in England alone.

But one cannot note this misery and unrest among the small farmers and farm laborers, as well as among the workmen in the towns and cities, without seeing that Lord Rosebery's prediction, now that the suffrage is at last fairly in the hands of the many, is likely soon to be fulfilled, and that the politics of the future in Great Britain will be "the poor man's politics."

HENRY GEORGE, JR.

MEASURES, NOT MEN.

Colquitt's Advice to New York—Cleveland Losing Ground in the South as Possible Candidate.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—Senator Colquitt of Georgia, who has been in New York for three weeks, is in Washington on his way home. He has been in conference with New York politicians regarding the approaching campaign in that State and has counselled them to discuss measures rather than men.

"You see," said the senator, "if the Democrats in New York make the campaign a Hill and Cleveland fight, it will cause factional differences and dissensions, and may make New York a doubtful State. It may even defeat us there, and thus put both Hill and Cleveland out of the race. My advice would be to the party to stand together next fall, and then, after we have carried the State, let Gov. Hill and Mr. Cleveland each endeavor to secure the delegates to the nominating convention. To turn the election next fall into a personal struggle would be hazardous."

"Is this plan to be adopted?"

"I think it will."

"What is the feeling now in the South toward Mr. Cleveland?"

"The feeling in the South, regarding the next Democratic presidential candidate has not yet crystalized, although there is, of course, considerable talk. I find a growing feeling against the advisability of renominating Mr. Cleveland, and I do not believe the South will advocate his candidacy when the convention is held. The antipathy to him is due to his views on the silver question. I believe that the next Democratic platform will contain a strong free silver plank, and that we will win on such a platform. Without it, I believe we will court defeat."

What names are suggested in the South for the nomination?

"The sentiment of the people has hardly reached the point of discussing names. We want, however, a good, clean candidate and a platform that will advocate the relief of the people from the burdens of heavy taxation and the evils of constricted currency. I think that the Democrats can easily adopt such a platform, while it will be difficult for the Republicans to agree to such broad principles."

"Will the third party figure in the presidential campaign?"

"It will not in the South. The third party men there are Democrats, and if the Democratic platform is framed in the interests of the people, as it ought to be, we will not lose a vote."

AN ADVENTUROUS EXPLORER.

Evidence That a White Man Had Visited the Far West a Century Ago.

SEATTLE, Wash., May 31.—An interesting discovery recently made here seems to indicate that the State was first visited by white people many years earlier than it has been supposed. R. N. Clentin, a farmer of Matwaba, unearthed the skeleton of a man about 6 feet in height, who was undoubtedly some adventurous explorer, the formation of the skull and feet showing clearly that it is not that of an Indian.

Under the skeleton was a watch of antique pattern. It has only one hand, on the face, and the back is a sun-dial. Attached to the ring is the small figure of a child carved in stone. On the outside of the back of the case are the words: "Exeunt omnes," and a word commencing with "mas," the rest of the word being obliterated. On the inside of the case, opposite the sun-dial, is the name "Logardez Mensin" and the figures 1791. The watch will probably be forwarded to some eastern museum.

A Glove to Fit.

[Chicago Herald.]

It is just a piece of good luck now when you get a glove to fit you by relying upon the number which you have worn for years The size—which to you has seemed rather diminutive, from the fact that it took a great deal of patience, time and muscle to decide you could wear it at all—really makes you blush now.

It makes you blush to think you have betrayed the fact to the attendant that you ever wore a glove of that number—your hand is so much smaller now. You can never tell how it has come about. You know that those scales insist upon adding five or six pounds to your weight, and yet here is this glove two sizes too large at least.

She seems to know how to ignore your embarrassment. She says, sweetly: "Really, you are mistaken; you never wore a glove as large as that. It must be 5½ you want. Let me measure your hand. Yes, it is 5½ It is not often ladies ask for a size too large."

"Do they buy them too small?"

"No, they don't buy them too small exactly, because we fit them, but it is many a glove that goes to the repairing room from the first attempt." A flood of light crosses your embarrassed brain.

"The managers of glove stores are balancing up the profit side of their ledgers by changing the numbers on gloves, and you can tell your friends now that you wear 5½, where before you were obliged to acknowledge to 5¾ and 6. There is something so aristocratic about a small hand.

Our New Dictionary.

[Judge.]

Look out!—Expression used by draymen and car-drivers just after running down some unfortunate pedestrian.

Conscience—A mirror with two faces; in the one that magnifies the heart looks at its good actions; in that which diminishes, its faults.

Hope—The imagination of the unhappy.

Idler—An animal that browses on time.

Life—The time men take to die in.

POLITICAL POINTERS.

Ex-Senator Miller Discusses Senator and Gov. Hill.

Nationalists and the People's Party—Senator Hampton's Views.

Ingalls Says Republicans Must Meet Changed Conditions.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—Ex-Senator Warner Miller of New York, who is here in connection with Nicaragua canal matters, said today that New York politicians were devoting their attention to Senator Hill and the governorship.

"Even Mr. Hill's friends," he said, "do not seem to be informed as to his plans, and the governorship seems to be interesting to everyone. Several persons are being spoken of in connection with the Republican nomination, but there is nothing crystallized as yet.

"Nobody knows whether or not Mr. Hill is going to ask for the Democratic nomination or whether he will be satisfied to take his seat in the Senate. Flower and Jones are candidates, but Hill, being a candidate for the presidential nomination, naturally wants to keep hold of the Democratic machine in the State either by taking the nomination himself or by nominating a friend. If he can name the governor he will retain control of the machine. The doubt is as to his plans and whether or not he can carry them out."

"What chance have the Republicans of carrying the State?" was asked.

"The Democrats are very apt to vote together, however they may fight over the nomination. They will probably vote for their nominee, whoever he may be."

Speaking of the presidential nomination, Mr. Miller said: "Cleveland is strong with the mass of his party in the State, but Hill at present has control of the machine. You can't tell whether or not he can keep control, or what Tammany may do. Tammany can send just such a delegation to the convention as they want to, regardless of the wishes of either Mr. Hill or Mr. Cleveland. They are a secret organization, very little influenced by public opinion.

"Cleveland is very popular among the Democrats throughout the State. The Democracy of the whole country seemed to be for him with one voice before he wrote his silver letter, but that letter has created a disturbance in the party which leaves everything in doubt. I see that Mr. Cleveland's ex-postmaster-general, in an interview, says the tariff is to be the main issue of the campaign in '92.

"If that is true, if the Democrats are going again to fight for free trade, Cleveland is their natural leader. But if free coinage of silver is to be made the principal plank in their national platform, I don't see how he can run on it."

NATIONALISTS CELEBRATE.

Dr. E. E. Hale Declares that Nationalism is Becoming Fashionable.

The Nationalists celebrated their second anniversary in Tremont Temple, Boston, Thursday night.

G. F. Washburn called the meeting to order and introduced Rev. Edward Everett Hale as the first speaker. "The State of Massachusetts asks no corporation to come to its assistance," Mr. Hale began. "The town of Dedham built the first canal in New England, and nobody said them nay. The State of Massachusetts put up a lighthouse in Boston harbor. It is for a feudal nation like Great Britain to propose anything different. Half an hour after the first settler landed in this country, the feudal system was broken down forever. The Legislature of Massachusetts has shown that it understood on what basis Massachusetts was founded, and on my return from California I was not much surprised to find that governors and mayors, and presidents of Senates were ready to prophesy for us.

"Nationalism is getting fashionable, sir. (Applause.) It is only when you introduce from feudal nations like Great Britain institutions in which corporations shall have the privilege to do this or that, and when you deviate from the idea on which this American nation was founded, that you are prevented from any of these things. The protest against this modern system, as the protest against another system more than 100 years ago, has come from the good old town of Danvers, in Essex county. They were among the first to protest against the ideas of gentlemen named Gage and Howe at that time, and when our nationalist clubs don't know what to do with their funds we will strike a gold medal in honor of the town of Danvers and present it to her, and the motto shall be 'she belled the cat.'"

He spoke in support of the idea that the telegraphic system of the country should be controlled by the government, rather than by corporations, and hoped that Nationalists everywhere would strive to bring such a thing about. The speaker closed by introducing as the presiding officer of the afternoon, Mr. John Foster Briscoe, president of the First Nationalist Club of Boston.

Mr. Briscoe in the course of his address said that it was only a few weeks since the head of a great church called attention to the need of industrial reform, and within the year the Emperor of the first nation of Europe had called together representatives of all the countries of Europe to consider the relations of capital and labor. Legislation should be in the interest of the people, and not of a plutocracy.

Capt. Charles E. Bowers said that many people believe that a graver problem confronts the people of this country today than that which the people of the country had to face in 1861. Then there were 4,000,000 chattel slaves in one section of the country, while at the present time there are 16,000,000 industrial slaves throughout the whole country. Ninety-five out of every 100 people who engage in business fail, and the only remedy is to nationalize the industries of the country. "The time will come," he added, "when every boy and girl in the country will be fed, clothed and educated free."

At the evening session the speakers were Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mr. Edward Bellamy and Rev. F. A. Hinckley of Northampton.

BAY STATE NATIONALISTS.

The National Committee of the People's Party for Massachusetts Make a Public Statement.

The national committee for Massachusetts of the newly formed People's party, have prepared an address to the people of Massachusetts, from which the following extracts are taken:

As one of the results of a national conference of representative of land, labor, financial and political reform associations held in Cincinnati, May 18, it was decided that the reforms agitated should constitute an issue in the presidential campaign of 1892; and preparatory thereto, the People's Party of the United States was there formed and a national committee selected to organize each State.

In Massachusetts the People's party, by organizing, can at least exert a qualifying influence in the line of its work upon the purity of motive actuating other parties in their nominations or in the legislation they favor.

The platform adopted at Cincinnati has already been widely published. To some the demands therein formulated may appear radical; though upon reflection the basic principles would be regarded as eminently wise upon which to found reform legislation in the particulars suggested.

Let it be remembered that this platform is provisional only, and subject to modification by additions or eliminations at the next conference at Washington, D. C., February, 1892, and at the nominating convention in June of that year.

In the meantime it is essential that those who feel dissatisfied with the controlling influences and tendencies of the old parties should combine in an attempt to secure something better.

Those who are in this line of thought should act together and endeavor to grow into unity by mutual concessions for the common good.

Whatever may be the expression for expected legislation, the animating influence that founds the People's party is the desire to place the government in the hands of the people for the people.

It embodies the opinion that both of the old parties are now controlled by organized capital, and that national legislation in its interest, at its dictation, and sometimes by its purchase, is responsible largely for an existing condition—a condition where failures are common; a condition where the masses of society, although surrounded with an abundance of the necessaries of life, are unable to obtain a comfortable existence without an injurious severity of labor, and some even fail to find employment at starvation wages.

Against this involuntary slavery the People's Party have commenced a conflict.

Humanitarians all over the nation have become aroused to a point not equalled since the anti-slavery agitation.

It is a moral awakening, with an issue not second to that great question which gave birth to the Republican party, when both Whigs and Democrats trifled with its solution.

It is an issue above and beyond those that now politically divide the toilers.

This organized capital, in its encroachments upon the liberties of the people, steadily approaches the danger line for the life of the Republic.

No "further extension" is the present meaning of the People's party. The teachings of Jefferson and the warnings of the immortal Lincoln, in his congressional message of 1861 are appropriate at this time.

We invite the co-operation of those who will unite with us in devotion to an ideal above outlined, towards which our efforts shall conscientiously be directed.

We wish to effect at once a state organization of the People's Party by its attendant committees, to the end that the influence of Massachusetts be felt as of old—by political action in her own State and by wise counsel in national conventions or legislative halls.

Those in sympathy with this movement, or those desiring other information, may address either George F. Washburn, chairman, 465 Washington st., Boston, Mass., or E. Gerry Brown, secretary, Charlestown, Mass.

A statement of previous political affiliation will be welcome information, although not actually required.

The address is signed by the national committee for Massachusetts—George F. Washburn, E. Gerry Brown and E. M. Boynton.

FEARS IT NOT.

Ex-Senator Hampton on the Prospects of a Third Party in the South.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—Ex-Senator Hampton, who has just passed through Washington on his way to Canada, where he is going for salmon fishing, says he is not disturbed about the third-party movement. He says it will not amount to much in the South when the light of intelligent discussion is turned upon it.

A party founded on one idea, and that a false one, he does not think can survive long.

Gen. Hampton says that Cleveland still holds the hearts of the people in the South, although they have not all liked his utterances on the silver question. It is possible that his silver letter may injure him in the convention, but the senator thinks he will be the Democratic nominee.

He says he does not believe that Harrison will be renominated by the Republicans, and adds that the Southern trip in his opinion has not benefited him. The senator regards Blaine as a strong possibility.

Knights of Reciprocity.

TOPEKA, Kan., May 27.—The Grand Lodge of the Knights of Reciprocity will hold its first annual convention in this city next Tuesday, and make arrangements for extending the order in other States where the Alliance movement is threatening the Republican party.

The order has a membership of 20,000 in this State.

The mania for secret society work in Western politics has forced the Republicans to adopt this means of preserving their organization.

Must Meet Changed Conditions.

HUTCHINSON, Kan., May 27.—At the meeting yesterday of the Republican editors of the seventh congressional district, a letter from ex-Senator Ingalls was read and warmly applauded.

Among other things the latter said:

"The Republican party is confronted with great problems which threaten its supremacy. If we are to succeed we must deal with the issues of today as we dealt with slavery, secession and State sovereignty 30 years ago. The Republicanism of the future must readjust itself to the changed conditions of American life or it will perish.

"I wish to save it from this fate by recalling the spirit of energy, the aggressive and patriotic force of the founders to the campaign of 1892. This will be waged upon economic and practical questions, and not upon memories or motions.

"Harrison will be renominated, and Cleveland will be his antagonist."

"If we have courage and conscience it will be an Austerlitz.

"If we dicker with popular errors, compromise with unprincipled leaders and sneer at honest differences of judgment and opinion it will be a Waterloo."

Notes.

The determination of the Ohio Farmers' Union not to put a third-party ticket in the field is considered by sagacious Republicans as a bad omen for McKinley, as it may lead the Republicans in the Union to vote directly for the Democratic condidate, instead of scattering their strength on a third ticket. The union is especially bitter against McKinley and Sherman.

A circular calling the annual meeting of the Maine Hotel Proprietors' Association, suggests the expediency of making a raise in hotel prices and also the support of such political party at the next State election as will pledge their votes and influence for the repeal of the prohibitory law and pass instead an optional license law.

No answer has yet been filed by Judge Morris of New Haven to Gov. Bulkeley's statement in the quo warranto suit, although Thursday was the last day under the law for this step. The illness of ex-Gov. Ingersoll, one of the counsel for Judge Morris, has caused the delay.

ESKIMO DIET.

Some of the Things which the People of the Far North Live On.

[Geographical Magazine.]

I read about Eskimo eating habits—how, once upon a time, for instance, an Arctic explorer offered some Eskimo girls some sweetmeats, which were rejected, while tallow candles were eagerly accepted and eaten. Now I was to see an Eskimo eat. With many smiles Peter entered the cabin and sat down at the table.

I should have apologized to him on account of the scantiness of our fare, for we had no candles, and there wasn't a bit of tallow on deck even, let alone in the cabin, but I noticed that the butter plate was heaping full, the sight of which made me wish for some of my friends, so that we could make a pool on the number of bites he would take in swallowing the roll.

Then Peter sat down and without ceremony helped himself to a lot of baked beans, a piece of dry bread and a large piece of very lean, salt beef, all of which he bit into and swallowed as a hungry 'longshoreman might have done. Then he took more beans and more bread and more lean beef, and with them several cups of coffee with a great deal of sugar to each cup.

He was a long time getting to it, but he finally began on the butter. He had poured his last cup of coffee and was looking about for something to eat with it, when his eye fell on a plate of cake. Taking a small piece, he put a small lump of sugar on it and slowly ate the combination with the coffee.

To the reader of a geographical magazine it may seem strange, but the fact is until I saw this man at the table I had really expected to find the Eskimos of south Greenland showing the habits and tastes of those living a thousand miles farther up the coast. I had not quite expected to find them living in snow houses, but I had a misty idea that an Eskimo was a little black Indian whose chief delight among the things brought from a civilized country was a tallow candle.

The staple food is seal meat and blubber. Next to that is the little fish taken in the fiord and dried for winter use, known to them as the augmatfat and to the learned as salmo villosus. A favorite way of eating the dried augmatfat, is to take it by the tail, poke it into the oily blubber for a while, and then chew it down. Awful, isn't it? It is almost as bad as eating sardines. There is a deal in a name.

Blubber is disgusting; oil, if for use on a salad, is delicious and indispensable. I have eaten seal oil and found it (very unexpectedly) good. I had supposed it would have a flavor of fish oil. There is no such flavor about it. It is equal to the best extract of cotton seed—that quality sold as olive oil in all American groceries.

Augmatfat and blubber, under a French label, would be esteemed a luxury in New York as in Arsuk. For the rest the Eskimos trade seal oil and skins to their governor for three kinds of hard tack, for coffee, sugar and tea. They catch Arctic codfish (misarkornak in Eskimo, and gadus navaga in the books) and salmon in the seasons; they shoot no end of gulls, ducks, ptarmigans and the Arctic hare; they have eggs in endless quantity in the season, and very many foxes are trapped.

The fox is to the Eskimo what the 'possum is to the plantation darkey. He likes to smoke, and, under favoring circumstances, will swap anything he's got, including his wife, for rum.

CLIMATE AND CROPS.

Review of the Business Situation for the Week.

Crop Reports Received from all Parts of the Country.

Eastern Failures Seriously Affect Boot and Shoe Trade.

NEW YORK, May 29.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

It is astonishing how far monetary anxieties have passed from the minds of men, though gold exports have not yet ceased.

Men have seen that the country has met, without the slightest disturbance, a drain of gold unprecedented in magnitude and suddenness, that the market here is well supplied and easy, that large amounts of currency have come from the country without causing stringency in any of the important interior markets and that the legitimate business of the country has been in no way impeded.

The most powerful sustaining influence is the continuance of exceedingly favorable crop prospects. Public and private advices concur that since the rains which began two weeks ago, the outlook has greatly improved.

The end of the great coke strike does not yet bring lower prices, for it is announced that $1.80 will still be charged, but the 23 iron furnaces of the Shanango and Mahoning valleys have decided to resume work at once, according to telegrams.

If so, the price of pig iron, at least the lower grades largely produced in that region, is likely to decline, unless a great change in the demand occurs.

The tone of the market has been better, but without change of prices here or at Philadelphia, while Bessemer pig is 50 to 75 cents lower at Pittsburg, but there is a better demand in Eastern markets for bar and structural iron and plates.

In rails there is still much apathy, as the roads are not feeling rich, and enterprises are halted by the state of the money market.

No change is seen in the woollen manufactures, though fine domestic fleece is a little weaker in tone.

The cotton manufacture progresses without change, and Eastern failures have caused especial dulness in the boot and shoe and leather trades, even for the dull season.

Boston reports only fair business, with sales very small in some branches. Dealers and manufacturers in shoes and leather are cautious, and hides are weak. Wool is quiet, woollen goods fairly active, and cotton goods im better demand.

Hartford notes no improvement in dry goods and dull trade in hardware. At Philadelphia there is general hesitation because of the state of city finances. At Pittsburg window glass is depressed by building strikes, but at Cleveland trade is fairly good, and at Cincinnati brightening a little. The only interior markets at which stringency is reported are Savannah and Memphis, though money is firm at New Orleans, in strong demand at Minneapolis and a little close at Cleveland and Detroit.

But in general the supply at nearly all points is adequate for all legitimate business.

SOME CROP REPORTS.

The Northwest—Farmers' Review Record—Minnesota's Chances.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 27.—Out of 100 crop reports from as many points in the Northwest, received yesterday, the great majority are extremely favorable. The most marked exception comes from Houston county, in southeastern Minnesota, as follows:

"It is just six weeks since rain fell in this vicinity, except just enough to lay the dust once or twice, and vegetation of all kinds is suffering. Farmers begin to complain about the chinch bug again.

From St. Vincent, in the extreme northwestern part of the State, a correspondent reports:

"The frost was severe here last night, cutting down some of the most tender garden stuff. No damage to grain. Crops are looking well, and pastures are plentiful."

In Wright county the rain has been very light, and the situation is becoming serious at Moorhead. On the western central border there has been plenty of rain, and conditions are first-class.

At Minot, N. D., there was heavy frost Tuesday night, but grain did not suffer. In Lamoure and Barnes counties, which have suffered severely from drought in the past two years, the ground is soaked with moisture and the reports say that there has been no spring like this since 1882, and the early promise is for a bountiful crop.

North Dakota has been more generally favored with rain than her sister to the southward. In Brown county, S. D., the showers came in spells, and worms are doing considerable damage to garden stuff. In Edmunds county wheat is in fine shape, but many fields of flax and millet will have to be resown on account of frosts. In Miner county the wheat prospects are excellent, but rain is needed for other crops, especially corn, which is suffering in some localities from the cut worm.

The Country's Crop.

CHICAGO, May 27.—The Farmers' Review in this week's issue will say:

Throughout the country the condition of winter wheat has not greatly changed. In some sections drought and insects have produced a small apparent decline, but this decline has been largely offset by recent copious rains. In Illinois 73 correspondents show that the prospects for an abundant crop of winter wheat are still good. The average condition is considerably above the average.

The Hessian fly has done considerable damage in some counties, more trouble from this cause being reported here than from any other State.

Indiana reports show the general condition of the wheat crop good. None of the correspondents mention the Hessian fly. The prospects in Ohio are good, only a few correspondents reporting damage from drought and late freezing.

Winter wheat in Kentucky has been damaged some by cold weather, drought and rust. Larue county reports damage from Hessian fly. Fifteen correspondents, however, report the condition equal to or above an average.

Michigan crop promises to be about an average one.

The condition of Wisconsin winter wheat has been lowered by dry weather, but the late rains will undoubtedly have a beneficial effect.

Kansas has fallen considerably since last reports. Although the crop will be a good one, it has been injured considerably by recent dry weather. Hessian fly and chinch bug ravages are reported from Coffey, McPherson, Marion, Reno, Dickinson, Butler, Montgomery, Riley, Sedgwick, Woodson, Labette and Gray counties.

In Missouri some damage from Hessian fly is reported, but the prospects are good for more than an average crop.

In Nebraska and Iowa condition is good, Des Moines county in Iowa alone reporting damage from Hessian fly.

Oats are looking badly in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky.

In Nebraska and Ohio the crop is in good condition, and promises a full yield. In the other States the condition is considerably below an average. In Kansas and Missouri, while the outlook is very good in some counties, it is poor in others.

From Minnesota Counties.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 29.—From Dakota county, Minn., comes the report that the weather is warm and dry, and unless rain comes soon there will hardly be an average crop.

In Lesueuer county crops are suffering for rain, and potato bugs are destroying vines.

Douglas county needs rain. Late sown oats are suffering severely, and the cut worm is ravaging barley.

In Noble county fields are suffering from drought and cut worm.

In Wright county wheat and corn look healthy and strong, but rain is needed.

In Filmore county the crops will be light unless rain comes soon.

Kandiyohi county has had little rain, and the prospect is discouraging.

Wheat and oats look well in Renville county, but the cut worm is destroying corn.

In the western part of Winona county, grain looks well, but rain is wanted.

In Rice county pasturage is drying up, and farmers are compelled to feed hay to their cattle.

In Lac Qui Parle county the weather is dry and cool, and the cut worm is injuring the corn.

The same is true in Rock county, though the wheat is looking strong and finer.

In the vicinity of Lesueuer caterpillars are destroying small fruit, and cut worms are working in the corn.

South Dakota reports show no material change in the weather, and the crop conditions, though a soaking rain would be of great value for corn, oats, barley, flax and potatoes.

North Dakota continues her favorable showing.

CONNECTICUT CATERPILLARS.

A Plague Which Infests Plainfield County.

PLAINFIELD, Conn., May 27.—Never in the history of this county has the plague of caterpillars been as serious as this season. For miles in every direction the trees look as if swept by a fire; not a leaf or green bud in sight.

The cherry crop, both wild and cultivated, is totally ruined and the farmers in Brooklyn, Pomfret, Killingly, Canterbury, Lisbon, Sprague and this town report that the apple crop, which promised at one time to be above the average, is also threatened with partial if not total destruction.

The worst of the plague, however, is that they enter houses, and in every conceivable place pests can be found carefully stowed away. The housewives are nearly insane over the torment.

Pedestrians are hurrying along in the middle of the roads to escape them as they fall from the trees overhanging the sidewalks.

Scalding water, ammonia, coal oil, fire and every method that has heretofore proved sure to remove the pest have this year been in vain.

Between the caterpillar plague and the unusually dry weather the crop prospects are very poor.

NEW ENGLAND STATES.

Severe Frosts in Many, but Generally Good Outlook.

The weather of the past week has been an improvement in some respects over that of several of the preceding ones. More rain has fallen; in fact, in many sections the amount is up to the average. This has served to relieve crops of all kinds from the drought which has prevailed for several weeks.

As a rule the soil is now in excellent condition for cultivation. The season is yet a week to a fortnight late, but a few days of warm sunshine will soon advance it to the average.

The temperature for the past seven days has been for the most part below the average. The nights and mornings have been remarkably cool. Frost occurred in most northern sections on the 23d, 24th, 27th and 28th. In some favorable localities the temperature fell to the congealing point for water, and thin ice was observed.

At West Milan, N. H., the coldest was 24.5°, or 7.5° below the freezing point.

Over parts of the northern States much damage was done, all crops that were up being killed or cut to the ground.

In Connecticut and Massachusetts little injury is reported, while for southern parts of Rhode Island large fields of potatoes and other vegetables were cut down. There has been an abundance of sunshine, but the cool atmosphere, especially of the nights and mornings, has retarded crop growth. The weather has, however, been favorable to farm work, and fine progress has been made in planting. Whith the average heat below the seasonal, the seed are slow in germinating, and the plants that are up lack vigor and healthy color.

In southern parts of the districts hoeing has begun, and vegetable growth is decidedly in advance of that of the north. The tobacco plants are now being set in Connecticut, the work progressing rapidly. Parts of Massachusetts will begin during the present week.

Conflicting reports continue with regard to fruit. In some portions of Connecticut and Rhode Island the recent frosts are said to have greatly damaged strawberries. In most parts of Massachusetts the outlook is promising. Some of the remarks of the official observers are as follows:

Maine—Brunswick, season very backward, grass grows slowly, planting about done; East Sumner, planting well advanced; Mayfield, grass has greatly improved, but is still behind the average; North Belgrade, our crops are mostly planted and in good condition, grain is coming well.

New Hampshire—Canterbury, vegetation growing slowly, apple blossoms falling, planting mostly done; Hanover, frosts nearly every night and have greatly injured fruits and crops, corn coming slowly, oats look thin and short; Newport, apple trees making a fair bloom; Newton, early crops are looking well, hoeing ought to be done, planting in progress; North Haverhill, larger crops than usual of corn, potatoes and oats have been planted; West Milan, the hay crops will doubtless be much below the average in yield and quantity.

Vermont—Burlington, hard frosts on the 23d and 27th, fruits may be damaged; Craftsbury, grass is starting thin and looks like a light crop; East Berkshire, grain is up nicely; Ludlow, rain is much needed.

Massachusetts—Agawam, corn putting along nicely; Blandford, all fruit and wild vines blooming very full; Chelmsford, grass and pastures badly winter-killed; Fitchburg, crops not making much growth; Hadley, tobacco plants looking well, and setting will begin as soon as the weather is favorable; Leominster, planting nearly finished, hoeing under way, fruit crop still favorable; Taunton, grass in the pastures and mowing lands somewhat short, and unless much more rain than for several weeks hay crop will be light; Walpole, frosts have put season back to the average, but the damage is light.

Rhode Island—Bristol, hay will be light, rain needed, strawberries are nearly a failure on account of late frosts, potato tops cut off by frosts.

Connecticut—Lebanon, strawberries seem to be a failure, damaged by late frost; corn and lima beans coming well, light crop of grass; Milford, ice on glass of hot-bed Thursday morning, all crops are backward, planting about completed, garden truck scarce, good fruit expected; New Britain, all crops growing slowly; Newington, fruits injured by frosts, grass short, gardens not promising; West Simsbury, the late rains are glorious; grass and strawberries would have been ruined in a short time, tobacco setting has commenced, corn and potatoes are all right, rye looks well, farmers today are wearing a smile as broad as the hand of Providence.

The indications are that the present week will be the best growing weather of the season. There is yet plenty of time for bountiful crops. A few warm days and occasional showers will soon dispel the present uncertain outlook.

Notes.

BURLINGTON, Ia., May 29.—Despatches from Illinois points say that cut worms are working in the corn, many fields being destroyed. A number of farmers will be compelled to replant their fields.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 27.—There was a heavy frost last night in this section, and the damage done to early vegetables and fruits is reported to be more serious than any that has occurred through the same cause this spring.

THE FATAL HAND.

A Combination in Poker Which Brings Certain Death to the Holder.

[Detroit Free Press.]

I was watching a game of poker, once, at Helena, Mont. The players were a gambler (whom I knew slightly and who bore the sobriquet of "Lucky Bill"), and two miners.

Suddenly, after the hands were dealt and the players had "chipped in" and drawn cards, Lucky Bill, with perfect calmness and not so much as a shadow of a change in the expression of his face, laid his cards on the table, took a notebook from his pocket and deliberately wrote a few words. Then he tore out the leaf and handed it to me.

"Look at that when you get home tonight."

His voice was steady and did not betray a particle of excitement. I thrust the paper aimlessly into my pocket and gave the matter hardly a second thought.

The play progressed. Lucky Bill's face was unyielding as a stone and entirely inexpressive. He noticed everything, however, and his vigilant eye did not miss the slightest move on the part of the other players. He was a typical gambler and one of the most successful of his guild. Hence the sobriquet.

At last there was an altercation between the two miners. Hot words ensued and revolvers were drawn. Some of the bystanders interferred at this point, and in the scuffle that followed, I heard the sharp whistle and sping of a bullet. Lucky Bill (his good star in the descendant) fell to the floor and expired without a groan. He had been killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of one of the miners.

I was horrified at the occurrence, and that evening, after I reached home, I thought of the line the gambler had written me. I took it from my pocket and read as follows:

"I have drawn a pair of sevens. I now hold jacks full on red sevens. It is a fatal hand. No one ever yet held it and left the card table alive. I shall die. I have $6000 in the First National of Bismarck. Notify my mother, Mrs. Barton of Franklin, Ky."



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UNITED STATES INVOLVED

American Fishermen Hindered by French War Ships.

St. George's Bay, Newfoundland, Seized by the French Admiral.

The Knutsford Bill in the British House of Commons.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., May 29.—The French have seized St. George's bay, repeating their outrages of last year, and adding another and greater one by assuming territorial possession of the waters.

Mr. Bishop, the resident magistrate there, telegraphs the colonial government here that the French admiral has proclaimed his authority in the bay, has forbidden the Newfoundland fishermen to do any fishing whatever, has put out patrol launches, whose crews have taken up the local fishermen's nets, seines and traps, and have put them all ashore.

Mr. Bishop further reports that the French commander has driven off the colonial fishermen who were baiting several American schooners, disregarding the protests of the American captains, who insisted on their rights under the treaty of 1818.

The admiral replied bluntly that he did not recognize the Anglo-American treaty, that the contents of the waters of Bay St. George belonged solely to France, and he was there to enforce French rights.

He would allow no traffic between the Americans and the Newfoundland fishermen in bait drawn from the waters of Bay St. George.

He now stands on the naked proposition that everything in the sea is French property, that the American treaty is void, and that he has authority to enforce French rights, as construed by France, against both the Newfoundlanders and the Americans.

The American consul, Mr. Molloy, has not yet received any reply from his telegram to Mr. Blaine announcing the facts.

What is Thought of it in Paris.

PARIS, May 29.—Replying to the criticisms of certain English newspapers with regard to the act of the commander of the French naval forces in seizing St. George's bay, Newfoundland, and forbidding the residents to sell bait to American fishermen, as being contrary to the treaty of 1818, the Siecle says:

"Although fuller details are needed to give a complete understanding of the affair, we believe the French commander acted in strict accordance with French rights. It was too absurd to enact a law forbidding English fishermen in Fortune bay to sell bait to French fishermen. We have replied by closing the French shore to American fishermen. This is nothing more than taking reprisals."

HARCOURT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

Censures Colonial Office's Treatment of the Island Colony.

LONDON, May 28.—In the House of Commons, today, William Henry Smith, answering a question in regard to Newfoundland, said that on the promise of the Newfoundland delegates that a bill would be passed to carry out the modus vivendi and the award of the arbitration commission under the modus vivendi agreement, the government proposed that the Knutsford bill should be read a second time (which Mr. Smith hoped would be without opposition), and the government would agree to postpone the next stage of the bill for three weeks. If by then, Mr. Smith added, the colonial Legislature has passed such a measure as the one promised by the delegates, the government would withdraw the Knutsford bill.

Mr. Smith then moved the second reading of the last mentioned measure.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt deprecated the course which the government had adopted in not allowing the question to be settled without insisting upon reading the Knutsford bill for the second time. The same speaker also protested against the manner in which the colonial office had treated the Newfoundland delegates.

The Newfoundland delegates were all present in the House of Commons, waiting to be heard at the bar of the House. The galleries of the House were crowded with eople interested in the Newfoundland question.

Henry Mathews, secretary of state for the home department, said that Great Britain's agreement with France made the approval of Parliament necessary and, the delegates having assented to the second reading of the bill, the House ought to do so. William Henry Smith hoped that the House would agree to the second reading of the Knutsford bill which, he said, would be accepted by France as an approval of the agreement.

James Bryce (Liberal), member for the south division of Aberdeen, moved that the House, taking into consideration the fact that the Newfoundland Legislature had passed a satisfactory act, declaring its readiness to support the measures necessary to carry out the treaty obligations and the awards of the arbitration commissioners, there was no necessity to proceed with the second reading of the Knutsford bill.

William Henry Smith said that the government had no official evidence that the necessary measure had been passed by the Newfoundland Legislature. But if the honorable member for Aberdeen (Mr. Bryce) would amend his motion so as to begin with the words "The House of Commons having been informed that the Legislature of Newfoundland," etc., the government would be willing to accede to the motion of the honorable member for Aberdeen not to proceed with the second reading.

Mr. Bryce accepted the amendment, and the motion was then approved.

In the House of Commons on Thursday the bill was refused a second reading by a vote of 195 to 122.

RATHER LARGE BUGS.

So Many Dropped on a Track That a Train Had to Stop—Supposed to be a Cross Between a Mollusk and an Insect.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 31.—South of Brighton Corners, between this place and Jamesville, on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, are extensive limestone quarries which have been in operation for many years and have penetrated deeply into the rock.

Through the cut thus made and into the quarries a branch track has been laid from the Lackawanna road for the accommodation of the hewn stone.

Night work being necessary, a large part of the time an arc light has been placed high over the track at the darkest part of the car. Several cars were loaded with stone for shipment on Friday and left on the switch, pending the observance of Memorial day.

Tonight in preparation for drawing the cars out, the electric light was cut in and an engine with the necessary crew left the city for the quarries.

Upon reaching the cut the track was found to be covered for 60 feet on either side with strange insects of immense proportions.

The swarm was so great that the engine became stalled, the rails having become so slippery from the crushed insects.

Examination of the new insects shows a resemblance to what is known as the electric light bug, though the new comer is much larger.

The outer shell of the back is about the size and shape of half an eggshell, which, when crushed by the engine wheels, gave out a crackling sound like the explosion of a toy torpedo.

The shell is black, of a slatey structure, and very brittle.

It is supposed to be a specie of lithodome—a rock-boring mollusk—crossed with some kind of predatory insect.

To secure the shipment of the freight tonight it became necessary to let the loaded train from above the quarry come down the grade of the cut.

Gathering momentum all the time its impetus when it came to the obstruction carried it by the bugs.

HE KNEW HOW TO GET EVEN.

Bright Idea of a Young Man Who Was "Roped" Into a "Swear Off."

[Chicago Tribune.]

His pockets were bulging out with packages and he had one or two under his arm.

"I'll fix him," he said with determination; "I'll get even with him."

"With whom?" asked the friend to whom the remark was addressed.

"With whom!" he exclaimed. "Why, with the smooth-tongued idiot who 'conned' me into a six-months' swear off with a $50 forfeit by the man who drinks first."

"What of it?" He was getting more and more excited. "Well, he was acting under the doctor's orders and he caught me on one of those penitent mornings and just roped me in for company. But I know his weakness and I'll fix him. I'll make him sorry for this!"

"How are you going to do it?"

"I am going to take him home to dinner with me tonight and load him up with eight courses."

"Put wine under his nose?"

"Not a drop. That would tempt me, too. I'll fire all kinds of pastry and sweets into him and end up with this candy I've just bought. It's the stickiest there is on the market. If it doesn't pull the filling out of that tooth he's just had fixed I'll give up, pay the $50, and go on a spree."

"And if it does?"

"Well, you know what's good for a toothache?"

"Whiskey?"

"Whiskey. And I'll have some handy as soon as the tooth begins to thump. O, I've got him if the filling goes. He can't keep away from it."

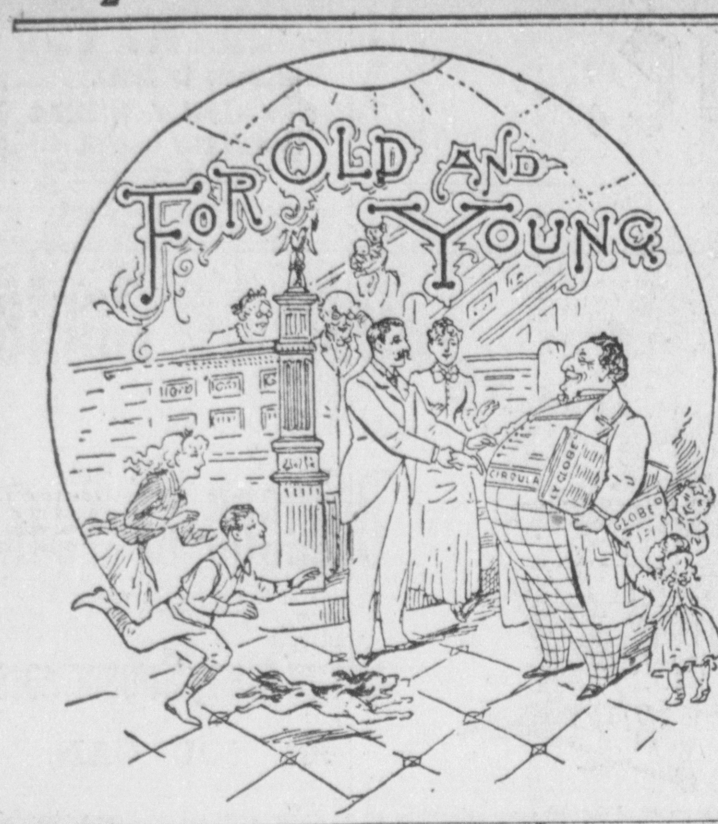
They Sort the Type.

[Charles J. Dumar in Ladies' Home Journal.]

About 25 women now have pleasant, lucrative employment on daily newspapers in New York as "distributors," that is, they are employed during the day, at the same rate paid for night work, to distribute type for compositors who thus prefer to reduce their working hours.

The "lady distributor" is comparatively a recent innovation, but all think that she is a most agreeable one. Her earnings depend upon the amount of work she receives, but will average about 50 cents for every hour employed. I have known some women to thus earn $20 per week, from about 10 a. m. until 5 p. m.

These positions, however, are in the main greatly prized and eagerly sought after by women. While there is no reason why men should not perform this work under the same circumstances, it has by tacit consent become the undisputed privilege of women.



THE BOY FROM DENVER.

How Hard, Yet Glorious It is, the Lesson of Self-Control.

BY ADELINE A. KNIGHT.

CHAPTER III.

"GOOD morning!" the principal said to Dan, dismissing him coolly, and then, to the professor with whom he was walking, "Our young men of the faculty seem singularly unfit to be trusted with discipline."

"Is that your idea?" said his companion, a stout, jolly gentleman of great reputation as a drill master, and deservedly popular with the school. "Now do you know I often think that the trouble is with us. We are not so young as we used to be, you know; maybe we are getting out of touch with the boys!"

Mr. Lamont received a call from Mr. Jennison during this day.

"I'm very sorry," began the young fellow, who knew science but not boys. "I am very vexed that I reported him, for he's punished undeservedly; that's evident. I found him so pale, sitting in his room with his hands cold as ice and going without his dinner, that I felt concerned about him.

"But when I said, 'I think I was mistaken about you, Boone,' he looked up at me with eyes as honest as my collie's here, and replied: 'I'm glad you think so, sir.'

"I've done all I can for him. Dr. Brace won't hear a word. In fact, the head of this school was pretty lordly with me; said some things hard to swallow about the thing's being a lesson to me, as well as to Boone. The boy shall make the class he is so set on if I can do anything to bring it about. He seems wonderfully self-controlled for his age, don't you think?"

"He's a grand fellow," Mr. Lamont answered, emphatically. "But I shall tremble for him for the next few weeks. This exaltation of spirit will pass, and he has no self-discipline to fall back upon." And he told the other the story of Dan's endeavor.

"Well, Lamont, as I got him into the scrape I can do no less than try to pull him out," said the other, heartily. "I'll bottle my wrath and keep this thing before the doctor from now till the term's close. Who knows but I shall make an impression!"

The days which followed were difficult ones for Dan. There were cold looks and small withdrawals upon the part of the intellectual leaders of the school, and an unwonted familiarity, odious to him, of a set whose acquaintance was undesirable and more or less degrading.

Blair managed to counteract some of this by explanations or by sarcasms; and Dan endured everything silently, though his set face and troubled eyes bore witness to the character of the effort.

A change was coming over Daniel Boone. Working steadily with his tutors, the change seemed gradually to take entire possession of him. He had been a cold-mannered fellow, not from any real arrogance, but simply because, not feeling the need of help himself, it had not occurred to him to give any.

The daily struggle which he had with himself to rule his spirit left him daily more kindly and more interested in others—a frequent result of such inward strife, and the hard workers, with whom to a degree Dan still mixed and studied, admitted that he was much less lordly about his own methods than he used to be.

Macy went back to his classes, his people having exerted influence with the trustees for him, with the result of a special faculty meeting to consider his case. He ranked well in scholarship, and was a favorite with the teacher of German, who declared his unconduct in the class room exceptionable.

Daniel Boone lay stretched on the grass at the Willows—a natural swimming bath near the school—tossing twigs into the sparkling water and wondering whether John out in Denver had gone into long trousers, and how his sister Janey must look with her curls cut off, and whether his father would consider that the press compliments on his catching were compensations at all for so much disgrace. A voice rose on the other side of the great trees at whose roots Dan was lying:

"How are you going to give it back? that's the question. It won't do to keep it this way."

"O, drop giving it back," replied Macy's smooth speech. "It's idle to talk of getting it out of Mahoney's. We've spent all the money."

"Rentz'll peach pretty soon. He'll not keep still about such a thing as a gold watch always."

"Bother, Smith!" said the other voice. "Leave that to me. Mahoney won't peach; that's a comfort!"

"But it's—it's stealing," urged Smith, lowering his tone.

"What if it is, you fool! No need to call it so."

"Well, I don't fancy it, Macy. That's all."

"You don't!" with great contempt. "Too bad! You don't call swindling the base ball funds and taking the club money stealing, I suppose. Now, see here, you greeny! You are in for this. There's no risk whatever. Rentz will never suspect me in the world, and he thinks you are too big a coward to take his watch, I'll swear. In vacation I'm going to send him an anonymous letter, inclosing the pawn ticket."

"Oh, I wish I hadn't touched it that day!" groaned the other voice.

"Well, you did, you know. You took it and you pawned it! So you have a strong reason to forget the whole thing, Smith."

There was a pause while Smith digested the last speech. It dawned on him that Macy might probably tell who purloined the watch in the event of saving his own skin. Smith had a fine, thriving insolence of his own, of which Macy was utterly unaware.

"I did not paint the academy front, at any rate," said Smith, coldly, "and then deny it to Brace himself. Neither have I forged. You have. I think I see what I'd best do."

"Do nothing, curse you," cried Macy, uneasily. "Rentz thinks Denver took the thing. I've instilled that. Brace will think so, too, as soon as Rentz peaches. Denver's down on his luck, anyway. He's sure to go for something. Might as well be for this as another."

"You're in too much of a hurry, Macy," said Dan, appearing from the dusky inner side of the little grove.

Macy betrayed no alarm.

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves," he said, with a sneer. "Nobody will believe you anyway, you are so spiteful. They would say it was some more of your fiendish temper, that's all." And Macy withdrew, while Smith, who was deeply under the influence of his companion in evil, walked more slowly away.

"Ye'd best look out!" called Pat Coote to a couple of boys on the road to the Willows. "Ye'll be getting yer death if ye don't mind! Thim cold currents freezes ye!"

"O, bother, Pat!" growled Dan Boone, who had had a trying day. "I'll get you out, chummie, if any currents happen to you."



DAN AND THE CONSPIRATORS.

The river was high and plenty of fellows already were fretting its surface. Dan saw with a throb Macy there as usual. It seemed as if that fair, hateful face was not to be avoided.

Macy was a poor swimmer, but he managed comfortably, clinging to a boat's side, striking out valorously in perfectly safe spots and talking largely of what he intended to do presently.

"Well, come on, then!" called Comstock, from the other side of the rushing water. And Macy, whose ambition was to "chum with Comstock at Yale, struck out timidly, while Comstock, who swam like a dolphin, forgot the matter and started away in the wake of some adventurous souls who were going to bring up river grass from all the deep holes.

Dan, with a horrible thrill of gladness taking possession of him, noticed Macy out in the water. He did not believe his enemy would stay above long. He watched him with a strange, delirious joy. He hoped no one else would observe the solitary swimmer. If Macy would only take six strokes further Dan believed he knew where he would go down.

The advance was very slow, the strokes seemed feeble. Then there came a despairing splash, and as the body went down it turned, and the afternoon sun, lighting up all the sparkling river, struck Blair's distorted face blindingly as he sunk with a cry. Dan had forgotten how similar were the tawny locks of his friend and his enemy, and how Macy's shoulders matched those of Blair in thinness.

Dan tried to shout. No voice issued from his mouth. To move, but for an agonized minute his limbs refused to obey him. Then, with a scream, he was in the river, and as he caught a glimpse of Blair struggling under water, with a true, even stroke he hurried to him, and the drowning bather gripped him with the usual dangerous clutch. A struggle, a discouraged pull, a ringing in his ears, and he lay on the land with Blair, who had fainted.

Dan lifted himself on his elbow and put his hand on Blair's cheek with a pathetically, loving, anxious touch, the caress he used to give his old negro mammy in his little boyhood when he awoke in the dark.

"Yes, sir, it is strange that he watched him so long first," said Macy, at his back. "Perhaps Blair knew too much about where Mr. Reutz's watch is. He has been very thick with this Boone, you know, sir."

It was the last straw. Every drop of Dan's blood turned hot in his veins. He got upon his feet and sprung at Macy like a wild beast, but only to be felled by a flail-like blow from Dr. Brace's elderly arm.

The doctor had come over to the Willows to observe the order at the bathing place, and had seen all the affair. Five minutes later Dan was dressed and in the doctor's buggy, on his way to the dreaded principal's office.

"This is a bad business, sir," said the doctor, sternly, as the pale fellow faced his desk. "This school is not the right place for you. You hurt its reputation, and it fails to reach you."

Dan opened his lips, but he shut them with decision, and shifting awkwardly from one foot to the other, stood by the desk, a picture of embarrassment and obstinacy.



THE STRUGGLE WITH THE DOCTOR.

The principal's quick perception saw that there was something back, and though he believed the Western boy to be a ruffian, he did not altogether fancy Macy. He spoke to Dan kindly.

"My son, it was very wrong in Macy to sneer as he did, and the insinuation he conveyed was degrading to his manhood; but his remark was no excuse for the blow which you dealt him. I myself felt its force, and it was much more becoming to a young Sioux than a civilized boy."

Dr. Brace waited.

"I know how boys feel about these things, Boone. You think it dishonorable to tell me something which evidently preceded this fracas. Nothing can justify your wild, dangerous fits of temper, but I believe, Boone, that you had provocation this time."

Nothing from Dan.

The doctor tried again.

But Dan would not tell, and in his distress and decision became so red and demoralized that Dr. Brace's dislike rose to the surface again.

"Then you do not intend to explain?"

Dan's "No, sir," appeared to be said so painfully that the doctor was a little touched.

"I wonder at myself for not sending you home today," he said, crossly, "but I am going to give you one more chance. Go and lie down, and do not look in a book until you feel recovered from this. You have had a great strain."

"You may keep on tutoring this week."

By noon the next day, every one was aware that Mr. Rentz had lost his watch by the disgraceful theft of somebody, and every one had a vague impression that Daniel Boone of Denver knew more of the circumstances than any one, and that he was to be expelled for his occult knowledge.

Mr. Lamont heard the substance of this from Ketchum, whose scared looks startled the teacher.

"O, the poor fellow!" thought the master of Latin, quite aware what a fatal thing a cowardly, hinted scandal is, and very skeptical, too, as to the quality of Dan's endurance under these accumulating attacks.

To get the facts from Dr. Brace was the first thing, who gave them readily, continuing the story through his exasperating conversation with Dan, and winding up with "In my 30 years' experience I was never so much puzzled as I am by that Denver boy's actions in this matter."

Dan appeared in Mr Lamont's study for his tutoring, utterly cast down.

"I didn't dream it was Blair out in that hole, be sure! But I don't believe—I—I should have started if that awful face had been Macy's. O, I thought I could do the right thing if I tried. I thought I could hold myself in; and now, to feel my hate got away with me—made me do murder in my heart!"

Mr. Lamont hadtbeen brought up more healthily than Dan, and besides possessed by nature the virtues for which this boy struggled so discouragingly. He recoiled from the revealings of so savage a spirit. On the other hand, Boone possessed an unflinching quality that told powerfully with Mr. Lamont, who secretly realized its deficiency in himself.

"It is a struggle, Boone."

Boone looked up, stimulated as he was always with anything that had a ring of conflict in it.

"I'll try hard to make this the last time. I see now how much I amount to," with a flicker of scorn. "Oh, I had better have remained out in Denver. I'm no Theseus to come East and mix here."

"Why, no, Boone. You wouldn't have found out yourself, nor known your kind. This is discipline."

"My chance of promotion is gone."

"Not at all, Dan. You have only to tell the doctor why you attacked Macy at the Willows."

"I can't, Mr. Lamont," and his firm lips closed upon the subject; but he was a little comforted and a little less despairing.

Dr. Brace questioned Blair for his knowledge of Dan's daily living and growing tendencies, but without extracting anything satisfactory to prejudices. It is disagreeable, when one's mind is made up, to have a thing hang fire for want of proof.

"I am only certain, sir," said Blair, resolute to defend his friend as far as he could, "that there is something which has not been explained. It took something beyond that slur to rouse Dan so. He has been trying to control himself lately, doctor. He really has, sir."

"Your friend Boone's temper is a very irrational quantity at all times," remarked the doctor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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LOST IN THE BUSH.

The Story of a Man Who Had His Wits About Him.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

One summer morning a man started from a public house in Australia to walk to a certain ostrich farm. He had not been long in the country and had to inquire the way of the landlord, who told him it was seven miles by the public road; that there was another way, by a path through the bush, which would save him about three miles, but he should advise him to take the road, "for," said he, "it is nothing but scrub and jungle out in the bush, and all looks just alike, and it's a little blind to anybody who is not used to it. And it's lonesome. There ain't many go that way, and perhaps you won't see a man after you leave here. There's plenty of birds and snakes, and that's about all the life there is."

The mention of birds decided the man, for he was a naturalist, but he did not tell the landlord. When he came to the place where the path branched off, he turned into the bush and began his four-mile walk.



HE CLIMBED UP AND CUT THE WIRE.

At first he idly sauntered along, for had he not the day before him? He remembered that he had three or four biscuits in his bag, and thought it was no matter if he did not reach the farm till after dinner time. He would enjoy the shrubs and flowers, the birds and butterflies, all of which were new to him.

Over and over he said to himself that he was glad he chose that way. The sameness! He did not find it tiresome in the least. The loneliness! He rather enjoyed it. Was the path a blind one? He did not find it so. It was narrow, to be sure, and wound in and out over the same coarse grass and among the same thorn bushes and furze and scrub and tangle of vines, with the same low trees overhead, but he found it easy enough to keep in it.

He was thinking thus when a bird, bright as a jet of flame, flashed before him and into the thicket at the right. He turned aside a few steps to look after it.

And in that moment he was lost.

Now, the "Australian bush" is a dangerous place to be lost in, but he was not aware of it; in fact, he did not know he was lost; it did not even occur to him that he was out of the path; and, if it had, he would have laughed at the idea that he could not get back into it at once. He was a man who had spent days at a time for many summers in exploring wild places in the study of botany and ornithology, and he had never lost his bearings.

He was not in the least disturbed, although a little surprised at not being able to step back into the path. He knew he had not been 10 feet away; yet, somehow, he could not seem to see just where it was. He knew that he had turned to the right; why, then, of course, he must now turn to the left, and he did so, but it was of no use.

There was no path. "Why, where is it?" he said to himself. "Why, how absurd this is! But I shall find it in a minute."

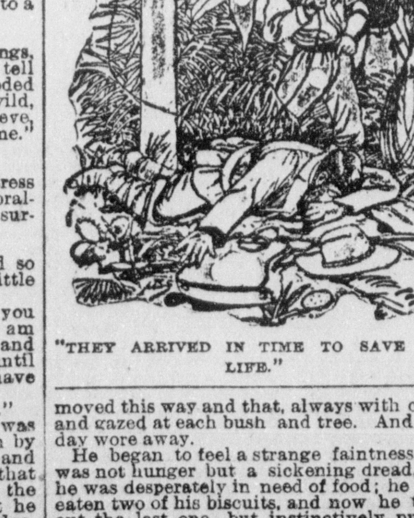
He stood still and considered the situation. He looked up and saw the same kind of branches of the same low trees. He cast his eyes this way and that, and saw the same kinds of bushes, and under foot it looked the same.

He then recalled what the landlord had said about things looking just alike, but reassured himself by saying, "Why, I hardly stirred away from my tracks. How could I have got so far from the path? It must be right here."

He shaded his eyes and gazed intently; this time to the left, "because," said he, "I turned to the right, and that was all I did. Now, I will stand still till I know just how it is, for if I move I may yet be lost."

He had not used that word before, even in thought, and he turned hot and cold by turns as he said it now.

Not yet was he really alarmed, for it seemed, as he kept repeating to himself, "Too absurd." He pondered the matter; he moved this way and that, always with care, and gazed at each bush and tree. And the day wore away.

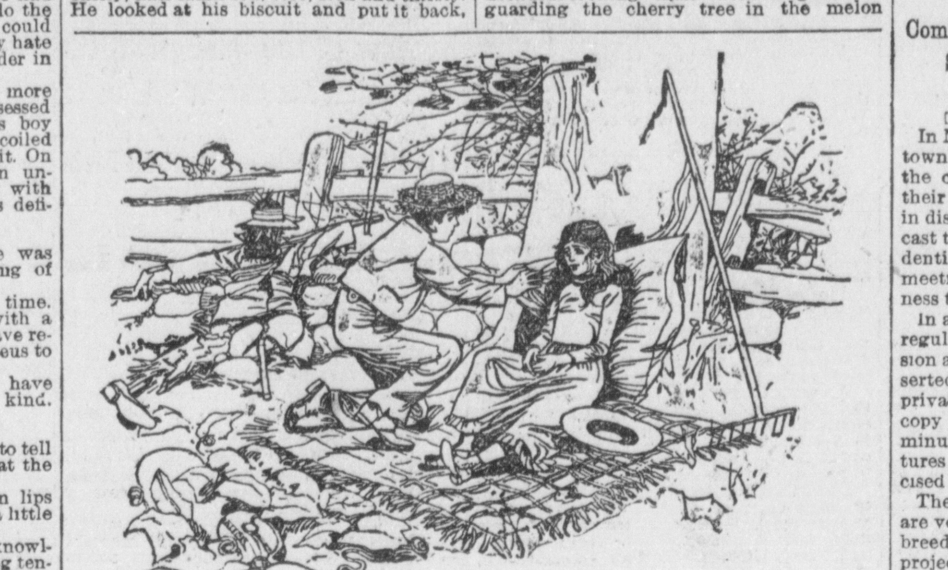


"THEY ARRIVED IN TIME TO SAVE HIS LIFE."

He began to feel a strange faintness. It was not hunger but a sickening dread, yet he was desperately in need of food; he had eaten two of his biscuits, and now he took out the last one, but instinctively put it back, for a foreboding of evil was beginning to press heavily upon him. He wondered as he had done twenty times before, if somebody would not be coming along. And then it occurred to him that he might be so far away from the path that it would make no difference. Thinking so, he determined to try if he could make himself heard by any possible traveller through the bush, and he hallooed till his throat was sore.

Twilight came on, then dense, damp darkness. Voices of insects and creatures of the night; voices strange to him broke the stillness. Now and then a branch snapped and leaves rustled. It was dark, mysterious and awfully lonesome, and he was too cold to sleep.

When morning dawned he felt unnerved, chilly, half famished, sore, sick and thirsty. He looked at his biscuit and put it back,



THE SCARECROW THAT WOULD NOT LAY DOWN.

then lapped the moisture from some wet leaves, as a dog would, and rose and moved on. He must start, but where should he go?

He worked along, tearing his clothing, scratching his hands and face, and every now and then calling for help.

And another night came, and he ate the biscuit, looking greedily at the ripe berries growing about, but not yet daring, half starved though he was, to taste them. He knew well enough now, he had known it for 24 hours, that he was lost.

That night he dropped into a heavy sleep, haunted by terrible dreams, and woke more weary than before. He began to long intensely for the friends he loved. He grew heartsick at the thought that he must perish there.

But there was no way out of the trouble; and he rose in the morning and wandered round and round all day, and again night found him sitting on the ground clasping his knees in utter despair.

All at once the flight of a bird overhead caused him to look up, and he saw something which sent the blood pulsing swiftly through his viens, and he rose to his feet. Yes; it was a telegraph wire, and if he could but pierce the jungle and follow the line he should eventually come out where were habitations of men. But in a moment he remembered how impossible that was, and felt, with the bitterness of despair, that he must die there alone, even when messages from friend to friend, from one home to another, might even then be passing over his head. He was so near the means of communication with his fellow beings, but forever cut off!

Then, quick as lightning, another thought flashed upon him; if he could manage to cut the telegraph line, it was certain that the repairers would be sent out from headquarters to follow the line till they discovered the cause of the interruption, and they would find him.

He started up, and with almost superhuman strength climbed up and cut the wire, and then he lay down on the spot, weak and exhausted, but full of courage, till in the afternoon of the next day the men arrived and came upon the lost traveller in time to save him.

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THE SCARECROW WHO SAT DOWN

His Usefulness Really Began Just as He Thought it Was Ended.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

"I hope you'll excuse my plain speaking," said the Sparrow, as he perched upon the Scarecrow's arm and skipped up to his shoulder, "but really the merest fledgling wouldn't be deceived by you; it's perfectly obvious that your spine is a broomstick, you know. You're much too upright for a man, not to mention that your stuffing shows in one or two places, and that you haven't any hands."

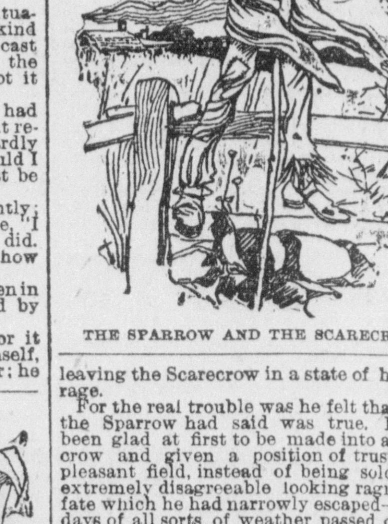
"I don't know why I should excuse your plain speaking, as you call it," answered the Scarecrow, gloomily. "I call it impertinence, and I've noticed that your plain-spoken people never, even by accident, say anything pleasant. Real plain speaking would have to be pleasant sometimes."

"Oh, I don't wonder you're a little nervous and touchy," said the Sparrow, affably, and not at all abashed. "Your position is a trying one, my poor friend. I only spoke for your own good. You seemed to me to be making a praiseworthy effort to look life-like, and I thought that if you knew how entirely useless it was, you'd just stop and take things easy!"

"I'm neither nervous nor touchy," cried the Scarecrow, angrily, "and above all, I'm not your friend, rich or poor, you'll please to understand that! And you'll also please to get off my arm, and go about your business, which, as I happen to know, is to get yourself exterminated for a mischief-maker!"

The Sparrow laughed. He was not in the least "put out."

"Oh, no!" he said, "that's not my business—it's that of those nice consistent people who obliged my ancestors to leave their happy home, and take a wretched sea voyage in miserable little cages and settle in this country to kill worms for them. Now, because we like a few little things from their gardens and orchards, to vary our diet of worms, they've announced that we must be 'exterminated!' But—'they can't do it, you know!'" and trilling this refrain, at the top of his shrill little voice, he flew off,



THE SPARROW AND THE SCARECROW.

leaving the Scarecrow in a state of helpless rage.

For the real trouble was he felt that what the Sparrow had said was true. He had been glad at first to be made into a Scarecrow and given a position of trust in a pleasant field, instead of being sold to an extremely disagreeable looking ragman—a fate which he had narrowly escaped—but as days of all sorts of weather passed on, and he found that the birds had not the slightest fear of him, he became discouraged.

The fact was, he felt that he was going to pieces, and he was, of course, helpless to stop it. He had been carelessly made; the broomstick was very well, so far as it went, but his arms and legs were entirely composed of straw; he knew that he must soon collapse where the broomstick ended, which was just at his waist. It seemed to him that the unfeeling remarks of the Sparrow had taken the last remnant of stiffening out of him; he could no longer resist the feeling that, come what would, he must sit down.

He felt himself going, and with a hollow groan he flung out his arms, which were rather better stuffed than were his legs, and down he went.

But, although he did not know it at first, he had in falling taken a position which made him look absurdly life-like. He had doubled up like a jackknife, but his outstretched arms had first struck the ground; so there he sat, looking as if he were just in the act of picking himself up. His hat, which was tied on, had fallen enough to hide the upper half of his face, which was an old mask with a bushy beard, and this beard, pushed forward a little, waved and fluttered as if his head were moving.

The first thing that enlightened him was a remark which some one made in passing the field:

"Look at that old fellow! I suppose the farmer who hired him thinks he's hard at work; you see he's arranged himself to look as if he were just getting up!"

A thrill of joy passed through the straw heart of the Scarecrow. Could this be indeed so? He must wait till some birds came, to make sure.

He had not long to wait. "Cherries were ripe," the nestlings were growing older, and the next day three or four robins came sailing into his field, making for the cherry tree near which he sat, but just as they neared it, a little wind ruffled his beard, and raised, like a threatening arm, a strip of his torn coat, while the stick which was still tied fast to his right arm, and which, as he fell, had remained nearly upright, seemed to point directly at them, and with a great deal of angry chatter they flew away.

Being very talkative and fond of gossip, they hastened to spread the news that a dreadful-looking man with a gun was guarding the cherry tree in the melon patch, and, although some of the more curious among the birds ventured as far as the fence for a sight of this monster, the sight was quite enough, and they had no desire for a nearer view of that wagging beard and threatening weapon.

When the Scarecrow became sure that his fall, instead of putting an end to his usefulness, had really begun it, he grew quite cheerful, and, although he felt that his total collapse was merely a question of time, he hoped, by holding himself together very carefully, to last until the melons should be ripe.

For he had learned that a great deal depended upon these melons. They had been planted and tended by the farmer's son, a boy of 12, who did not like work he was obliged to do any better than most boys of his age like it—work which one does under the name of play is "another part of speech" always. But when this boy came to work among the melons, which he did faithfully whenever they needed attention, he brought with him a pale, tired-looking little girl, and spread an old shawl under the cherry tree for her, and propped her up with two faded old curtains, and talked cheerily to her while he weeded or hoed or "bugged" the melon patch.

And from this talk the Scarecrow learned that little Amy had been ill in the winter with some dreadful thing which the boy called "grippe," that the doctor had said a week at the seashore would do her more good than all his medicine, and that there were a fisherman uncle and fisherboy and girl cousins who would be delighted to keep little Amy and Ben for a month, instead of a week, if only the money for the journey could be raised, and that Ben's father had given him leave to try and raise it in the shape of melons.

So now there they were, of all sizes, but at least a dozen were large and ripe and ready to be picked the next day, the farmer had said, and the children were jubilant, and Amy was to ride into the village with Ben on the old shawl and cushion which he would arrange for her on the floor of the cart and see him make the first sale.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the Scarecrow would have been quite happy but that he felt that his arms were giving way under the weight of his body, and he had a curious impression that a great deal depended upon his keeping up a little longer.

It was 12 o'clock and everything was very still, when suddenly he heard low voices just outside the fence; a puff of wind lifted his hat a little, and he saw two big boys, half way over the fence, start back, and stand irresolutely on the other side.

"It is a man, Bill, and so I tell you!" he heard one of them say, in a low, angry voice. "I don't care if there are forty scarecrows there, that fellow moved his stick, or his gun, or whatever it is, and I saw him move his head, too, and if you like to stay and git shot and took up for a few melons, I don't, and I'm goin'. Come on!"

"You coward!" said the other still more angrily, "there was a scarecrow there today, and it's likely its turned into a man! You come on!" and catching his comrade by the arm, he began to mount the high rail fence once more.

The scarecrow felt himself sinking; his arms would not hold him up another minute.

"Oh," he groaned, as he fell helplessly upon his face, "if I might only have lasted one little hour longer."

But to the guilty boys by the fence, his motion, as he hobbled forward, was perfectly life-like; they were sure that the armed watcher was "coming for them."

They turned to run, and there stood the farmer, gun in hand. Uneasiness about the melons had kept him awake; he knew too well what their loss would mean to his little girl and boy, and at last he had sprung up, dressed, picked up his gun, and gone to set his mind at rest.

"You'd better run!" he shouted, savagely, as the boys turned and fled along the road. "I've more'n half a mind to pepper your legs with bird shot!"

"Do you know, brother," said Amy, the next day, as she lay on the old shawl watching Ben pick the melons, "I believe it was that poor dear Scarecrow who saved them. He looks so dreadfully alive, even by daylight, and in the moonlight, if you were doing something bad, and were afraid, anyhow, just think! And perhaps he fell, just in time for them to see. You know he was sitting up yesterday, poor dear! Father said to throw him on the brush-heap—the one he's going to burn you know—but Ben, my dear," and she smiled up coaxingly into Ben's brown face, "it wouldn't be much trouble, would it, to carry him up in the wagon-house loft and lay him on some hay in the corner? You could take my shawl, you know, to keep him from going quite to pieces?"

Ben smiled back to her; he never laughed at Amy, partly because she was Amy and partly because he disliked being laughed at.

"It wouldn't be any trouble at all, child," he said, cheerily; "I'll do it when we go in to dinner or right after. If the old fellow did save these spanking melons he deserves a pension along with his retirement."

Ben "rigged up" his hammock in the cherry tree that afternoon, and with Towser, the mastiff, tied by a long rope to his bedpost, so to speak, and a bag of small stones hanging within easy reach, mounted guard over his melon patch every night, until the last fat melon had been sold, and he joyfully counted his hoard once more, to find enough for the journey, and something over for the fishing tackle, which they had agreed would be the best "present" they could take to the cousins.

And when Amy came to call on the Scarecrow, the evening of her return, she was so fat, and brown, and rosy, that he did not know her for at least three minutes.

"I wonder what a pension is," he mused, as he heard her go prancing down the ladder, and across the lower floor. "I don't know, but I think I must have it, whatever it is, I feel so cheerful!"

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A Young Women's Brass Band.

[St. Joseph News.]

Humboldt, Kan., is a musical town, and possesses a young women's military band that would be a credit to a large city. The members are all women except Prof. Hagee, the director, and the oldest is only 20 years of age.

It is said they have attained a great deal of proficiency, and play remarkably well in time. It is not often that women play the drum and tuba, but women play those pieces in this band. They are prettily uniformed, wearing helmets and blue dresses trimmed with gold.

Immature and Promising.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Belisarius, come in the house this instant!"

The voice of the domestic rang sharply out in the frosty air.

"Octavia," replied the dignified 2-year-old Boston child, whose eyes were fixed on the glittering hearse moving slowly along the street, "I will come briefly. I am observing a demise."

Chilly Reception.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Esquimau father—Don't you think it is about time you meandered to your own igloo? You have courted my daughter long enough for one spell.

Esquimau lover—Why, I just called to spend the evening.

Esquimau father—I know; but you have been here about three months, and it is near midnight. I think you had better trot away home and call again some other evening.

Progress.

[Cape Cod Item.]

"You are getting acquainted with her then?"

"I am."

"Do you speak as you pass by?"

"We don't pass by now; we stand and talk."

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Advantages of the Town Meeting Clearly Shown.

Curious Facts About the State Constitutions and Their History.

Comparison Between Worcester and Syracuse in Favor of Worcester.

[Henry Loomis Nelson in June Harper's.]

In New England the body of voters in the town attend the stated March meeting at the call of the selectmen. It is as much their duty to remain all day and to take part in discussing the affairs of the town as to cast their ballots for governor or for presidential electors. The warrant for the town meeting notifies the townsmen of the business that will come before them.

In addition to the articles relating to the regular and routine proceedings of the occasion are special articles which have been inserted in the warrant at the request of private citizens. Each voter has a printed copy of the town report. It contains a minutely itemized account of the expenditures of the past year. These items are criticised or defended by the town.

The debate is general. Appropriations are voted. Usually there is a subject which breeds excitement. It may relate to a project for a new schoolhouse, to the opening of a new street, to the building of a new sewer. The work that shall be done for the coming year is determined. The manner in which roads and bridges shall be repaired is prescribed.

All the business transacted in villages by the board of trustees is done by the townsmen themselves. Every one knows what is to be done, and how it is to be done. Every one has the opportunity to disclose what he knows of the misfeasances of town officers, to suggest how work might have been better done, how money might have been saved.

The results of this method in the fiscal affairs of localities and upon the character of the State governments have been indicated as fully as is possible within a limited space. The influence of the town-meeting government upon the physical character of the country, upon the highways and bridges, and upon the appearance of the villages is familiar to all who have travelled through New England.

The excellent roads, the stanch bridges, the trim tree-shaded streets, the universal signs of thrift and of the people's pride in the outward aspects of their villages, are too well known to be dwelt upon.

The town meeting has also developed an intelligent, active-minded, alert, public-spirited people. Participation in public business has induced a patriotic interest in the art of government.

It is true that the intelligence of the average New England rural voter is best shown in his opinions and action in town politics, but this simply indicates that the citizen should not unnecessarily undertake the control of matters not affecting his own locality, nor should he give to agents meeting in a remote capital a large and important jurisdiction over the individual. The New England townsman knows how to transact public business.

The first task of every town meeting is the selection of a moderator. In a New England town nearly every man of prominence has presided at one time or another over the town meeting. Even they who have not must be familiar with parliamentary law and practice, for the clear and simple rules of Cushing and Jefferson are elaborately discussed not only by the lawyers and the clergymen, but by the doctors, the storekeepers, the mechanics and the farmers.

It would be difficult to find in a New England community a man who cannot take charge of a public meeting, and conduct its proceedings with some regard to the forms that are observed in parliamentary bodies. On the other hand, it would be difficult in any other part of the country to find a citizen who has not held office who has any knowledge of such forms and observances.

In New England there is not a voter who may not, and very few voters who do not, actively participate in the work of government. In the other parts of the country hardly any one takes part in public affairs except the officeholder. The effect of this is precisely what may be anticipated.

The man of the New England town is equipped for the larger stage of the State or nation. The tyro from New York who is sent to Congress must learn the lesson which the other acquired in the town meeting.

Laws enacted by the people are at the bottom of all legislation in this country. These laws are either constitutional or bylaws which are adopted at annual town meetings. In States in which the town meeting is unknown or is merely a survival the people can express their will only in the constitution, and in such States, consequently, the constitutions are longer and more minute and particular than in States where the popular will is more freely and frequently expressed.

The constitutions of the six New England States are comparatively short. They contain very little beyond the organic law. The limitations upon the power of the Legislature are few, because those matters that most nearly concern the people and affect taxation are attended to in the town meeting. The supremacy of the town is preserved because the towns control the more numerous branch of the Legislature.

The constitutions of the States that are based upon the county are very much more voluminous, and contain subjects that in New England are left to the Legislature. The people, having been taught by experience, forbid their representatives doing certain things.

They have discovered that it is a good deal better that they should go undone than that the Legislature should have license to do them whenever it sees fit.

It is a significant fact that not a single New England State has adopted more than one complete constitution since the formation of the Federal government. Indeed, the present constitution of Massachusetts antedates the Constitution of the United States, having been adopted in 1780.

Since then it has been amended in several respects, the new sections being necessitated by increase of population, the great European immigration of the middle of the century, and the war for the Union.

Connecticut's constitution was adopted in 1818. Before that the State was governed under the charter of 1662, which was continued by the constitution of 1776. The amendments have been more numerous than those added to the Massachusetts constitution, but they have not differed much in character.

The constitution of New Hampshire was adopted in 1792, and has been amended twice. Vermont's constitution bears date 1793, and has been amended four times. Rhode Island lived under its royal charter until 1842.

The constitution of Maine was adopted in 1820. It prohibits the loaning of the State credit, and limits the debt contracting power of the Legislature. It also forbids the Legislature to charter corporations by special acts.

The constitutional history of New York is very different from that of New England. The first instrument was adopted in 1777, the second in 1821. Several amendments were added to this constitution from time to time, aud a complete new constitution was adopted in 1846.

This has since been radically changed in some of its most important provisions, especially in the judiciary article, which is, at this writing, again under consideration by a constitutional commission. The numerous and important amendments of 1874 were demanded by the growth of evils incident to the State's system of local government.

Pennsylvania has had three constitutions; Ohio two; Illinois three since 1818. The Southern States are exceptional, because their existing constitutions were made necessary by their attempted secession from the Union.

California's first constitution was adopted in 1849, and the State has had a new constitution since then. It was adopted in 1876, and furnishes an admirable illustration of the manner in which people who do not enjoy the benefits of the town meeting provide for the most minute and intimate subjects in the fundamental law of the State.

The cities of Worcester, Mass., and Syracuse, N. Y., illustrate generally the differences between New England and Middle States city governments. In 1880 the two cities were nearly equal in population. They are both manufacturing cities, situated in the interior and surrounded by agricultural communities. In 1880 Syracuse had 92 miles of streets, $17\frac{3}{4}$ miles of which were paved.

The annual cost of maintaining these highways was about $35,000. For the same cost Worcester maintained 197 miles of streets, all of which were paved. The water works of Syracuse were owned by a private corporation, those of Worcester by the city. Syracuse had no parks, unless a small square or two may be thus dignified; Worcester had about 35 acres of parks.

The drainage system of Worcester was much more elaborate and perfect than that of Syracuse. While it cost Syracuse from $10,000 to $12,000 a year to clean its 92 miles of streets, it cost Worcester only $3300 to clean its 197 miles of streets. The police of Worcester was larger and more expensive than that of Syracuse. On an expenditure of $104,896 the New York city maintained 18 schools, in which were taught about 7000 pupils; the Massachusetts city maintained 36 schools, and instructed 9000 children for $139,722.

The fire department of the one consisted of four steam engines, one fire extinguisher, one hook and ladder truck, and five hose carriages; that of the other had five steam engines, 12 hose carriages, one extinguisher, and three hook and ladder trucks. The annual cost of the first was $31,589; of the second, $38,840. A similar story might be told of almost any two cities taken indiscriminately from New England and from any other section of the country.

The abode of the vigilant citizen in the United States is in that part of the country where the town meeting breeds a fine public spirit. Boston with all its drawbacks and limitations is governed with a higher regard and a more jealous care for the rights of private citizens than is any other city of its size in the Union.

BLOWN INTO ATOMS.

Incidents of the Explosion at Rome—Examples of Heroism—Damage Done to Priceless Treasures.

[Ada M. Trotter in Harper's Weekly.]

A short time before the catastrophe, the captain in charge of the fort heard a noise as of sacks of walnuts being moved. He guessed the cause, called all his soldiers out, and ordered them to leave the fort, whilst he, thoroughly aware of his danger, coolly remained until assured that his men were in safety.

A few moments later the explosion ensued, and the powder magazine was blown to the winds, leaving nothing but a heap of charred ruins to mark the spot where it once stood.

And alas for Capt. Speccambla! His men got safely away; but he was caught, thrown down and so battered, cut and torn that no hope is entertained of his recovery. Among the wounded soldiers, too, there is a corporal whose courage and calmness are the talk of the hour. He was one of the last to leave the fatal spot, and was badly injured.

It was found necessary to amputate his leg, which was torn to pieces. He refused to take chloroform, and bore the agony of the operation without uttering a word of complaint. When told that if he did not take chloroform he would suffer terribly, he quietly remarked, "A soldier should not fear pain."

There was an instance of courage which almost rivals the fable of the sentinel found at his post at Pompeii. When the sentry who guarded the mazazine was ordered to leave the spot he hurried out with gun and baggage. He threw himself flat on the ground when the explosion took place and when it was all over, though horribly injured, took up his gun and walked back to his post, where he was found by the first rescue party.

The King, when he arrived, found the brave soldier dusty, black in the face, with the clothes almost torn from his body, but with his gun presenting arms. The hero is to be presented with the gold medal for valor, by order of the King.

All the buildings for a mile around the spot have been partially, when not utterly, destroyed. Of course any in the immediate vicinity of the magazine are razed to the ground or blown completely out of sight. Of the magazine itself nothing is left but a heap of charred ruins.

The latest information as to the number of people who suffered by the explosion gives 10 dead and 250 wounded.

A monk was noted amongst the rescuing party, conspicuous for his energy and indefatigable efforts. His fine tact and administrative powers soon placed him at the head of the willing workers; he was, in fact, the brains of the impetuous crowd. Yet he was unknown and a stranger.

It would be interesting to learn something of this heroic nature, but it is bound, I suppose, in the heart of the church. How his pulses must have thrilled to be working thus once more, heart to heart, with the people!

Nor was it an ordinary gang of workmen now seen, blackened by the terrific clouds of dust and smoke, amongst the ruins. Monks, sisters of charity, soldiers, firemen and civilians worked side by side with breathless anxiety, cheered on by the King, who, as he pushed his way into the throng and tore away at the stones with his hands, received thundering acclamations from the ordinary workpeople of the crowd.

Not until all the wounded were carried away did King Humbert leave the spot, and then it was for the hospital. The Tribune of Rome, says of his appearance there: "No one would know that it was a sovereign who entered the ward. His blue suit was covered with a stratum of powder; his face was black, and agitated with emotion as he went from bed to litter with words of comfort and consolation for each sufferer; his boots were soiled; his hat crushed in," etc., etc. As he left the hospital, he was received with loud "vivas" by the people crowding behind the cordon.

The damage done to Rome has not yet been correctly estimated. In the eye of the artist and tourist it is apparently incalculable. We hear that the rare vases of the Etruscan collection in the Vatican gallery have shared the fate of the windows of Rome.

Nearly all the galleries, palaces and churches are closed for repairs. Some have suffered more damage than others, and it seems as though the most valuable of the stained glass windows are most hopelessly wrecked. The streets glitter with crystals; so do the aisles of such churches as one can still enter.

Only a week ago we were luxuriating in the beauty of St. Paul's fuori le mure. We could not tear ourselves away from that superb nave, with its five pillared aisles radiant in the gorgeous flames of light shed from the colored windows beyond. Raising our eyes, we confronted the solemn gaze of those stately apostles, in their robes of purple, crimson and gold, permeating the shadowy aisles with their atmosphere of ineffable peace, ineffable dignity.

And now! All are but a memory, for of St. Paul's not one window remains to tell posterity of the beautiful works of Muroni, the artist who created this noble procession, whose marvellous skill in coloring was the wonder of his age, and whose secret died with him.

So it may readily be seen that an El Dorado of gold could not repair the damage done to Rome by the terrific explosion of the powder mill on Thursday, April 23.

DEAD LETTERS.

How They are Handled and Finally Disposed of.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Letters that are misdirected or only partially addressed are turned over to a lady operator who has acquired skill by long practice, and is familiar with the name of every city, town, village and hamlet in the civilized world, knows all the streets and apparently the contents of all the directories published in this country and in Europe.

She knows that William Jones lives on a certain street in San Francisco as well as the carrier does that delivers the mail in William's district, and if one of William's friends addresses a letter to him at that street and number, and inadvertently writes Chicago or Los Angeles instead of San Francisco, she knows the letter belongs to William and she changes the address without opening the letter and sends it along.

If a thick-headed correspondent addresses a letter to James Smith, White Knoll, Tex., the lady to whom this letter finally comes knows at a glance that there is no White Knoll, Tex., and that the writer meant it for James Smith, White Mound, Tex. Sometimes a letter comes along with John T. Brown on it and nothing more, except the postmark of some little town way down in Southern California.

Experience has taught the woman that nine chances to one the letter is for some other town in the same section of the country, and as a John T. Brown lives at a certain number on a certain street in San Francisco, the letter is sent to him.

Planning the Capital City.

[Youth's Companion.]

The city of Washington was long known as the city of magnificent distances. Yet how few of us have ever heard of the man who, with a grand faith in the future, planned the city and designed its first public buildings. Peter Charles L'Enfant was born in 1755, in France. He entered the French army with the commission of a lieutenant, and prepared to scale the slow difficult ladder of military promotion. But when the American colonies raised the standard of revolt he watched their course with keen interest.

As soon as the colonies proclaimed the doctrines of freedom, and declared themselves an independent nation, L'Enfant resolved to give his skill as an engineer to the cause.

He came over with Lafayette in 1777, and almost immediately received a commission in the Continental army. On the 18th of February, 1778, he was made captain of engineers, and was a remarkably active and able officer.

In the attack on Savannah he displayed the utmost gallantry, and was severely wounded. On his recovery Gen. Washington appreciated his merits so highly that he placed him on his staff. After the war he employed his skill on various engineering and architectural works at Fort Mifflin.

The selection of a district for the seat of government was a subject of long discussion, and when the present District of Columbia was fixed upon Maj. L'Enfant was selected to lay out the city of Washington and to select the position. He drew the plans also for some of the public buildings and sketched others on a plan of his projected arrangement of the city.

In 1812 this able veteran of the revolution received the offer of a professorship of engineering in the Military Academy, West Point, but declined the position. He died at his home in Prince George's county, Md., June 14, 1825.

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Gardner's Monthly	2.00	2.50
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Golden Argosy	4.00	4.50
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Harper's Magazine	4.00	4.10
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Ladies' World (no premium)	.35	1.25
Life (humorous weekly)	5.00	5.00
Locomotive Engineer	1.00	1.85
Louisville Weekly Courier-Journal	1.00	1.80
Lippincott's Magazine	3.00	3.30
Littell's Living Age	8.00	8.00
Magazine American History	5.00	5.10
Mining Record	3.00	3.30
North American Review	5.00	5.10
Nation	3.00	3.75
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Nursery	1.50	2.20
N. Y. Critic	3.00	3.50
N. Y. Ledger	3.00	3.30
N. Y. Weekly Post	1.00	1.75
N. Y. Weekly World	1.00	1.80
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Peterson's Lady's Magazine	2.00	2.6
Popular Science News	1.00	1.8
Popular Science Monthly	5.00	5.0
Presbyterian Review	3.00	3.6
Philadelphia Weekly Times	1.00	1.8
Philadelphia Medical Times	4.00	4.1
Philadelphia Practical Farmer	2.00	2.4
Rideout's Magazine	1.00	1.7
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THE WEEKLY GLOBE
BOSTON, MASS.

AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

A Story for Memorial Day.

By MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS.

[AUTHOR'S COPYRIGHT, 1891.]



THE Army of the Potomac had been at rest but a short time. In a large white house standing on the brow of a hill, overlooking what had once been a fine garden, officers were moving about attending to their duties.

Two of them, one wearing a colonel's straps upon his shoulders, and the other a major's, were conversing together near the door of a large room, where several clerks were engaged in writing at rude desks near the windows. One of them was dictating to the clerks while listening to his friend.

"Raynor," he said, "prepare that voucher for the cordwood taken from Mr. Burns' plantation; the old man has been raided by both armies and needs money."

"Yes, sir," responded the clerk. "Is it 10 cords, colonel?"

"Ten; and an outrageous price it is, too; but Uncle Sam is no niggard where the comfort of his men is concerned. So you really think, major, that little Doane is hard hit with one of Burns' daughters?"

"Sure of it," said the major, as he curled the corners of a heavy mustache, "and I am afraid it will make trouble if the old man finds it out."

"Why should he care?"

"Doane is there half of his time, and you know they are bitter rebels. He might let some word drop that would get us into trouble."

"You think they are still bitter, do you?"

"I know it, colonel."

"Oh, well," said the colonel, with a laugh, "Cupid's arrows are always in good order."

"But what will the old man say?"

"The old man" thus alluded to was the honored senior major-general now commanding the army in the absence of its real head in Washington.

"We will not let it get to the general's ears," said the colonel.

"He is as peppery as curry," said the major, "and the worst of it is, his mother would be horrified. He is an only son, you know, and her father, Gen. ——, is with the army of the Cumberland."

"She will never know it, depend upon that. Doane will be in active service soon, and the thing will die a natural death. Which one is it, the small one with the vicious temper, or the tall one who seems to think more than she says?"

"Miss Rena, the little one."

This bit of camp gossip was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a messenger requesting the colonel to come to the general's tent at once.

In an hour's time the general and his entire staff rode down the hill, crossed the rough corduroy bridge his men had built and were speeding away toward a level plateau some five miles from headquarters.

Lieut. Doane, a bright, dapper young officer, the smallest man on the staff, and the most fastidious in his dress, rode by the side of Maj. Blaine the entire distance.

Maj. Blaine noticed that his companion's eyes were frequently turned in the direction of Burns' plantation, and as the cavalcade was moving that way the major ventured to remark that the pretty stretch of land near the Burns dwelling would not be a bad place for the officers' rendezvous on the day of the review.

"The best possible," said the lieutenant warmly, "and if I had the general's ear I should say so."

"His eagle eye will detect it," said the major. "Very little escapes him."

Both officers soon joined the group surrounding the commanding officer.

"Gentlemen," said the general, as he looked over the entire group, "I have been examining the country for some weeks relative to our grand review, and it seems to me that this is a most desirable place for that purpose."

Col. Warren had previously ridden over the ground with his chief and fully concurred in his views.

"That being settled, gentlemen, we will now visit the headquarters of Gen. Carr's division, where we are invited to lunch," said the general.

Maj. Blaine managed to ride again with little Doane. As they neared the scene of their morning conference the latter remarked: "It would be far better if the general would establish field headquarters in the grove on our left."

"It would be nearer a young lady's headquarters, also," said the major, with a roguish smile.

"There is no indiscretion in spending a few social hours at their house," said Doane. "I think I know a little how these girls feel."

"So do I," said the major, earnestly. "They were once rich; they are now poor. Their father once owned flocks and lands, and they were all carried away or devoured by the Confederate army before we came here and drove them out."

The two officers rode on in silence for some time; at last the lieutenant spoke:

"See here, major," he said, "I do not want to be misunderstood; I am not specially interested in either of these young ladies, but I have one sister, you know, and three or four pretty cousins, and I cannot help feeling sorry for these girls."

"Exactly," said the major; "and if we were were not gentlemen, with women folk of our own, it would go harder with them than it does now."

. . . .

The grand review was over. All the officials and those who aspired to be such had visited the army and reported everything in admirable order. Flags floated everywhere, drums were beating, horses and riders charging up and down and the beautiful blue hills of Virginia overlooked the pageant.

Three weeks after the grand review, a midnight order came to the colonel's quarters. Only the rattle of a latch, and the brief words, "Orders from headquarters," which the faithful orderly read by the flickering light of a candle, while his colonel, wide awake and ready for action, sat up in his rough couch to hear.

There was some quiet rejoicing. The men were tired of camp life. Home, wives, babies and sweethearts seemed much farther away when not in action. All were not going; only a few picked companies here and there. Where going? No one knew. Why? None could tell.

It was whispered about that the object of the movement was "a reconnaissance in force" to withdraw the attention of the enemy from another quarter. How much truth there was in the whisper none knew save the superior officers.

Later in the day, when the first roar of a cannon was heard, every available spot for observation was speedily covered by anxious observers.

Quite by themselves, on a little eminence overlooking the valley, four women stood looking anxiously toward the scene of action.

"Can you see anything now," asked the smallest of the group, as Mrs. Warren lowered her glass with a sigh.

"No, Miss Rena, nothing, only smoke, and far too much of that."

"Is the colonel there?" asked the girl.

"Yes."

"Why did you let him go?" asked the girl plaintively, "you might have kept him."

"I would not for worlds, when duty called him," said the fond wife. "See, Miss Rena, we are ready for anything. The general sent us word that there was no immediate danger, yet we must be ready to start North at a moment's notice."

"Would you rather stay?"

"A thousand times, yes; we know the worst when we are here; we dread the worst when away. Miss Burns, try my glass, please. The firing is becoming more general. Do you not think so, Mrs. Dunbar?"

The surgeon's wife looked in her eyes and nodded, but did not speak. She had been watching the white face of Rena Burns and something in it kept her silent.

"Who went of your staff?" asked Ruth, as she returned the glass to Mrs. Warren.

"Greenough, Lieut. Doane and the colonel."

"Are you ladies ready for hard work in the hospital in case you are needed?" asked a young assistant surgeon as he approached the group.

"We are ready for anything, doctor, save defeat," said Mrs. Warren.

"Good; that is the kind of mettle we need down here. Some messengers have just arrived, and the engagement has been more general than was intended or desired."

Later in the day, when the firing had ceased, a young officer entered to say that some ambulances were moving over the fields, and the wounded were doubtless being brought in.

Rena sprang from the table and followed him out. The others followed her, but when they reached the hilltop Rena was nowhere in sight.

"Where can the child be?" asked Mrs. Dunbar. "Her face has been ghastly all the morning."

"She has doubtless gone home," said Ruth, "for old Bedford has been unfastened, and from a child Rena would run away and hide at the sight of blood. I, too, will go unless I can be of some service; but I will find my sister and return to help you if I may."

Ruth did not find Rena at the plantation. Old Uncle Ike, the only servant left by the raiding army, was sure that "Mis Rena was done scared out o' her life 'bout all dat firin'."

"Oh, no, uncle," said Ruth wearily, "the child has heard it before."

"But not so close 'longside like now, Miss Ruth; you see she hadn't been sent thro de lines when it was hottest down heah: you had de wus time, Miss Ruth."

"Never mind that now, Uncle Ike; get me a cup of tea and a piece of corn cake and I will go back to the camp; perhaps I can help that lovely Mrs. Warren, who is so kind to us. Sister will come soon; she took Bedford and I walked down. When Miss Rena feels badly she always goes away by herself."

"I mind bout dat honey, like she did when de missus died. Mis Rena she's got uncommon strong feelin's, pears like, she jis wants to scratch de eyes out of de little Yankee officer; he's powerful nice man, too, 'deed he is."

As Ruth walked rapidly away after repeating her orders to Uncle Ike, she heard a voice calling upon her to stop. She turned to greet one of the division commanders, who with his wife was hurrying up to headquarters also.

"Get in, Miss Burns," said Mrs. Smith. "We are all so intensely anxious about this movement of the troops that I have coaxed the general to let me go with him, and perhaps I can do some good."

Ruth readily accepted the kind offer of a seat, as she was already tired and it was Rena's day to have old Bedford.

When Ruth reached her friends again both ladies were in the hospital assisting the surgeons. Ruth Burns, who knew nothing of surgery, acted as a general assistant, coming and going wherever she was needed most.

"Have you seen Rena?" she asked, as she met Mrs. Warren bearing some bottles into a room for the surgeons.

"No," said Mrs. Warren. "Was she not at home?"

Their eyes met for one brief moment, and Mrs. Warren said in an undertone, "Lieut. Doane was wounded."

"Where is he?" asked Ruth.

"We do not know. The men are out looking for him. He was stunned by a fall from his horse after being severely wounded in the leg."

"Oh!"

There was no time to say more. Every hand that could help was needed, and a woman's hand is always helpful in dressing wounds, if the woman has learned to forget self and thinks only of relieving distress.

"I have sent everywhere for Doane," said Col. Warren in a half whisper to his wife. She was nursing a poor fellow just rallying from the effects of ether.

"Where can he be?" asked Mrs. Warren. "Don't tell me that he was captured. It would be dreadful."

"We have not given up hope yet," said the colonel. "Ah, here comes one of my messengers now," and he hurried out to greet an officer who was just dismounting.

"Well, what tidings?" he asked, anxiously.

"I found them," said the man, "safe and sound as you could expect. He is at the Burns plantation."

"Taken there at his request?" asked the colonel.

"No, he is past requesting at present. He is unconscious. As near as I can find out just as his orderly had dragged him out of the way a young lady came dashing down on a horse covered with foam. She sprang down and began to care for the lieutenant as if he were her brother, and the orderly says she issued orders like a commanding general. She made a surgeon come to him and dress his wound so he could be moved, and then just as the reserve ambulance came thundering down she insisted on their halting and putting him in. She followed, and took his head in her lap, and told the drivers to go at once by a short cut to the plantation."

"I followed on to bring you the latest intelligence, and here is a note she sent to you."

Col. Warren opened it and read:

COLONEL—I have one of your men here, and I shall keep him. Please send some of his clothing at once. You may send a surgeon down as soon as you can. RENA BURNS.

When the army moved forward Doane could not go. Indeed, he could not sit up. As strength returned he grew impatient, and uttered fierce growls about his luck. Ruth and Rena taxed all their limited resources to amuse him, but the home was sadly bare now, and even the library had not escaped the vandals.

Rena, who had learned to watch every facial movement of the wounded man, resolved to send for some of the many comforts and luxuries which were so freely given to Lon, her only brother. Word had come down from the North that Lon was wounded and in a hospital at Washington, and, strange enough, was being cared for by Sue, Ned Doane's cousin.

Doane was growing more docile now; and in a few weeks more he could use the crutches he had ordered. When he moved about he was shocked to find how destitute the house was of all comforts, and, as an invalid is humored in all his whims, he chose to plan increased facilities for domestic labor.

The great barn-like kitchen where the young ladies prepared the dishes which he shared with the father and themselves was put in repair, and by degrees the whole house assumed a more cheerful look.

"In another month," said Doane to Rena one day, when he had limped across the long parlor without other aid than her arm, "I shall be ready to report for duty. First, two crutches, then one, soon none; then, thank heaven, an active life once more. Mother will be sorry to find me a cripple," he added; "I have not told her that."

"She will not care," said Rena.

"Oh, yes, she will. You women adore athletic heroes."

"Do we?"

"I think so. If Lon comes out of that hospital with only one arm will you love him just the same?"

"Better, far better," said Rena.

"Better, perhaps, because he is yours; but if he were engaged to a pretty girl who could pick and choose among men, then how would she feel? Would not poor Lon go to the wall?"

The girl's eyes flashed.

"It may be the way with your Northern girls," she said as she left his side and sat down upon a cushioned settee he had ordered made for her.

"No, it is the way with you. See, you have deserted me now, when you were my only support."

She rose and went to him again.

"My little sister," said he, as if he had not noticed her frowns, "is engaged to a tall, handsome West Pointer: at last accounts he had lost his left arm, and before we get through with this wretched business I expect the other will go; even now he has a bullet in one ankle and another somewhere in his shoulder. But that girl will marry him if he is a walking ammunition storehouse."

"She is right," said Rena.

"Do you think so?"

"I know it. Any girl of spirit would do the same."

"Are you sure?"

"Very sure."

"Suppose he were a horrid Yankee—for that is the name you have given us?"

The girl was silent.

"Tell me frankly, my kind nurse, do you think a Southern girl could, or would, marry a Yankee soldier?"

"She would try her best to hate him," said Rena.

"And if she did not succeed, what then?"

No answer.

The lieutenant went on:

"If she had gone down into the smoke of battle to rescue him, and had nursed him for weeks and had humored his whims and endured his crankiness and fretfulness, and had denied herself many things besides sleep for his sake, and he, knowing this, could never tell how to thank her, what then?"

Rena walked back and forth with him, keeping her eyes fastened upon the floor, but she said nothing.

"Suppose the young man should be poor? Suppose he had once invested in a Southern property and lost it all? Suppose that he was a Union man to his heart's core and would die fighting for the old flag?"

Still no answer.

"You are not helping me with my catechism," he said, placing his hand upon hers. "I do not hear any responses. Permit me to present the case differently. Suppose Lon should come home—you see, I call him that because you all do; even cousin Sue writes of him as if they were good friends—suppose he should come, and should say: 'When I was up North your Northern girls nursed me like angels, and your mothers were like mothers to me, and I am not willing to fight against my relatives; we were strangers once, we are kinsmen now'—what would you say then?"

"I should say, God bless those noble women," said the girl, with grateful tears in her eyes.

"And if Lon loved one of them and wanted to marry her—my bright-eyed cousin, for instance—what then?"

She lifted her eyes to his, still wet with tears, and said, while bright blushes tinged her cheeks:

"Lieut. Doane, I don't believe there is any North or South in love, do you?"

"Do you think," she stammered, "that anyone—Lon, for instance—would be very patient if she, the girl he loved, should sometimes say very cruel things about his friends, and his old opinions?"

"Your turn to question now," he said with a smile. "Yes; Lon or any other man would be patient if he were manly, for always and ever he would remember the tenderness in sickness, the care in need."

At last the cruel war was over. Peace reigned, and empty chairs in many homes told their pitiful story.

In the city of New York, Lon Burns, now an established lawyer, with a fine practice, sat in his office reading a letter. He was interrupted by the entrance of a beautiful woman.

"Ah, wifie," he said, "you are just in time to settle a question. That cousin of yours and my brother-in-love, Doane, writes that the new machinery which I sent down was exactly the thing he wanted; and also, that we are expected to go down next week to Virginia to the christening of little Ruth."

"We will go," said Sue. "It is quite time for you to have some rest, and I am starving for another visit with those dear Southern sisters of mine. Let me see, we will start the day after our Memorial day, for, Lon, you must remember that you are to take part in the exercises here."

"True; and what a whirligig time is, Doane, a property owner in the South, and I, a Northern man of business."

"You have never repented coming, have you, Lon?"

"Not for one second of time. We are a united happy family, are we not Sue?"

"And yet, you girls both got your husbands almost at the cannons' mouth."

WHAT REWARD?

He was a boy most delicately bred,
A town boy and his mother's only one;
Her fair hands stroked his shapely, curly head,
She feared, for his sake, storm and cold and sun.

What had he, then, to do with suffering?
But all brave men she'd taught him to admire;
So when he heard the country's war-cry ring,
What could she say? His eyes were hers—on fire.

A common soldier to the front he went,
Youth, health, life, love, hope, fame, all in a breath,
Into one patriotic offering blent,
He flung, a gage, into the face of Death!

And he redeemed his gage where bullets hissed,
Tipping the charging column's riving wedge;
Or, prison-penned, with white lips hunger-kissed,
Pain's brimming cup he drank, his country's pledge.

Death he defied until death passed him by,
Taking as surety only scars and youth;
Then he came home, nor heaved one backward sigh
O'er all he'd given up for land and truth.

A common soldier as he went he came,
And yet a hero! Who gives more than all?
He who gives all, nor asks for even fame,
What is there, more than hero, such to call?

Who was he? There were thousands such as he—
Men every inch, from crown to tip of toe!
For such, O country, what reward shall be?
The gods take not; 'tis theirs but to bestow!

And godlike men—'twas manhood that they threw
Into the scale when treason kicked the beam;
And manhood is not purchased! Buy the crew
To whom high honor is a foolish dream!

This boy, and all his noble fellows, gave
What money buys not, pays not for when given!
This market-talk dishonors every grave,
Like simony that e'en would purchase heaven.

O country, cherish lovingly all those in need,
But do not offer insult to brave men!
Leave the base scramble to the shameless greed
That gauges manhood by the cattle-pen.

Lift high each hero on a pedestal
Where honor's sun upon his brows shall shine;
So up the future shall their shadows fall
To teach our children manhood is divine!

M. J. SAVAGE.

FEET ARE SMALLEST AT MORN.

Heads Largest, so Dealers in Hats Soberly Declare.



THAT shoe will hurt you this afternoon," remarked the proprietor of a Court st. shoe store to the writer the other morning, as he pulled on a neat "bal" which seemed to be comfortable enough at the time, although a snug fit.

"Why this afternoon?" queried the reporter as he stood up and stamped his foot hard to see how it felt.

"Because your foot will be larger. It's no time to buy shoes in the morning, anyway, though, of course, we sell them whenever we can. But it is an actual fact, though few people seem to realize it, that the foot enlarges during the day and is at least a half size larger toward night than in the morning. I suppose it expands with the heat like most everything else, but I know that nine times out of 10, when a shoe turns out to be too small for the wearer after it is bought and worn, I find on looking at the salesbook that that shoe was bought in the morning. I have not had to stretch a pair of shoes bought after 3 o'clock in the afternoon for months, and I have customers in every day to have shoes stretched which have been bought in the forenoon. I always allow for it now, and I wouldn't sell you a shoe that fits as tight as that so early in the morning. Take my advice and get a half-size larger."

Following this advice, the reporter bought a larger pair and walked down on to the street. As he turned up Washington st., he passed a well-known clothing and hat store, and out of curiosity stepped inside and engaged the salesman in conversation to see if the same rule applied to both ends of the body.

"You ask if the head is larger in the afternoon than in the forenoon?" said the salesman in reply to his question. "Oh, no; quite the reverse. There is really something in the old joke about a big head in the morning. During sleep the bones of the skull seem to expand, and a man will discover by a careful measure of his head with a tape measure that it is considerably larger in the morning than on going to bed at night. We sell a larger hat to a man in the morning than that same man would take in the evening, and the stiffer and more inflexible the hat the more you notice it. Now, I wear my silk hat only in the evening and on Sunday, and the only time it ever seems small to me is when I put it on before church, Sunday morning.

"Of course you know that a man is taller in the morning than he is at night. The vertebræ settle, so the physiology says, during the day, and I have actually measured myself, and know that there is sometimes a full half inch difference in my height from morning to night. These things make quite a difference to the man who is particular about the fit of his wearing apparel, trifling as they appear in themselves."

Add to Your Vocabulary.

[Harper's Bazar.]

A certain father constantly told his daughters, "Girls, get new words into your vocabularies!" It was plain his admonition was heeded. Seldom were girls met whose language was as varied and picturesque as theirs. They were never at a loss to express exactly what they intended. They used different phrases to describe different feelings and sensations, and the proper one appeared where it was needed.

After talking to the average girl, to whom everything is awfully sweet," or "simply dreadful," and whose terms for joy or grief, assent or denial, can be confidently predicted, it was a pleasure as well as a relief to listen to these bright young people, whose conversation showed what might be accomplished with a little effort.

The English language, made up as it is of words derived from the principal languages of the world, holds immense possibilities for the student. Those able to speak or write it easily, who have a ready command of a correct phraseology, possess a power quickly recognized and strongly felt. And it is a power which a sufficient amount of study can give to those willing to take the trouble to acquire it.

Every one may not be able to write freely and with the most agreeable effect to the reader, although, with the requisite amount of pains, more could be done in this direction than most people suppose. But it is at least possible for young people—and some older people—to "get a few new words into their vocabularies." A book of synonyms is an easily accessible help. It could teach a few adjectives besides those in every-day use, which are frequently worn threadbare.

Indeed, some of these stock phrases have become meaningless. A family which established a fine for the use of any one of them, coupled with a reward for a clever application of a new word, might institute a reform which would spread, as do the ripples, until it covered a whole corner of society's millpond.

SPARTACUS STILL LIVES.

Elijah Kellogg at His Home in Harpswell.

Is Yet a Quiet Country Parson, Famous, But of this World's Goods, Few.

He Says He Wrote His Great Declamations to Pique a College Critic.

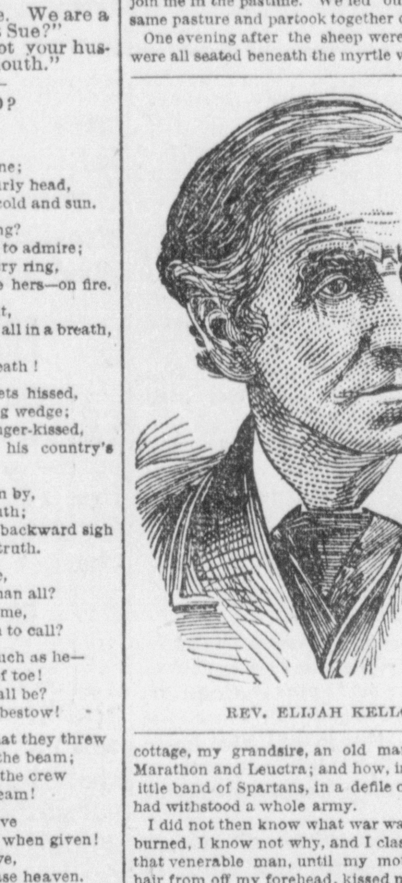


YE call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for 12 long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on.

And yet, I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella.

My early life ran as quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture and partook together our rustic meal.

One evening after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our



REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG.

cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army.

I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I know not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war horse—the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

Today I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph!

I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Aye! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay.

And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said: "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans."

And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs.

O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Aye! thou has given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled.

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews, but tomorrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? Tis three days since he has tasted flesh; but tomorrow he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ.

Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O, comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle.

What schoolboy in this land has not heard the thrilling words of that wonderful and matchless piece of rhetoric! Yet how few are aware that its author, Rev. Elijah Kellogg, still lives, a quaint old man, in Harpswell, Me.

The story of Mr. Kellogg's life is almost a romance. Born in Portland 78 years ago, he early took to the sea, and before he was 16 had visited many of the chief cities of the old world.

But Elijah knew he was born for better things, and in 1836 entered Bowdoin College. He became at once the prime mover in almost every prank that was played, and the stories that are told of him show originality in devising and his audacity in executing his projects.

It was he, who, as he saw one of his professors coming, slipped quietly behind, and when the awe-inspiring pedagogue approached, rushed out and gave the poor man such a thrashing as he never had before in his life.

Profuse excuses and a plea of mistaken identity smoothed the matter over, and Kellogg was ready for the next opportunity for fun.

The young man's schemes for providing himself with spending money were unique. One of his favorite methods was by burning the college fence. Young Kellogg was an expert wielder of the axe, and whenever the fence was burned the treasurer hired him to rebuild it. So it was not an unusual thing for the college pallisade to suffer several times a year.

Mr. Kellogg went to Andover Theological Seminary after graduating from Bowdoin. While in college he had made frequent visits to Harpswell, and especially to the islands which lie just off the coast.

The people of that region just suited him. They were hardy, strong-charactered men. Unwillingly the reverend gentleman had told them that if they would build a church he would come and preach there.

The church was built, and Mr. Kellogg kept his promise. Thus this man, this genius, hid himself from the world.

Elijah Kellogg is best known as a writer of juvenile books. His "Whispering Pine" and "Elm Island" stories have made him very dear to the youth throughout the length and breadth of the land. He is the author of 26 books, besides his masterly declamations, "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Pericles to the People," "Regulus to the Carthaginians" and several others.

One would suppose that an author so successful as Elijah Kellogg would now be enjoying the profits of his labors. Such, however, is not the case. The failure of Lee & Shepherd, his publishers, caused him great loss, and obliged the old man practically to start anew in life. He is generous to a fault, and that fact is another cause of his present condition.

Mr. Kellogg is really in quite straitened circumstances, but he will never know want. Everybody within a radius of 25 miles knows and loves Elijah Kellogg. Every year a donation party is given at his home by these admiring friends.

A GLOBE correspondent drove to Harpswell from Brunswick to see this quaint old man.

A winding, grass-grown road leads from the highway to the author's home. A quarter of a mile of this roughness and a beautiful view bursts forth. A two-storied house and large barn, set off by a background of stately pines, through which glitter the sun's rays, reflected from the waters of Casco bay. This is Elijah Kellogg's home.

A knock at the door was answered by a comely miss, who ushered the visitor into the sitting-room and announced him to Mrs. Kellogg.

The estimable lady is an invalid, unable to move hand or foot, yet bearing her affliction with the greatest fortitude. Her husband was away, but was expected to return soon, and she invited the visitor to remain.

This gave an opportunity to stroll about the premises, to examine the writer's boathouse and boat, to laugh at his ingeniously constructed chicken coops. In the meantime Mr. Kellogg had arrived, and THE GLOBE correspondent softly opened the door of the barn for a furtive peep at him.

There, busily engaged in feeding a flock of chicks, was the author, the parson, the farmer.

His keen gray eye twinkled merrily as he looked up and beheld the intruder. The faithful old man continued his farm duties, however, and, these done, invited the guest to the house.

Producing an ear trumpet, for he is quite deaf, Mr. Kellogg seated himself before the open fire and motioned his visitor to a seat near by.

The conversation gradually turned upon the characters in his celebrated boys' books.

"I have received numerous inquiries," said Mr. Kellogg, "about the Elm island of my stories. Some think it is Ragged island, near here, but I tell you it is a myth. You can't find any such island off the northeast coast of this mainland. But there is good, solid foundation for my characters. Most of them are taken from real life.

"Why, I was sitting right beside Lion Ben, when he said, 'There ain't men enough in this room to put me out,' and there wasn't, either," chuckled the old man, as the memory of that familiar scene came back to him.

Mr. Kellogg was asked how long it took him to write his books.

"I wrote them in nine years in Boston," he replied. "I took about three months for each one, but it was hard work."

"Do you write any stories now?" asked THE GLOBE correspondent.

"No, I haven't written for 30 years. I like to farm better than I do to write, but if I had some young boys around me I would write books enough. I thought of getting up a story last winter as a companion to my 'Good Old Times,' taking the hero from my grandfather's side. Then I have thought of another plot which brings in revolutionary history, and it might be instructive and interesting if I could keep from being dry. My wife's illness kept me from following out my plans."

"How did you come to write the declamations?" was asked.

"Oh, I wrote those to get rid of criticism. When I was at Andover we were obliged to deliver original declamations. The critic was rather severe on one of my friends and I resolved to get even with him. So I wrote 'Pericles to the People.' I aimed the invective wholly at the critic. He couldn't stand it and hid his face in his hands. Everybody noticed it, and when I finished, not a word of criticism did he offer.

"Well, the next year I didn't want to be criticised so I wrote 'Spartacus to the Gladiators.' When I finished, the professor asked the critic for his remarks, but he had been so absorbed in the piece that he had forgotten all about taking notes.

"A young man from one of the New England colleges heard the declamation, and afterward came way down here to Harpswell after it. Epes Sargent was one of the judges, and he liked the piece so well that he asked me to let him have it for his reader. That is how 'Spartacus to the Gladiators' came before the public."

Preparations for supper were now so far advanced that THE GLOBE representative could hardly refuse the urgent invitation to remain. Mr. Kellogg donned his frock and went out to see to his "family," as he calls his animals. The chores done, the long black coat was again put on, and at once the farmer became the parson.

Plain but wholesome was the supper, and as the reverend gentleman thanked God for the simple repast one could not but admire the gentle, God-fearing man.

There is a tradition at Bowdoin of Elijah Kellogg's climbing the chapel spire. The parson was asked to relate the episode, and while the supper was in progress told the following story:

"President Allen of the college was not very popular with the boys, and they always tried to play jokes on him. One night two of them purloined the president's hat. I was rejoiced, and foolishly made the remark that if I knew who stole that hat I would put it on top of the chapel lightning rod if it was red hot.

"The wily fellows heard of it and appeared before me with the hat. I had rather gotten over my disposition to play pranks, but wouldn't back out then. So in the midst of a thunder storm I climbed the rod and put the hat at the top.

"The president was considerably disconcerted and vowed he would have the tile down before chapel, but with all the crew and ladders he could find it took all the forenoon to undo the wrong.

"One of those fellows who stole the hat was a prominent lawyer in Boston, but is dead now. The other is president of a college out West."

"What college?" was the eager inquiry.

"I shan't tell you," laconically answered the old man.

Supper over, the visitor made ready to depart, and Mr. Kellogg accompanied him to his carriage. With a cordial invitation to call again and a cheery "Good night," the old gentleman turned back to the house.

TWO QUEER WORDS.

The Strange Origin of the Names Arizona and Oregon.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The origin of the beautiful names given to many of the States of the Union is no doubt known to a majority of the Eight O'Clockers. Alabama, for example, signifies, in the language of the Indians, "Here we rest;" Minnesota, "Sky-tinted waters," etc.

I doubt, however, if they were asked to explain the origin of Arizona and Oregon, whether they could give the correct answer without consultation with some of the honorary members of the club—the uncles, aunts or big brothers or sisters, and, perhaps, many of the latter would be puzzled.

That part of the territory of the United States now known as Arizona was inhabited by a tribe of Indians to whom nature had been lavish in the matter of nose. the Indians themselves accentuating the prominent nasal appendage by piercing the cartilage or gristle between the nostrils and wearing in it a bone, a stick or a ring. To the Spanish-speaking people of Mexico they were known as "The Big Noses."

In the Spanish language nose is nariz. In that language you can also express a diminutive or an augmentative by a termination to the name word. Narizito would mean a "little nose," and narizon a "great big nose." The feminine of narizon would be narizona, so that the n having been eliminated by usage and time, we have the name as it stands to-day—Arizona.

In the same manner the State of Oregon receives its name from its original tribe of Indians, who were famous for their big ears. They pierced their ears, and enlarged the lobe with pieces of wood. In the Spanish language ear is oreja. The addition of the augmentative on makes it orejon, or "big ears." Time and usage have changed the j to g, and thus we have Oregon.

My little nephew, who is a frequent contributor to your puzzle column, was so much interested in the explanation of the origin of the names Arizona and Oregon that I thought I would give it to the club—with the permission of your worthy editor.

WITNESSES OF THE PAST.

Corsica Has Plenty of Bonaparte Statues.

One cannot fail to be struck by the fact that the influence, I might almost say the presence, of the Bonaparte family is everywhere apparent in the "Green Island," writes M. de S. in the Sun. At Ajaccio on the market place the women curtsy before the statue of the first consul; on another square he towers amid his brothers in the garb of a Roman emperor.

Behind the citidel in the cathedral they show the basin that held the water for his baptism, and in the old house the hard sofa on which he was born, and the trap door leading to the subterranean passage by which he escaped to the harbor one night when he discovered that he was tracked by spies.

Where he himself is not the members of his family are. Their portraits are in the museums, their works in the libraries. His mother is buried in the Bonaparte chapel with the simple epitaph, Mater Regum. His father stands erect at the Hotel de Ville in a red, gold-laced coat.

There also are his brothers—Joseph in a royal mantle, Louis in a gray uniform, Jerome on a ship, Lucien abstractedly dreaming under a tree. By a tragical antithesis the bust of the king of Rome faces the mask of Napoleon dead, and the contrast between these silent witnesses of a distant past is painfully accented by the busy, cheerful hum of the bright adjoining thoroughfare.

His First Case.

[Chicago Times.]

"Miss Angelina," said young Mr. Briefless, the barrister, with illy concealed emotion, "I know that my inexperience in courts is against me—this is, in fact, my first suit—but I have an attachment for you. Will you accept service?"

"Just as you are, without one plea," gushed Miss Angelina, as Mr. Briefless folded her to his breast with legal precision and imprinted a seal upon her rouge-red lips.

BRIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS

Who Write for The Globe.

A VANISHED ISLE.

BY MABEL M'LEAN HELLIWELL, AGED 16.

Prize Story No. 3.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a very beautiful little island, which on calm days might be seen resting tranquilly on the broad bosom of the great Pacific. On those days, when wind and waves seem to vie with each other in the arts of noise and destruction, and all is tumult and confusion, the island might be seen to nestle down among the great billows, all undisturbed by the agitation around it. No, you need not get out your geography to look for it, because your search would be useless. I did not say "there is an island," but there was once, which is quite a different matter.

Well, then, there was once a very beautiful island in the great Pacific ocean. It was called Rainbow island, because it was just the shape of a rainbow, and it was divided into seven strips of land, each strip being one of the seven colors of the rainbow. On the yellow strip the houses were yellow. The trees were yellow, and bore johnnycake, rolls of yellow butter, and so on. The flowers were all yellow, and everything about it was yellow.

The green part of the island produced green peas, lettuce and other green produce.

Thus it was all over the island; the different varieties of food wherein man delighteth growing on the same colored strips of land.

The Rainbowanians never ate the flesh of animals, but there were many kinds of fish all around the island to be had for the catching. Every morning the little people would rise with the sun and set about their work with cheerfulness and mirth, singing:

Happy little people we,
Of the Rainbow on the sea,
Merrily, busily work we away,
Gath'ring provisions to last through the day.

But there was one little green man who never went out to his work when his neighbors did. He always stayed in his little green house. Every morning all the little people would come to his door and knock and knock till the little man would ask them what they wanted. Then they would all cry:

Little man, little man, look at the sun!
Come out of your house, for there's work to be done.
Little man, little man, come to your work,
For a good Rainbowanian is never a shirk.

Yarsvert—(Such was his name) would answer: "Go away, I'm busy; I cannot come."

"What are you doing?" his friends would ask him.

Then the little green man would run up and down in his little green house crying: "Go away, go away. You are interrupting me in my work, and I am very busy making up my mind."

Then all the little people would run away to their work, and when it was done, they would bring some provisions to Yarsvert, and placing them on the doorstep, would call to him, here is food for you; is your mind made up?"

Yarsvert would answer: "Thanks thanks, put it down. I may get time to eat it. But go away, go away. I am very busy making up my mind."

So time went on and the little Rainbow people began to lay in provisions for the winter. The winter in Rainbow island was not like the winters we have. It would suddenly get very hot, and the butter on the trees would begin to melt. Then all the little people would run home, for they knew that a snowstorm was coming.

It was a different kind of snowstorm from ours too. A big, white, feathery cloud would suddenly drop down all over the island and the little people would not be able to get out of their houses till the storm was over. But they used to open the windows and pull white feathers out of the fleecy cloud till they had enough to make new feather beds. By and by the cloud would suddenly rise into the sky and sail away, leaving the island just as it was before, and the winter would be over.

The little people were busy getting in food to last them through the winter and still Yarsvert remained in his house.

His neighbors came and told him he would starve if he did not get in his provisions before the winter set in, but he only had one answer for them—"Go away, go away, you are interrupting me, and I am very busy making up my mind."

So, as the little people pulled the feathers out of the cloud for their new beds, they wondered how it was with the rash little man who was too busy to lay in stores for a "snowy" day.

As soon as the short winter was over the Rainbowanians, with one accord, hurried to the house of Yarsvert, for they were all very anxious about their kinsman. The orange and red men, always so careful in pairing together (they set each other off so well, you know), were scattered amongst the others, and never noticed it. The yellow and green, who always avoided each other, ran hand in hand and never once thought of their complexions. Self was entirely forgotten, the probable fate of poor little Yarsvert being the only thought of the simple little people.

As they neared his door they all stopped suddenly, for issuing from the house were sounds of lamentation and wailing. The little people regarded each other with blanched faces and shivering limbs.

Suddenly Elttil Wonk, the schoolmaster of Strip Blue, whom the children used to anger by writing his name backward, stood up, and in a quavering voice said: "My friends, we know our lamented kinsman must be dead, and, as he did not die a natural death, but almost, we might say, by his own hand's work—or, rather, by want of his own hand's work—his spirit, unable to rest, still haunts his unhappy home. So, brothers," he continued, getting nearer and nearer to the edge of the crowd, "we had better invite the rest of the Green men to our respective strips, and let them share with us; for it is evil for mind, soul and body to mix or have aught to do with those of another world. So we had best get home as fast as we can."

And turning, Elttil Wonk was soon out of sight.

As he disappeared a little green woman cried: "You may go home if you like, friends, but I am going to my brother's house. For that voice is the voice of Yarsvert."

The brave little woman then walked boldly to the door and knocked. "'Tis I, Yarsvert," she cried, "your sister."

"Come in, my sister; I am very busy, but come in, and bring with you Fourbe of Strip Violet."

At the sound of the well-known voice, speaking in natural tones, the people all swarmed into the house to ask him how he had lived, who had given him food, and hundreds of other questions. But the little man waved them away, saying:

"Thank you; I was supplied. Now, go away, for I am very busy. Fourbe, step forward."

The little people, awed by his impressive manner, stopped talking, and waited for what was to follow. "Fourbe," said Yarsvert, "why have you hidden your variegated son for five long years? Know you not on him rests the destiny of the island?"

Fourbe stood still with shame in his face, wondering how his secret had been discovered.

Yarsvert continued: "Go! bring him instantly!"

Fourbye sped off, glad to get away from the penetrating gaze and stern, accusing demeanor of Yarsvert. While he was gone, Yarsvert paced up and down his little room, paying no attention to the questions rained upon him. Indeed, he did not seem to hear, and the people in a few minutes relapsed into silence, anxiously awaiting the coming of Fourbe.

It was not long before he reappeared leading by the hand one who may be described as filling a long-felt want among the freaks of nature. It was a boy, whose cheeks were a soft violet, his mouth a bright yellow, his little green nose protruded from his face like a little green tree, and his orange eyes gleamed from under a wealth of red hair. His body and limbs were the seven colors of the rainbow. He wore a short black mantle, and though the expression of his face was beautiful, he struck the beholders at first sight, to say the least of it, as slightly peculiar.

Such was the son whom Fourbe had kept concealed for five long years, and as the Rainbowanians looked at him, they could not help thinking that Fourbe's tardiness in acknowledging his uncommon son was quite excusable, although of course, when Yarsvert looked at him in stern anger, they one and all pointed at him the finger of scorn.

"What do you call him?" asked Yarsvert, as Fourbe stood by his child.

"Nighmare!" was the savage answer, "for he haunts me by day and night, and my dreams are of him alone, driving me to distraction."

The little fellow at this cowered away from his unnatural father, and looked very guilty. Yarsvert drew him towards him and said kindly: "Sunshine and Daydreams be thy names, and now speak. Ask the questions on your mind."

"What do you do all day long?" asked Daydreams in a clear, sweet voice.

"I am always busy making up my mind," was the grave answer.

"What about?"

"That I may not tell. And now Daydreams I know the last question thou would'st ask. Wait!"

Then with a slight shudder Yarsvert turned to the crowd of wondering Rainbowanians. "Join hands and kneel," he cried.

They obeyed him instantly, still keeping their eyes on his face.

"The sun is setting Daydreams, the time is coming. My son, my son, once so despised, to thou the greatest honor of the world.

"Once more, turning to the people, he said: "Honor him." As with a single voice, from the throats of the multitude, arose in a low, soft minor strain, the words:

Thou once despised, in the cave on the shore,
Honor to thee! honor to thee!
There, now, we tribute pay; then evermore
Honor to thee! honor to thee!

"Now ask thy question," said Yarsvert to the boy. With a clear eye and gentle voice he asked: "Tell me who I am?"

"Thou art the Rainbow Boy," cried Yarsvert in a loud voice, "and now has the time come that thou must return to thy proper sphere, to our destruction."

As he finished speaking a wondrous light shone over all the island, and the Boy, although still all the colors of the rainbow, became almost too beautiful, and the little people, kneeling awed upon the ground, could hardly bear to look upon him.

Yarsvert continued: "These long years, O people, have I been trying to make up my mind. Today I made it up forever; now see the result: When, as spirits of the deep, we glide amidst the wonders of the great sea, then will the Rainbow Boy, our Prince, watch over us and guide us. Honor him."

Yarsvart dropped upon his knees, and catching the hem of the boy's garment, held it to his lips. With a radiant smile the boy pressed his right hand on the bowed head, and turning to the wondering throng, said in a clear, sweet voice, "The time has come."

Then the island began to sink. Fairy-like forms clustered round the boy. The island slowly sank out of sight; but lo! in the heavens appeared a beautiful rainbow, whither the fairy forms bore the boy, amidst the last sweet sigh rising like mist from the motionless ocean:

Honor to thee! honor to thee!

[END.]

HE WAS A BALL PLAYER.

The Little Old Man and His Great Act in Left Field.

"Play ball, old man?"

"Waal, sorter think I uster, youngster."

"Will you? We want another man to make up the sides."

"My legs are a little kinky, youngster, but guess I kin ercommerdate yer just ther same."

"All right, old man, come!"

The little old fellow scrambled to his feet without more ado, and with a kind of song-and-dance shuffle ambled into the midst of a score or more boys on the Common.

The veteran was assigned to right field and the game began. The opposing nine came in for its final inning, and that to which the old man was assigned went into the field with the score 10 to 11 in favor of the latter.

"Can you catch flies?" asked the captain.

"Kin er duck swim?" was the grim answer of the veteran.

"All right. Play left field this inning!" sang out the boy behind the bat, at the same time motioning to the others to hasten into place.

"Sorter out 'n this d'rection," mumbled the little old chap, as he struck a prancing gait for his old place in right field.

"The other side," shouted a score or more voices in chorus, while the spectators convulsed themselves with laughter.

"Know'd it, but sorter wanted to take ther kinks out er me legs. Them yer legs kinder want loos'n up, see?"

The last inning began.

Two boys went out, one on strikes and the second on a wild fly, but the third boy managed to send a sky scraper into left field. This was the deciding point of the game, for the two heaviest batters were to follow.

"Get on to it, old man!" shouted the boys in the field and the spectators in one voice.

The little old man vouchsafed no reply. He could not if he wished, for he was all activity. Gliding out of his tattered coat as though the arms were greased, he brushed his hat from his head almost with the same motion that he sent his shoes flying into the air.

With a single "whoop," such as a Comanche might be credited with, he shook the knots out of his limbs and struck out with a vim in the direction the ball was taking.

It was yet sailing through the air peacefully but swiftly, and at a great height. It seemed nip and tuck with the old man.

Once only did he look upward as if to gauge the flying sphere, but with the result only of increasing his speed.

The ball descended and as it was about to strike him in the neck he turned.

"Thump!"

The ball did not hit him on the neck, but the chest, and—

"Not out!" shouted the umpire.

"Aint, hey!" screamed the old man, waving the ball to and fro in his right hand.

Consternation reigned supreme. The day was won, and that, too, through the expertness of the left field.

"Out," corrected the umpire; and then the entire mob, schoolboys and spectators, broke into a rousing cheer. The left fielder, with the walk of a conquering hero, kicked his hat into the air, gathered up his coat and with the noiselessness of an Indian on the war trail, glided into his well-worn shoes.

"How did you do it?" asked a bystander, as the little old man ambled from the field with a purse of $10 in his pocket and the boys cheering lustily.

"Dropped inter me shirt—see?"

CHEMISTRY OF THE SUN.

Various Elements, Familiar in the Earth, Thought to be Absent.

[Prof. Young in Youth's Companion.]

In connection with the photography of the solar spectrum, considerable advances have been made in the recognition of the chemical elements present in the sun. Copper, silver and vanadium have been transferred from the list of the doubtful metals there to the certain, and very recently Rowland had found clear evidence of the presence of silicon, the apparent absence of which has been long a standing puzzle.

The evidence in favor of the presence of carbon also seems to gain strength, and the same is true in the case of aluminum, cadmium and zinc. The fact that the lines which reveal the presence of silicon are almost entirely in the ultra-violet, invisible portion of the spectrum, warrants the expectation that photography may soon find there evidence of some of the other still missing elements, such as boron, phosphorus and sulphur.

But no new light yet appears in reference to the mysterious absence from the sun of oxygen, nitrogen and chlorine, which play so important a part in the chemistry of the earth; except, indeed, that the results obtained by Janssen last summer on the summit of Mt. Blanc are conclusive that the great "B" line of oxygen, which is so conspicuous in the solar spectrum when the sun is near the horizon, is entirely of earthly origin, and not in the least solar.

The veteran astronomer, still enthusiastic and full of pluck, though unable to endure any severe physical exertion, had himself carried by a small army of guides and porters to the very summit of the mountain, and there obtained decisive observations.

As regards the "photosphere"—the luminous surface of the sun—and sun spots, there is little new to note. Janssen, at Meudon, has made real improvements in the processes of photographing the spots and the details of the solar surface, and recent observations of the displacement of the lines of the spectrum at the eastern and western edges of the sun, made by Duner of Upsala, have confirmed the laws of the sun's swifter rotation at the quarter—a law which, though first discovered more than 30 years ago, has recently been called in question.

It still remains as much a mystery as ever how the great cavities which we see as spots come to be formed in the sun's surface, why they are so limited to the two zones on each side of the sun's equator, and why they show such a regular increase and decrease in numbers every 11 years.

Barrels by Post in Switzerland.

[Joseph and E. R. Pennell in June Century.]

We had sent our baggage, as we had been advised, to the post office, where we at once went. The bag which we wished to post to Zermatt seemed to us very heavy, but scythes and barrels and bundles of old iron, labelled and addressed, were lying on the floor, and we supposed it must be all right, though the postmistress, as soon as we had paid our money, turned away without giving us stamps or receipt, and had nothing more to do with us.

We need not have worried, for the Swiss post office takes anything and everything that the express companies at home would carry, and if one does not bother about his baggage it is as certain to turn up at his journey's end as it would be to disappear in England if one ventured to let it take care of itself.

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based, and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

ODDITIES

Odd Items from Everywhere.

The greatest known depth of the ocean in the Pacific is near the Ladrone islands, where soundings were made to the depth of 26,850 feet, or a little over five miles. In the Atlantic the greatest depth found is just north of the West Indian islands, which is 23,250 feet, or nearly four and a half miles. In those parts of the ocean most free from islands, as in the route from Newfoundland to Ireland, the ocean is most shallow, seldom exceeding 12,000 feet.

The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster shells, stones, ivory, bark and leaves of trees, and from the latter the term "leaves of trees" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use, and a bill of feoffment on copper was some years since discovered in India, bearing the date 100 years B. C.

The water of the Great Salt Lake, U. T., is one of the purest and strongest brines known, holding in solution 22 per cent. of chloride of sodium (pure salt) with but a slight mixture of other salts.

Prof. Bell has demonstrated that speech can be transmitted between two distant points without making use of wire, the connection being established by means of a beam of light. The sound conveying quality of the ether is a striking discovery of modern science.

During the past winter the earth of the village of Kirnujarwi, near Paja, Lapland, became suddenly very hot, the ice and snow melting immediately, and the application of one's hand to the earth was liable to result in an uncomfortably warm sensation.

A London tradesman recently received an order for 64 pairs of shoes for a royal Russian child only a year old.

There are spiders no bigger than a grain of sand which spin threads so fine that it takes 4000 of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

A cow at Kennett, Penn., ate a stick of dynamite, and her owner is now afraid to milk her.

A Reading, Penn., man has just received a letter mailed to him by his soldier brother 27 years ago.

Hole-in-His-Pants is the name of an Indian buck who is attending court at Atchison.

"The Murdered Woman Likely to Live" is the startling headline in a Buffalo paper.

"Lord, make us very stylish," was the prayer of a little New York girl.

The civil war is considered as beginning July 9, 1861, when the Star of the West, bearing the United States flag, was fired into from Norris Island, S. C., and terminating Aug. 12, 1866, the date of the president's final proclamation that all hostilities had ceased.

Twenty years ago the average age of man and womankind at death was computed at 41 years. Now it is placed at 43½ years for man and 45⅓ years for women, being an increase of 2¾ years in the average duration of human life, owing to improved conditions.

The governor of a penitentiary in the far West has a pack of cards which was made by one of the convicts out of the beef bones collected from the convict's soup, and split to a delicate thinness. The pips are scratched with a pin and are quite artistically executed.

A Jersey City magistrate on Tuesday fined a young man $10 and costs simply because the "culprit" was wearing rubber boots.

A bill-sticking machine, which sticks without ladder or paste pot has made its appearance in the streets of Paris and does its work well.

A Hebrew girl and a Chinaman were married in Chicago the other day. The Celestial's business associates to the number of 30 were present, and struggled for a chance to salute the bride. A feast was spread after the ceremony, in which Chinese and American dishes were about equally divided.

Baltimore claims to have a boy of 15 who can speak 11 languages.

A deaf and dumb book agent is the latest successful novelty in New York.

Two Frenchmen recently swindled a German merchant by representing to him that It is estimated that at least $50,000,000 of the government's paper money supposed to be in circulation has been lost or destroyed. By the sinking of one vessel off the Atlantic coast some years ago $1,000,000 in greenbacks was lost.

The Kaffirs of South Africa have very queer names. They are baptized on their arrival at some town by their first employer. He gives them whatever name may first enter his head. Some are as follows: Sixpence, Shilling, Dollar, January, February, Hell and Blazes, Two For Sixpence, etc. Sixpence is the favorite, however.

A German biologist says that the two sides of a face are never alike; in two cases out of five the eyes are out of line; one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten, and the right ear is generally higher than the left.

To make one pound of honey the bees must visit from 90,000 to 200,000 flowers.

The first theatre in America was built in Annapolis, and was opened June 18, 1752, with "The Beggars' Opera" and a farce called "The Lying Valet."

A woman at Sabinsville, Penn., counted the stitches as she knitted a quilt. There were nearly 900,000.

A thief with a mania for stealing locomotives is under arrest at Sacramento, Cal., after having stolen three.

A babe is born at every beat of the human heart.

The coffee palaces of Melbourne are said to be the finest in the world.

The name of one of the blackest colored men in Mexico, Mo., is Green Brown.

An inventor has applied for a patent on a child spanker. It is automatic, and is said to do its work well.

The original oak shingles are still on the roof of a Reading, Penn., house built in 1750.

There are more women in British India (124,000,000) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together, with the population of several minor European States cast in as well.

Lightning from a clear sky struck a Helena, Mont., woman the other day, and traced on her an almost perfect representation of a small branch of a tree. The figures of the leaves were nearly perfect. She was not hurt in the least.

It is a curious little fact, and one worth remembering, that on the same day, April 23, 1616, that William Shakespeare died in England, Miguel Cervantes, the celebrated Spanish author of "Don Quixote," died in Spain.

Corea has a cave from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind is such that a strong man cannot stand before it.

A new sewing machine by a Welshman has no shuttle or bobbin. The thread is supplied directly from two ordinary spools, and sews through the assistance of a rotary looper. It is vastly more simple than any other sewing machine.

The run from Baltimore to Philadelphia of the Royal Blue line express is made behind what is said to be the largest engine in this country. It weighs 187,000 pounds and runs on four driving wheels, 6 feet 6 inches in diameter. It is black, without a particle of bright color about it.

For protection against fire, the town of Stillwater, Kan., has a way that is quite a novel one. Every business man has a barrel of water in front of his store, which is so fixed that the bung can be easily knocked out, and in case of a fire the barrels can soon be centred in one place. At a fire there last week they were successful in confining the fire to one place.

The greatest monstrosity in chemical nomenclature thus far produced is doubtless quinolineparamethenylbenzenylazoximeparacarboxylic acid.

Dr. Hinckle of Americus, Ga., has a piece of chinaware 782 years old. The date, 1109, is plainly stamped on the bottom, and its only flaw is a broken handle.

Chicago has a "Jack the Ripper" club, each member of which pledges himself to drink a bottle of wine every time a murder occurs in Chicago.

The highest point touched by gold during the war of the rebellion was 285. The Argentine Republic has beaten this and gone to 290.

Public school teaching in Spain is not an attractive profession. One teacher, whose case was brought into notice recently, had not received his salary for 17 years. While this was an extreme case, it is true that the back pay of the teachers now reaches about $700,000.

The Japanese have on the average about two earthquakes a day.

A clock in Battle Creek, Mich., has been running for 100 years.

Chief No Shirt has been chosen the official head of the Umatilla Indians.

Among the arrivals at the barge office in New York recently was a little old woman of wood. It was an automaton figure of an old lady knitting, and the most curious part of it was that it was actually a knitting machine. It ran by clockwork, and, to all appearances, had every movement of life.

The combined length of the railway postal routes of the country is 144,557 miles, while the transportations of mails on those routes in 1890 reached the enormous total of 186,575,384 miles. Germany, which comes next, only has 24,522 miles and a total transportation of 89,267,000 miles per annum. The star route and steamboat services, extend over 251,792 miles, with a total annual transportation of over 12,000,000,000 miles.

Dense smoke from the far-off Michigan fires spread over a part of Georgia last week.

An Atchison girl who is soon to be married will pay the expenses of the wedding tour.

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1891.

Globe Pocket Calendar.

✠ JUNE ✠ 1891 ✠

Su.	M.	T.	W.	Th.	F.	S.	Moon's Phases
	1	2	3	4	5	6	6 A. M. 11.26.
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14 A. M. 7.34
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	22 A. M. 0.12
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28 P. M. 6.16
28	29	30					

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They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—[Sir Philip Sidney.

CONGRESSMAN LODGE'S HERESY.

Congressman LODGE made a confession last Thursday night to the young Republicans of New Bedford. He was, he told them, appalled at the facts he had found out by looking into the question of immigration.

"We permit," said Mr. LODGE, "a flood of human beings to enter here whose coming must sooner or later degrade the quality of American citizenship and force wages down to the standard of Asia and southern Europe."

"I believe," concluded the Essex congressman, "that it is not only right but absolutely vital that steps should be taken for an intelligent and proper restriction of immigration, and to that principle I hope to see the Republican party committed. We believe in the protection of American labor. This is the way to do it."

It gives your Uncle DUDLEY great pleasure to agree to all that Mr. LODGE says on this point—except that your Uncle D. does not share Mr. LODGE's hope that the Republican party will commit itself to the policy of protection for labor by restricting immigration.

Protection for goods, yes! Protection for men, no! That has always been the doctrine of protection, and it is well nigh certain that Mr. LODGE's proposed revision of it will never be accepted.

It is as plain as a pikestaff that the straightest, surest way to maintain and increase the wages of American labor is to close American ports not only against foreign goods, but against foreign men, women and children. That would put a full stop to the competition of Europe's "pauper labor," and nothing else will.

Does Mr. LODGE really believe that the protected interests—the coal, iron and steel combinations, the various manufacturing trusts, whose agents thronged the halls and committee rooms of the last Congress and insisted on anywhere from a 40 to a 150 per cent. duty against the foreign goods that competed with theirs—will ever consent to the levying of any duty, or the enactment of any form of tariff, against the free importation of men?

If he does he is less of a "scholar in politics" than we have all supposed him to be, and does not even know the alphabet of the high protective policy.

This "flood of human beings," whose coming to this country must, as he says, "force wages down" in this country, is the primary advantage of all these protected interests.

Human labor, skilled and unskilled, the strong and willing hands and needy mouths of every country in Europe—these must be kept on the free list, or your highly protected manufacturer cannot have the "fat fried out of him" for the benefit of Republican candidates.

A government bounty to encourage the immigration of Europe's pauper laborers, or an appropriation to bring them over free of cost, would suit the protected monopolies very well indeed. But a proposition to shut off the stream of importunate labor, eager for work at any price, which pours in through Castle Garden and other landing places every summer—why that is simply a proposition to take away from the protected rings more than half the benefits for which they have subscribed!

Look at the figures of immigration for the current year. From January 1 to May 23, 1891, there arrived at our Atlantic ports 235,364 immigrants. This leaves out of the account the large number of arrivals at New Orleans and San Francisco, as well as those that come in by way of the Canadian and Mexican borders. For the nine months ending March 31, 1891, the Bureau of Statistics reported the total number of immigrants arriving at all the ports of the United States at 316,237. For the corresponding nine months ending March 31, 1890, the total number reported was 254,403.

It thus plainly appears that the McKINLEY tariff act has greatly stimulated immigration to this country. The year 1891 will be signalized by the incoming of the greatest host of "pauper labor" from Europe that has ever crossed the Atlantic in quest of work and wages?

Will they get work and wages?

Yes, they will, because they must.

What work will they get?

Any work that anybody chooses to give them.

What wages will they get?

Any wages that anybody is willing to give them.

They will go to the coal and coke and oil regions of Pennsylvania, to the mills, foundries, workshops, factories, farms, railroads—wherever there is a job to be had and a bare living to be earned for themselves, their wives and their children. And the protected monopolies and trusts will absorb most of them, often turning out American hands to make room for them, and making a handsome profit out of the exchange of better-paid for poorer-paid labor, wherewith they will rally for Mr. LODGE's party in 1892 to the old cry of "Maintain a high tariff and high wages for American labor!"

This was the deliberate attempt, the carefully considered purpose, for which the McKinley act was framed and passed. Its authors boasted that it made Europe howl; its promoters revelled in the prospect of closed European factories and workshops, compelled to shut down and turn their help adrift by the thousand, because their products could no longer find a market in America. And American workingmen and women were invited to note with joy the smokeless factory chimneys of Europe, as their fires went out one after another, and the hives of humanity were sent out into the streets to steal, beg, starve—or *emigrate to America*.

Congressman McADOO of New Jersey writes a trenchant article in the current Forum on this very topic, which it is a pity every workingman and woman in the land cannot read. As he truly says, the thousands of European operatives thrown out of employ by our new tariff have to choose between the poorhouse and the emigrant ship. "That ship sails, in nearly all instances, to the United States, and her hunger-driven cargo—the pauper labor of Europe—is soon in sharp and deadly competition with the American workingman."

Perhaps, after all, the moral law holds good between nations as well as individuals, and quaint HOSEA BIGLOW may have hit it somewhere about right when he wrote:

> Laborin' man and laborin' woman
> Hev one glory an' one shame,
> Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman
> Injers all on 'em the same.

But at least we have crushed our rivals, the European manufacturer and capitalist employers—haven't we?

No, we haven't. WENDELL PHILLIPS used to say, 'Capital always knows how to take care of itself,' and, as usual, WENDELL was right.

Congressman McADOO tells us what happens to the European capitalist employer, when his business over there has been McKinleyed out of profitable existence: "He closes his factory, counts his gains, and goes neither to the emigrant ship nor to the poorhouse; but he invests his money in a syndicate to purchase American lands or industries, and lives contented and happy thereafter on the fruits of the labor of his American workers."

Well may the eloquent New Jerseyman ask these questions: "Is it a great national blessing when these gentlemen move their manufacturing plants to our country, bringing, despite our contract-labor law, a whole force of foreign workers, wrenched from their native land by the action of our tariff laws? Is their arrival a benefit to American labor? In some very highly protected occupations a considerable portion of the force consists of foreigners who followed a transplanted industry. But the American farmer feeds them and is benefited—how? His prices are fixed in the land they left, and he gains no money by feeding them in New Jersey instead of in Austria, Italy, Wales, France or England."

The first army of Europe's unemployed—forced to the emigrant ship by the McKinley act—is now arriving, and the result is to be the largest total of immigration ever recorded in our history.

Who gains? American workingmen or women?

Not much, they don't.

The American protected capitalists, do they gain?

Yes, they gain all that is gained at present. The profits of larger trade and higher prices will be theirs, and the profits of cheaper labor will be theirs, too. But presently even they will have to part with some of these gains to the alien capitalists who transfer their capital and plant to this paradise of protected monopoly.

Meantime, Mr. LODGE is but dreaming idle dreams when he fancies that the drivers of the Juggernaut car of High Protection will ever consent to have its wheels blocked by laws prohibiting or seriously diminishing the annual imports of cheap labor from Europe.

Free trade in labor is the first article in the creed of High Protection.

The Cobden doctrine of buying whatever you want to buy in the cheapest market and selling whatever you have to sell in the dearest market is believed in absolutely by the gentlemen out of whom next year "the fat" must be "fried" again for Mr. HARRISON's or some other candidate's benefit—but with an important variation.

COBDEN applied that doctrine to goods—to corn and food and the necessaries of life. The gentlemen who will furnish "the fat" for the Republican frying-pan in 1892, as they did in 1888, apply the doctrine to men and women—and children. "We want to buy labor in the cheapest market and sell the products of its toil in the dearest market," is their revised version of the Cobden gospel.

Mr. LODGE must be careful how he trifles with his party's Westminster confession of faith. No Republican can deny the dogma of free trade in labor and retain his standing in the High Protection church.

The Nahant statesman is in danger of becoming as bad a heretic on this question as his

UNCLE DUDLEY.

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF THE TIN PLATE HOAX.

A St. Louis newspaper man, intent upon furnishing an illustrated descriptive feature article for the Eastern press, set out with all his tools for the great "American Tin Plate Works," established by that eminent Republican manufacturer, Mr. NIEDRINGHAUS.

Arriving at the "works" he found them to consist of a shed 50 feet long, 15 feet wide and 10 feet high. He was first conducted to the "Preparatory Room," where he found several small piles of sheet iron of tin plate size, upon which the "force," consisting of one young man and a boy, was engaged. The boy had handed a plate to the man, who was rubbing it with a rag. In a room next to this he found three more men and two boys. This was the "Rubbing Room."

In the third, or "Dipping Room," the enterprising reporter came upon a space three feet by five, containing the entire plant, which consisted of three pots set into a furnace, in which were boiling tin. The "force" in this room was made up of two full-grown men, known as "dippers," the joke ending in their confession that they were from Swansea, Wales.

It is from such establishments that the New York Tribune is "already beginning to fill the American market." The joke would be simply laughable did it not promise to end very seriously by and by, for the McKinley duties on tin go into effect on the 1st of July, and, counting upon an overstocked market in this country, the Welsh manufacturers have agreed to close their works during that month.

Though the tin-plate trade is importing very heavily at present, in anticipation of the coming duties, the supply will be quite inadequate to meet the enormous demand of the canning season. With the Welsh works closed, and the American tin-plate works merely a figment of the imagination, the short supply will force the consumer to pay enormous prices, the duty having been more than doubled under the new tariff. The whole tax will ultimately, of course, be taken out of the masses who eat canned food.

Such is the hoax that has been played upon the people for many weeks in order to reconcile them to the law which takes effect in July. Should the canning season find the farmers and others without a supply, and none to be had, it will turn out to be one of the most costly jokes ever played upon the people. A tax of 2.2 cents a pound on tin plate strikes at every table in the country. Added to this a possible tin-plate famine due to the lies that have been circulated about the great American tin-plate "works," and the burden may reach an incalculably heavy amount.

It would be hard in the history of party trickery to find an imposture that trifled so lightly with the intelligence and the pockets of the public as does this "American tin plate humbug."

ALL THE PAPERS YOU NEED.

The above claim on the 8th page, under the heading, "Bonanza Combinations," is literally true. With THE WEEKLY GLOBE you have a family journal that will give you all the news, political and general, and also provide your wife and children with the most entertaining reading matter; with the Philadelphia Farm Journal, or the Springfield Farm and Home, or the Farmer's Record, you will secure all the information you seek on how to make farming pay; with Mrs. LOGAN's Home Magazine, you have the most helpful publication, conducted wholly in the interest of women. Read the offer on the 8th page carefully, and supply at a trifling cost all the reading you and your family will need for the rest of the year.

BIRDLESS AND LEAFLESS TREES.

The ravages of the caterpillars in the country towns of New England are little less than shocking. Trees in large numbers are quite stripped of foliage, many farmers having neglected to burn out the poison nests of these devouring parasites till it is now too late. Using the car rails as a smooth road, they are marching all over the country.

And yet, standing under one of these doomed trees in the country, one hears the constant crack of the busy youngster's shotgun, killing every little bird that comes in his way. The old farmers say that these pests could never have made such headway years ago, when the trees were full of birds, and everybody knows it is true. As with the seals in Alaska, so with the birds of the air in New England, there seems to be a reckless desire to kill everything that comes in the way. The final bill of costs is likely to prove a heavy one.

A BICYCLE GIVEN TO BOYS.

Quite a number of boys and girls are trying to secure THE WEEKLY GLOBE's free bicycle offered as a premium to any boy or girl for 50 yearly subscribers at $1 each. And many of them will have the pleasure, this summer, of riding a bicycle gained in this way, without cost.

Boys, be lively and own a bicycle! It will give you heaps of fun, and it takes no money to get one! Secure 50 subscribers to THE WEEKLY GLOBE at $1 each, and we will send it to you free of all expense.

Do not think that it will be hard to secure 50 subscribers? It will be easy with a little push. All your friends will help you.

Should you not succeed in getting 50 subscribers, we will credit you with the number you do send, and let you pay enough of the cost price of the bicycle in cash to make up the balance; or we will return a good part of the subscribers' money that you send as a present.

You will own a bicycle if you get 50 subscribers; if you get a less number, you will be well paid with some pocket money. Read announcement on this page.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION.

On the subject of amending the Federal Constitution, our most esteemed contemporary the New York World, says: "Propositions to change this or that essential feature have been numerous; some few have even reached the point of submission, but none has been adopted. The stubborn, long-continued, insuperable repugnance of the American people to any innovation on their national form of government is one of the most striking facts in our public history."

And yet, can the World recall a single case in which an amendment to the Constitution has been legally proposed to the people and rejected by them?

No doubt the people are conservative, and highly value the Constitution as a whole, although the last man who helped to make it has been mouldering in the grave for many a year. But we do not think they have any "stubborn" or "insuperable repugnance" to any "innovation" which seems for the best. If they had, that stubbornness would stamp them as a fossilized and non-progressive people, and that they certainly are not.

Proposed amendments have always stuck in Congress, and not in the hands of the people.

With profound respect for the judgment of the World, we do not believe that the people would reject an amendment providing for the election of United States senators by popular vote. On the contrary, we think they would adopt it, if presented to them, gladly and by an overwhelming majority.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

The caterpillar plague is making eastern Connecticut look as though swept by fire. Where, oh, where is the English sparrow, and what is the matter with his appetite?

MARCUS T. JONES, who is not a Spiritualist and who is a well-known, clear-headed business man of Providence, writes to a Western journal that his Aunt P. and Cousin E. did come to his bedside one night and talk to him in clear, ringing tones, and that he was most certainly wide awake. He asks the world to explain it; but the things that this very wise world cannot explain are quite numerous, and perhaps this is one—or maybe Mr. JONES had been dining out.

It required a book of 1500 pages to print the congratulatory despatches from princes, statesmen, generals and civilians received by Gen. VON MOLTKE on his last birthday. Whether the recording angel placed this document on file is among the things unknowable.

The greater part of the politics now going on seems to be inside the churches. To run down a heretic or confirm a bishop apparently requires almost as much finesse as to manage a caucus in the nineteenth ward.

Some people never learn anything. The government is going to make the new postal cards smaller than the old ones. Has it forgotten that it was the women who caused the political overturn last November?

Perhaps the People's party, in taking up Senator STANFORD, would not be as entirely inconsistent as many suppose. The new party believes in obliterating millionnaires from our social condition. If STANFORD conducts a successful campaign as the People's party candidate, he will no longer be a millionnaire. It will cost him every cent he has got. Thus there would be one millionnaire the less.

FIRST THOUGHT FOR PARTY

Blaine Ready to Serve Its Best Interests.

Editor Halstead Reviews the Chances of Nomination.

Predicts That Harrison Would Support the Secretary.

NEW YORK, May 31.—With a view of ascertaining from a trustworthy source just what Secretary Blaine's condition is and what the probable chances of his entering upon the race for the presidency are, a representative of THE GLOBE today called upon Editor Murat Halstead of the Brooklyn Standard-Union, who has long enjoyed the personal friendship of Mr. Blaine.

No one is probably better acquainted with the personal characteristics of the secretary than Mr. Halstead, and what he says on the subject of Mr. Blaine's health will be read with more than ordinary interest.

"I saw Mr. Blaine after his arrival in New York," said Mr. Halstead, "and before his illness, but I have not seen him since. I have not desired to disturb him. My view of treating him with the greatest consideration is to refrain from pressing myself upon him or putting myself in the way of seeing him.

"I know enough about him to be sure that what he needs is rest, and talking by the hour on most interesting and exciting things such as would come up between us would not be restful for Mr. Blaine. It would assist the public to understand Mr. Blaine better than it seems to if it could realize that he is a man of delicate and sensitive organization, which is at the same time tenacious and elastic, and backed by a constitution that is surprisingly strong and full of resources.

"He is, in a sense, an intense man—hears and sees and realizes all there is. He is affected by influences that would not make an impression upon a man of heavy and dull material. Mr. Blaine has the temperament of a genius. His hard work is costly to him."

"You do not credit the story that he has been much more dangerously ill than the public has been advised?"

"I am sure he has not. I have reason to believe—I know that the members of his family have dealt with the papers very frankly from the beginning of the illness that has excited so much concern.

"They have been pretty sorely tried by the innumerable calls they have received and the cross-examination to which they have been subjected at all times of the day and night. They have been uniformly polite and communicative because they have appreciated the great public interest in Mr. Blaine's condition and the necessity of satisfying it.

"There are details of sick rooms that they have felt it was not worth while to talk about. This is a matter of good taste. One may recall many instances in which many things have been sent forth from sick rooms that added nothing to the general information and were simply needless and offensive. There has been nothing of this sort in the case of Mr. Blaine, and the proper reserve as to talking of inconsequent matters is the only restraint that has been in the giving out of the intelligence."

"What about the story of Mr. Blaine being mentally a wreck?"

"That must have been a

Cold-Blooded Invention.

I had two long conversations with Mr. Blaine after his arrival in New York and before he was taken ill. They covered a great deal of ground, and his mind had the sparkle that is familiar to all who have had the pleasure of listening to him. There were reminiscences, arguments, illustrations poured out with all the happy faculty of expression that is a constant surprise in his talk. There is no man whose phrases have more force and felicity, and he was as brilliant the day before he was ill as I ever saw him.

"The truth is, I believe his illness has been exaggerated. He may be in part responsible for this himself. He came from Washington very much fatigued, and the parting with his daughter, who sailed for Europe, was a trial for him. Then he saw a good many people, and his condition was not satisfactory. He had not been eating regularly. He had been hard at work, and instead of taking the excessive care of himself that is alleged to be one of his peculiarities, he neglected himself as no intelligent laborer on the streets would have been likely to do. Then he ate a big dinner at Carnegie's. The next morning he felt badly, had an acute indigestion, and his old enemy, gout, jumped in at this interval. He has been subject to that trouble for a long time, but it is rather an annoyance than a danger.

"He was just about feeling himself able to return to Washington, where he was anxious to be to meet the President, when the gout came on and had him in fetters.

"The fact is, he has been well enough to have gone to Washington if he could have reached the cars without a fatiguing journey. There is more trouble and weariness from going from 70th st., New York, over the pavements of the West Side, crossing the ferry and going from the landing to the cars than there is in the ride from that point to the depot in Washington city.

"Mr. Blaine's family are apprehensive about having him go to Washington now, for the spell of hot weather that struck him when he came to New York, they think, had something to do with making him sick, and now there may be expected any day in Washington a spell of the hottest summer weather. This is why Mrs. Blaine is so strong in her desire that Mr. Blaine shall get into the New England air.

"You ask me whether I think there is anything in the illness that will cause a serious change in Mr. Blaine's plans or prevent his going on with his duties as secretary of state—in a word, with the continuation with his career as a public man. I do not think we need apprehend that. The elasticity of his constitution will be manifested again I presume. He has been in better shape during the last two years than for some time before, and there is nothing to my knowledge to warrant the belief that he will not, after the vacation that he has amply earned, go on with his work with full strength.

"I think we shall find him here in the fall on the way to Washington in a condition that will be very

Disappointing to His Enemies."

"Do you think he is going to be a candidate for the presidency?"

"It is my point of Republican policy that the presidential question should not be discussed until after March 4 next.

"I am sure that Mr. Blaine does not hanker after the presidency.

"He improves upon the example of Clay and Webster by not insisting upon it that his party should constantly confer the highest honors upon him.

"He has more seriously and honestly declined presidential candidacies than any other American, living or dead, with a single exception. That exception is Gen. Sherman, who was the man Blaine wanted to run for the presidency in 1884.

"I should think if Mr. Blaine were convinced that he was the only Republican who could be elected to the presidency that he would withdraw all objections to making the race, and I am of the impression that the circumstances that would implant that conviction in the mind of Mr. Blaine would also persuade the President to the same effect, and that the President would himself lead the way as a Blaine man."

"Should he be nominated would he be in condition to make the fight?"

"I am well persuaded that he would not take a nomination that implied that he must go upon the stump as he did in 1884 and make speeches in half a dozen States.

"I don't think that such a task should be set before him or that he would accept it. I do not doubt that he would go to the front and make a few speeches. In other days he found it delightful to speak in the open air. He felt that it was a recreation to go out in his own State and talk, where he could get the flavor of the pine woods.

"There is no telling how much he would do if he were a candidate for the presidency. It might be difficult to keep him off rather than to get him. But I should think prudent friends would advise against it. I am quite confident if he ever runs for president again

He Will be Elected.

He will need, therefore, to save his strength for the discharge of the duties of the office."

"Do you think, in the physical condition he is in, he could endure the performance of the duties of the presidential office?"

"I think he could in this way: Mr. Blaine would waste no time in indecisive worrying. He would know what he wanted and do it promptly. He has an admirable executive faculty. More than that he would do the reflecting and deciding and advise with his cabinet and they would have the drudgery to do.

"He couldn't wrestle with a million office-seekers. They would wear out a man as tough as a horse, if he would let them. He might even break up the great American fashion of being shaken to death by the hand; and it would be a great blessing to public men if he should produce a revolution to that effect. I would not be surprised, if the presidency should, after all, go to Mr. Blaine, that he would find it rather refreshing to him physically."

"Do you think if Cleveland were a candidate that Blaine would beat him this time?"

"I do. I believe Blaine would carry New York by many thousands, and that all the old Republican strongholds would rise up in great strength for him, so that there wouldn't be a doubt about any Northwestern or far Western State."

"Do you not think that the mugwumps would rally to the support of Cleveland?"

"I do not think there are enough of them to rally to any purpose. I gave close attention to the election returns of New York in November last when there was a mugwump vote. It would be proper to use the phrase: 'The mugwumps were not in it.' I think they are confined chiefly to four newspaper offices."

"Do you think Mr. Cleveland will be the Democratic nominee?"

"I presume he will be. He is the member of the party who has impressed himself upon the old Democrats all over the country as a big man. I do not know that they want to get rid of him, but if they did I hardly see how they could do it. They will find out West and South presently, that they do not care so much for free silver after all."

WALL PAPER GIVEN AWAY.

The Globe Protects Its Subscribers from Another Trust, and Helps Them to Beautify Their Homes.

It is not necessary to buy costly stuffs with laboriously worked designs, or to fresco, or to paint the bare walls of a room in order to make them pleasing to yourself and your friends. Art has expended so much thought and skill upon wall paper, and secured such rich effects, that you can cover bare walls with paper and make them vie with the most expensively decorated ones of your neighbor in artistic value and attractiveness.

And you can buy wall paper of The Globe at a price so low that there is no longer any reason for having the walls of any room unfurnished.

You can receive samples from which to select a desirable pattern, and order from the pattern, without the trouble and expense of a journey out of town.

These wall papers are put up in three bundles only, and include enough yards to paper a room that does not have any doors or windows in it, and there will be no deviation from the following sizes:

No. 1 contains enough paper to furnish a room 11x9x8, or 320 square feet in all. This is the ordinary small room.

No. 2 will paper a medium-sized room of 14x11x9, or 450 square feet.

No. 3 will paper a large room of 18x14x9, or 576 square feet.

Prices as follows:
Lot No. 1, $1.75.
Lot No. 2, $2.25.
Lot No. 3, $2.75.

The prices include a border nine inches deep. The paper will be sent by express, the charges to be paid by the purchaser, but orders of $25 and upward will be sent free to any railway station in the United States. By getting up a club to buy wall paper you can take advantage of this and save express charges.

With each order will be sent complete and explicit instructions, enabling any one to prepare the wall, make the paste and hang the paper as well as any workman can do it.

No orders will be received unless the subscriber has sent for samples and selected a pattern, or patterns. To receive samples every subscriber must send 5 cents to prepay postage on samples.

Address THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.

BRIDE STEALING.

Exciting Capture of a Wife Among the New Zealanders.

[Lieut.-Col. A. B. Ellis in June Popular Science Monthly.]

The oblong wedge, the Maori order of battle, advanced singing in a low tone and gesticulating in what they would have called a mild manner. On they advanced, the movement raising no suspicion in the breasts of their adversaries, it being part of the customary ritual of the war dance, until the thin end of the phalanx overlapped the Mania and stood between them and the gates of the pa.

Suddenly a change was visible in the antics of the Ngatiroa; their gesticulations became violent, their eyes protruded, their heads were thrown back and their throats uttered a mighty shout. As the cry passed their lips a stream of warriors rushed up the banks of the gully and joined the cluster of their comrades, now swollen to a compact mass of 600 men.

When the Mania realized the ruse practiced upon them, they never for a moment thought of giving up the fair cause of the incursion without a struggle. Into the pa poured both parties—the Mania to rally round the girl; the Ngatiroa, except the small party expressly told off to carry away the lady, seeking every man an opponent to wrestle with.

Each party was anxious to avoid bloodshed, both being "Tribes of the River." The uproar was therefore greater than had they been engaged in actual warfare, it being more difficult to master a man by strength of muscle than to knock a hole through him.

At length superior numbers prevailed. Those who fought around the lady were dragged away; she was roughly seized, and such a tugging and hauling ensued that, had she not been to the manner born, she must have been rent in pieces. At last, but one young man, a secret admirer of the lady, retained his hold.

An active young fellow, he had so twisted his hands and arms into the girl's hair, and fought so vigorously with his legs, that he could not be removed until he was knocked down senseless.

The contest ended, and the bride being borne in triumph to the canoes, both parties proceeded to pick up their weapons and smooth their feathers. Everything had been conducted in the most honorable and satisfactory manner.

Kissing the Book.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The custom of swearing on the Bible comes from the ancient Jews, who at first touched their phylacteries—small cases containing strips of parchment inscribed with texts from the Old Testament—in taking oaths, and later laid their hands on the book of the law; and all the various customs of taking oaths in different countries have a similar origin.

The early Anglo-Saxons regarded stones as sacred to their gods, therefore laid their hands on a pillar of stone. In mediæval times it was customary to touch a relic, and this was regarded as giving the oath more sacredness than when sworn upon the missal, or prayer book.

Another custom of the same times was swearing by churches. A certain number were mentioned, and the attestor was obliged to go to each one, take the ring of the church door in his hand, and repeat his oath.

The custom of kissing the cross to attest an oath has been observed in Russia from very early times and has extended into other countries. According to the laws of the Order of the Garter in the time of Henry VIII., Knights Templar were required in taking oath to touch the book and kiss the cross. Since the reformation the taking of oaths by kissing the Bible has not been permitted in Scotland. In other portions of Great Britain it is the common method.

Where the Ring Came From.

[New York Sun.]

There are two precious stones that tend to make the hand look extremely white, and these are the emerald and the sapphire. Women, more than ever, are wearing rings on their fingers. How many know where the first ring came from. Straight from the fairy land. A merry sprite, who loved a little fairy danced with her on the green until he was drunk with moonshine, and he lost his ring. It was found by a peasant girl and she gave it to her lover, and these two were happy ever after. That's the story of the first ring. One hopes it will be the story of every ring that is ever given for dear love's sake.

Way of the World.

[New York World.]

The man whose eyes are good enough to see from the bridge that the statue of liberty is an inch out of plumb couldn't possibly make out a tired woman standing up before him in a bridge car.

A LOVELL BICYCLE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



The above machine, which is offered as a prize to boys who secure 50 yearly subscribers, at $1 each, has loop frame of steel tubing and 26-inch wheels; crescent rims, moulded Para gum rubber tires; direct butt-ended spokes; adjustable cone bearings to both wheels; cone bearings to crank shaft axle; detachable slotted cranks; pedals fitted with square corrugated rubbers; handle bar and saddle adjustable for height; coasters of neat design; chain adjustable; detachable wire lantern bracket; detachable cross bar. It has all the good points of the larger pattern safeties, and is built of good material, and finely finished. It is the only boy's safety with a 26-inch wheel and hollow steel-drop frame that sells at its price. Each machine supplied with tool bag, wrench and oil can.

FREE FOR 50 SUBSCRIBERS AT $1 EACH.

The Weekly Globe will give the Lovell Safety Bicycle, engraved and described above, to any Boy or Girl who will secure 50 yearly subscribers at $1. It will be delivered, free of express or freight charges, to any home in New England. Outside of New England, the express or freight charges will be paid by the sender of club.

FREE FOR 50 SUBSCRIBERS AT $1 EACH.

Every boy wishes to own a bicycle, for pleasure and health, and The Weekly Globe will help him to one that will not cost him a cent. He will only have to devote his spare hours out of school for a little while to getting yearly subscribers. He can get subscribers in his own town, in adjoining towns, or anywhere. He can get subscribers easily, and own as good a bicycle as there is in his town. Only 50 subscribers at $1 each will secure it free. Send for all the sample copies you need.

Address
THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.



So many young Swedes of both sexes are emigrating to the United States that the government of Sweden fears the country will ultimately be depopulated of native citizens. This alarm seems not to have reached Italy and Hungary yet.

The Ill-Treated Child.

A child 12 years old, living alone with her father, is treated badly by him, until her life is in danger. Can an elder brother, who is able and willing to support her, take her away legally, and how?
E. D. W.

Must first apply to Probate Court for guardianship.

The Broken Contract.

To W. C.—You can sue Y. for breach of contract, and can probably recover damages.

He Will, Sir.

A man comes to the United States from another country and his little boy comes with him—man and boy both born in a foreign country. The man is naturalized here and becomes a citizen. Will the boy be a full-fledged citizen when he becomes of age?
WEYMOUTH.

Must have License from Board of Health.

Are people according to law allowed to keep hens within the city limits? H.

Should Have Notified Him First.

I built a fence on line between a neighbor and myself without notifying him. He refuses to pay for part of same. Can I collect it in any way from him?
H. H. H.

The Sold Out Tenant.

I rented a house of E, was sick and got behind two months on rent, and E sold it. He did not tell us at all, but left it to the buyer to give us information. Now can he by law collect that rent? He has called since we moved and asked us for the rent on Sunday. Can he get anything out of me. RED.

It was not necessary that you should be notified. The seller can collect of you up to date of sale.

The Dunning Postal Card.

Today I received on a postal card a notice to call and settle a claim from the assignees of a firm that I never had any dealings with. Is it legal for them to send such a notice, and is there any redress for the party receiving it? W. E. C.

Such cards cannot legally be mailed, but I know of no redress for you?

A Schemer.

I have a scheme, which is as follows: I select a certain chapter in a certain book, and select certain letters to be counted. The first 20, say, who count correctly, will receive prizes. The conditions for entering are that each person enclose, with his or her list, a small sum of money. Now, will that be a legal business? Will it require a license? Supposing it is not legal, if I give a small novelty to each one, will that be legal? SCHEMER.

Not legal if novelty is not equal in value to the cash. Could not get a license for such a scheme.

He Paid a Poll Tax.

"J. F. H."—Intentions are good things, and frequently govern in matters of taxation; but the fact is you have been a resident of Massachusetts for two years, having no present intention of returning to Kentucky, and may never go back there, so I am of the opinion you are rightfully assessed, according to laws of this State. If you were still keeping up your right to citizenship in Kentucky the case might be a little different.

He is a Citizen, but Cannot Vote.

My cousin came to this country 15 or 20 years ago; is a property owner and has paid taxes in this town since that time. He has his papers out, but can neither read nor write. Is he an American citizen? SPERO.

The Painter's Money.

I am a painter. I worked for a man two weeks on a building, and he went away without paying. Can I collect from the man that owns the building, and how? I put one coat on the building. Will I have to finish before I can get money? PAINTER.

Yes. You can put on a mechanic's lien, unless more than 30 days have gone by since you left off work. You don't need to finish.

STRONGER THAN GIANTS.

One Man Lifted a Platform with 18 Men on It.

There are 30 strong men at least now prominently before the public, says the New York Herald.

Louis Cyr, Samson, Sandow, Cyclops, Kennedy, Ajax, Herrmann, Sebastian Miller, Milo, Marks, Hercules, Dodnetti, Andrew Hull, Wilson, Ayres, Montgomery and Franz Staher are a few of the best known of the number.

At the head of the list, probably, is Louis Cyr, the Alsatian. Cyr has lifted more dead weight than any man living. He has put up weights in all kinds of ways known, and is believed to have demonstrated his superiority to his brother strong men conclusively.

Some of his most remarkable recent deeds of strength are these: Putting up a dumb bell weighing 102 pounds, lifting it with one hand with ease, and holding it out horizontal from the shoulder at a perfect right angle to his body.

A little later the same day Cyr lifted a foot from the floor a 102-pound bell, a 232-pound bell and a man weighing 150 pounds with one finger, the aggregate weight of the lot being 484 pounds. This feat is the record of one-finger lifting.

Again that day Cyr balanced his wife, weighing 118 pounds, on his chin, Mme. Cyr standing on a ladder while he accomplished this act. Since that time Cyr has curled up with one hand a bell weighing 265 pounds, curling the bell fairly from the floor to a full arm's length above his head and not getting under the iron and pushing it up. That also is the record of one hand curling a bell.

But the Alsatian Hercules' most wonderful exhibition of strength was the lifting of a platform holding 18 men a foot clear of the skids, the entire lift registering 3539 pounds.

UNCLE SAM'S FISHES.

How They are Distributed in the Rivers of the Country.

[Philadelphia Times.]

This warm spring weather tempts most boys and girls out of doors. And doubtless the thoughts of many of them turn to pleasant expeditions along the bank of some shaded stream. But it is to boys in the country that this season is one of peculiar interest.

There is no picture as bright with life as that of a country lad whose sun-burned cheeks are flushed with health, with brown feet in the rocky stream and a battered straw hat half-shading the laughing eyes. But to complete it, one should add a home-made fishing rod and an old tomato can full of bait—and a small, yellow, stub-tailed dog in the background. Then the portrait of youth's happy springtime is perfect.

Fishing is, no doubt, one of the most pleasant of amusements when one has good luck. And those that are fond of the sport would scarcely fail to feel an interest in the work of the United States fish commission.

This branch of our government occupies in Washington a square brick building, very plain in its external appearance. On the first floor are long rows of tables, upon which large glass boxes or aquariums are placed. These boxes are prettily decorated with sand and little grottoes of stones and fern-like plants that grow in water.

Within the tanks are little fishes darting about—perch, bright sunfish, flashing gold ones—fishes of all shades and hues.

On other tables are tall glass bottles filled with eggs in the process of hatching. These jars are only from a foot and a half to two feet high, yet they are capable of holding each several million fish eggs. When the eggs are hatched, which occurs in a few days' time, the young fish are drawn off into another bottle by aid of a syphon.

Then, being placed in large cans capable of holding about 15 gallons of water, they are shipped into different parts of the country. For this purpose a special car belonging to the commission is used.

The object of this service is to breed fish in order to supply some of the waste from those caught and also to stock rivers with new varieties. For instance in some rivers salmon have never been seen. Now, those little fishes are brought and placed by the commissioner in these rivers, and in a few years the water gives a bountiful supply of them. Thus different varieties are carried to all parts of the country and the rivers of the different States kept from becoming depopulated.

The eggs hatched in the building are drawn from the fishes caught in the Potomac and afterwards released. Thus the fish is still suitable for food, and the eggs, which would otherwise be destroyed, are used in multiplying the fish supply of the world.

There Were No Objections.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"If any here present," said the officiating clergyman, "can show just cause why this man and this woman may not lawfully be joined together let him speak or forever hold his peace."

The groom, Mr. Lariat of Arizona, casually laid a pair of large revolvers on the railing in front of him and the ceremony proceeded.

BUY YOUR Waltham or Elgin WATCHES OF The Globe AND SAVE MONEY.

Everybody knows that the watch movements made at Waltham, Mass., and Elgin, Ill., are the best in the world, and to get a watch with a genuine Waltham or Elgin movement is an object of ambition abroad as well as here. Trading on this ambition, the country has been flooded with cheap imitations of genuine American movements, which unscrupulous dealers advertise in such a way that the purchaser thinks he is getting a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch; in fact, he merely gets one of the same style.

Over one-half of the people of the United States must buy by mail, or wait for weeks and months before they can get to a storekeeper. Not one-quarter are within reach of a store where they can make any selection, and the chances are that they do not know where to send for what they want with any certainty that they will be honestly treated.

The WEEKLY GLOBE believes that it is doing a public service when it offers genuine Waltham and Elgin watches to its subscribers at prices which put accurate timekeepers within the reach of everybody.

The WEEKLY GLOBE can furnish any style of watch made at Waltham or Elgin, but from the many different styles it has selected a few which represent exceptional value for the money invested. There are half a dozen great case companies in the country that make solid gold, gold-filled, silver and nickel-silver cases. Every one knows what a solid gold or a solid silver case is, and The Weekly Globe assures its readers that the gold-filled and nickel-silver cases are fast driving the old-fashioned "solid" cases out of the market. A gold-filled case is made by rolling two plates of solid gold upon a plate of fine composition metal. A nickel-silver case is made of a composition of nickel and other metals, and it is a solid, not a plated case.

We now come to our offers. All our watches are stem-winding and setting.

OFFER NO. 1.

A seven jewelled Waltham or Elgin movement of the latest pattern, patent pinion, compensation balance and hardened hair spring, cased as follows:

	Open face.	Hunting.
In nickel silver case	$6 90	
In gold filled 15-year case, engraved	12.95	$16.50
In 14k, 20 year case	15.30	18.80
In 14k, 20-year case engraved	18.00	21.60
In solid 14k gold case, 14 dwt.		36.00
In solid coin silver (3 oz.) case	12.70	12.95

OFFER NO. 2.

A full (15) jewelled Waltham or Elgin nickel movement, patent regulator, compensation balance, safety pinion, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, 4 pairs jewels in settings, cased as follows:

	Open face.	Hunting.
In nickel silver case	$11.45	
In gold filled 15-year case, engraved	17.65	$21.15
In 14k gold filled 20-year case	20.00	23.50
In 14k gold filled 20-year case engraved	22.40	25.90
In solid 14k gold case, 40 dwt.		39.00
In solid coin silver (3 oz.) case	17.40	17.65

OFFER NO. 3.

A full (15) jewelled movement, from one of the great factories at Waltham or Elgin, adjusted at the factory to heat, cold and position, full nickel compensation balance, patent safety pinion, Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form. Upon this movement time and money have been literally squandered to bring it to perfection. This movement comes cased as follows:

	Open face.	Hunting.
In nickel silver case	$15.00	
In gold filled 15-year case, engraved	21.15	$24.70
In gold filled 20-year case	23.50	27.10
In gold filled 20-year case, engraved	25.90	29.50
In solid 14k. gold case, 40 dwt.	....	43.00
In solid coin silver (3-oz.) case	20.90	21.15

LADIES' WATCHES.

Offer No. 4.

A handsome movement, ladies' size, 7 jewels compensation balance and safety pinion, from one of the great factories at Waltham or Elgin, cased as follows:

	Hunting.
In gold-filled case, guaranteed 15 years, engraved	$15.20
In 14k. gold-filled 20-year case	15.90
In 14k. gold-filled 20-year case, engraved	18.00
In solid gold, 14k., 17½ to 19 dwt. case, engraved	24.00

Offer No. 5.

A magnificent 13-jewelled movement (3 prs. in settings), with compensation balance and all other improvements, cased as follows:

	Hunting.
In gold-filled 15-year case, engraved	$18.90
In 14k. gold-filled 20-year case	20.60
In 14k. gold-filled 20-year case, engraved	22.70
In solid gold, 14k., 17½ to 19 dwt. case, engraved	28.00

The demand for watch chains has made it easier to supply than to refuse it. After the examination of a large number of styles and qualities the following chains have been selected: They are all of genuine rolled gold, and they are made by rolling solid plates of gold around a piece of wire, which is then drawn out to the size wanted for the chain. The genuine rolled plate wears for years, but the market is flooded with cheap imitations in electroplate and fire gilt that must be avoided.

No. 1 is a men's chain, with twisted open links, known as a "trace chain." It has a beautiful bar and an attachment for a charm, sent by mail for $1.50.

No. 2 is a men's chain with links twisted closely together, known as a 'curb chain." It also has an attachment for a charm, and is a very showy chain indeed. Sent by mail for $2.50.

No. 3 is a ladies' fob-chain, with close links and pendant in the shape of a berry made of gold beads. Sent by mail for $1.95.

No. 4 is like No. 3, with pendant in the shape of a cube made of golden lace work. Sent by mail for $1.85.

No. 5 is a ladies' fob-chain made of woven wire, with pendant in the shape of an open fan. Sent by mail for $2.35.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

(1) In ordering, give number of offer and state whether you wish open-face or hunting case, men's or ladies' size; also state price. Order chains on a separate slip.

(2) This offer is open only to subscribers. Any subscriber to THE WEEKLY GLOBE may buy all the watches he wishes for himself or his friends.

(3) No subscription is included in the price paid.

(4) Every watch sent out will be in perfect order. If it is damaged in the mails, send it back within 24 hours and it will be repaired free of charge.

(5) It will take from 3 to 10 days to fill each order.

(6) Every Watch and Chain delivered at your Post Office free on receipt of price.

Send all orders to
THE WEEKLY GLOBE,
BOSTON, MASS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Gen. Grosvenor Insists on Restricted Immigration.

Ex-President Hayes in a Bad Condition—Irish Federation.

Brief Notes of Minor Happenings in Every State.

WASHINGTON, May 27.—"It is time this government did something in the matter of regulating immigration," said Gen. Grosvenor, chairman of the commission recently appointed by Secretary Foster to investigate and report upon European immigration to the United States.

"Just what is specifically expected of the commission," continued the general, "I do not know, for we have not yet received our instructions, but I do know that there is pressing necessity for action on the part of the authorities.

"Never was any country the receptacle for such a stream of immigration as is pouring in on us now. All our previous records as a receptacle are being eclipsed.

"The increase which has become so apparent of late has its origin principally in southern Italy, and as most of the material now arriving is non-assimilative something must be done to decrease the volume.

"The labor organizations complain that sufficient employment cannot be secured for the people already here, and there is a very general demand for more rigid immigration laws.

"The country is rapidly becoming too strongly tainted with foreign odors. Take Wisconsin as an instance—a State that is almost a European province. The people there demand the conduct of the schools in a foreign tongue, and give other marked evidences of their alienism.

"In a little while they will insist on having the records of their Legislature kept in their non-American language, and on top of this will come an endeavor to have the courts operate in the language or languages native to other lands than ours.

"This is all wrong. We cannot afford to welcome those who will not be of us."

THE LAST ADMIRAL.

Sketch of Com. Irwin's Career in the Navy.

Rear Admiral John Irwin, who has recently been promoted from the rank of commodore, is an old salt of 44 years' service. He was born in Philadelphia Sept. 15, 1832, and was appointed a midshipman on the crusier Cumberland in 1847. From that year until 1863 he served on the Cumberland, St. Lawrence, John Adams, Fulton, Savannah and Wabash, and during the Civil War the young officer was engaged in the capture of Forts Walker and Beauregard at Hatteras Inlet and Forts Royal, Ferry and Pulaski. He commanded the Newbern, Gettysburg, Yantic, Sabine and Pensacola in the North Atlantic and Pacific squadrons from 1868 to 1879. In 1872 Commander Irwin was in command of League Island, and from 1879 to 1883, as captain, he was in command of the Mare Island Navy Yard. From 1884 to 1888 he was president of the board of inspection of California. Capt. Irwin became a commodore in 1886, and previous to his last promotion he was in command of the naval forts on the north Pacific coast.

FOUND AFTER FORTY YEARS.

Body of Girl in an Indiana Swamp Fully Preserved.

WAUNATAH, Ind., May 29.—Mary Jane Grier disappeared from her father's home, two miles south of here, nearly 40 years ago.

Yesterday her body was recovered in an abandoned bog iron-ore pit, without one vestige of change from the appearance it had known in life. The last shred of clothing was long ago destroyed by action of the water in which she met her death, but the same chemicals which removed the garments preserved the flesh.

Not only is the contour of the form perfect as in life, but even the color has remained unchanged. The arms and shoulders are white as marble, the hands brown, and one of them still bears the stain of the berries with which she was working the afternoon of her disappearance.

The cheeks are slightly brown, but suffused with a ruddy blush. Were it not for the unsightly cavities that once contained the eyes, that petrified frame which has lain almost half a century in the soil would appear the peacefully sleeping figure of a healthy, handsome young woman.

Will Strunk, who made the discovery while digging post-holes for a fence, took his pocket-knife and struck lightly on the exposed shoulder. The sound emitted was the hard metallic ring that comes of a blow on a stone.

Nicholas Grier, her 80-year-old father, identified Mary.

A LETTER OF REGRET,

Which Shows that the "Autocrat" is Full of Wit as of Years.

At the Unitarian festival in Boston on Thursday, the following letter of regret was read from the inimitable "Autocrat":

296 BEACON ST., }
May 23, 1891. }

DEAR MR. EDES—I am very sorry that I cannot be with you at the Unitarian festival, for I have always had a good time at those annual meetings and often done my best to try to render them agreeable. I hope that the company will understand that my absence is due to personal reasons and not to any lack of eloquence, perseverance and persuasive power on your part. Your yearly visit has always been a source of pleasure to me, and never more so than this year, for good works seem to agree with you and you never looked so young and blooming. I believe the remembrance of last year's banquet keeps you rosy and vigorous for one-half the year and the anticipation of the feast to come supports you in lusty health during the other half. With me I regret to say it is somewhat different. My senses, if not my wit, have paid their tribute to time. I am not, it is true, the blind mendicant for whom, according to the veracious penny-a-liner, our good Dr. Peabody took me when he threw the quarter of a dollar in my hat. But they that look out at the windows begin to feel as if the windows wanted washing, to say the least. I could not see all the bright faces quite so clearly as I could before the big units had climbed up the back of my decades. I could not hear the lively sayings quite so well as I could before my locks went unanimously for unlimited silver coinage. So you must allow me to wait and read in the morning papers of all that you say and do, and in the meantime accept my cordial wishes for the success and enjoyment of the meeting and the welfare and long-continued prosperity of the association. Believe me, yours very truly,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ANOTHER IRISH FEDERATION

Dispute Over the Proper Methods of Sending Money.

NEW YORK, May 29.—Representatives of Irish-American societies met at the residence of Dr. T. A. Emmet, 89 Madison av., last night, and completed the organization of the National Irish Federation of America. Eugene Kelly presided.

Mr. Kelly made an address, in which he advised tolerance and prudence toward all, but a firm stand and practical sympathy for the majority of the Irish Parliamentary party.

In accordance with a report from the committee on organization, the number of trustees was increased from eight to 12, and the number of vice-presidents was increased to one from each State and Territory.

An order was obtained from Judge Pratt in Brooklyn on Tuesday requiring Eugene Kelly to show cause why an injunction should not be granted restraining him from paying any of the money raised as a result of Dillon and O'Brien's mission to this country last November, to Justin McCarthy and his supporters.

The motion was made by W. L. O'Neill.

The complaint alleges the intention of Mr. Kelly to transmit to McCarthy $15,000 without consulting representatives of interested Irish societies.

This motion is presumably backed by partisans of Parnell, who say that the proper channels of transmission of money were expressly approved by Dillon and O'Brien, who named Messrs. Kenney and Webb joint treasurers, representing both factions of the party.

A PRESBYTERIAN HERETIC.

Dr. Briggs' Confirmation as Professor of Union Seminary Refused.

The notable session of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Detroit, which had to deal with the orthodoxy of the views of Prof. Briggs of Union Seminary, was held last week. Judge Breckenridge of the Missouri synod dropped dead while speaking on the subject on Thursday. Ultimately the assembly refused to confirm Prof. Briggs' appointment by an overwhelming majority. The professor sailed for Europe on Saturday for a long rest.

The general commissioners to the Presbyterian assembly enjoyed a perfect Sunday. The greatest interest centred in the sermon delivered in the morning by Dr. Parkhurst of New York in the Fort Street Presbyterian church. His discourse last Sunday was sent out in a garbled manner, and had subjected him to a great deal of harsh criticism. But his simple, affectionate speech in the assembly on Friday, when he spoke in favor of Dr. Worcester's motion, won for him many friends, and today, though at the outset he seemed somewhat oppressed by his environment, he soon had the audience in sympathy with his thoughts.

He said at the beginning that he had not been able to prepare a new sermon for the occasion, but would deliver one that he preached several weeks ago in his own pulpil. His text was I. Corinthians, xiii., 9, 10, and his theme was "Partial Knowledge." While there was no direct reference to the exciting debate of the last three days, those who knew of the preacher's friendship for Dr. Briggs concluded that he was in the speaker's mind when the sermon was written.

Heresy was declared to be orthodoxy in the bud, and orthodoxy heresy gone to seed, and a Christ was said to have been the most arrogant heretic of His time.

The sermon in the main was deeply spiritual and many clergymen, including not a few from Princeton, thanked Dr. Parkhurst for his helpful words.

Students Fight a Fatal Duel.

AUGUSTA, Ga., May 29.—News of a duel at Hiawassee College, in Lounse county, 40 miles from the railroad, has just been received here.

During the spring a rivalry sprung up between John Ward and Alexander Brown, who were contesting for the places of honor. The quarrel was intensified by a dispute about a young woman.

Wednesday night was commencement. The cheering which greeted the rival students made them more envious, and at the conclusion of the exercises they proposed to settle their differences with knives.

They went about 500 yards beyond the town's limits and fell upon each other with their knives.

For some time the hacking was kept up, and finally Ward made a plunge into Brown's ribs, the knife penetrating to the heart.

Brown fell dead in the arms of his assailant, and each was taken away by some of the bystanders.

The young men belong to highly respected families of that section.

Deceased Wife's Sister in Trouble.

CHICAGO, May 29.—A $25,000 suit has been begun in the Circuit Court by Miss Ruth A. Tilton vs. Albert J. Stearns, who is connected with a manufacturing company, for breach of promise.

The plaintiff is the daughter of a retired board of trade man. She is prepossessing in appearance and 23 years old. Her sister was Stearns' first wife.

She asserts that she nursed the sister when the latter was dying, and took care of the three children. After her sister's death she continued her service, at Stearns' request, and she asserts that he promised marriage, but March last he went East and married another woman.

President of a National Bank Arrested.

PHILADELPHIA, May 28.—Francis W. Kennedy, president of the suspended Spring Garden National Bank, was arrested this morning on a warrant sworn out by Bank Examiner Drew, charging him with making false entries in the books, false returns to the comptroller of the currency, and with the embezzlement of $100,000 and upwards of the bank's funds. Henry H. Kennedy, cashier of the bank, and brother of the president, was also arrested, charged with conspiracy with Francis W. Kennedy to make false entries, false returns, and with making both. When the two accused men heard that the warrants were out for their arrest, they at once went before United States Commissioner Bell and gave themselves into custody. Counsel for the Kennedys stated that they were willing to waive a hearing and enter into bonds for their appearance at court. Commissioner Bell declined to allow them to waive a hearing, and fixed the bail of Francis Kennedy at $20,000, and that of Henry Kennedy at $15,000 for a hearing.

Rutherford B. Hayes Afflicted.

NEW YORK, May 28.—Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-president of the United States, suffered last winter with a severe attack of the grip. He was confined to his home in Fremont, O., for several weeks, and when he came forth again he was afflicted, as so many other victims of the insidious Russian malady have been, by a mental disorder.

It should be stated that Mr. Hayes is not insane, that he is not incapacitated to take care of his ordinary affairs, but it true that his mind has become affected to such an extent that his power of recollection has almost vanished.

Mr. Hayes cannot converse for more than a minute at a time without absolutely forgetting the subject under consideration.

Even then on most occasions he has completely forgotten what he had just been talking about. Mr. Hayes was in town last week, stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Mr. Hayes acknowledged that his memory was very poor, and his actions as he tried to recall the doings of the trustees of the Slater fund, of which he is a member, confirmed his words.

Canadian Fisheries Report.

OTTAWA, Ont., May 28.—The Dominion fisheries report has just been issued. The total value of the fisheries for 1890 is given as $17,714,902, as against $17,655,256 in 1889, showing an increase of $59,646.30. The total value of the marine fur fishery in Behring sea and adjoining waters was $510,111, showing a total catch of 54.853 seals. The number of fur seals caught by foreign vessels and disposed of in Victoria was 3474, of which all but 294 were caught in Behring sea. The total value of the Canadian seal catch was increased $177,-661, owing to the advance of $1 per skin and the increase of 11,181 skins in the catch.

The Weather Bureau All Right.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—Gen. A. W. Greely, chief signal officer of the army, has returned to this city from his extended tour of inspection among the signal stations of the South and West, and has reported to Secretary Proctor that he found everything in excellent shape. There was a screw loose here and there, he says, but the great machine was generally working smoothly. He is actively making preparations for the transfer of the weather bureau to the Agricultural Department, and has detailed Capt. Craig to hunt for new quarters for the signal service. No selection has been made as yet of a chief of the weather service, and a good deal of competition is going on for the place. It will be a presidential appointment, and will not take effect until the last of July, when the transfer takes place by the operation of law. Gen. Greely is urged as the proper head of the bureau, and it may be that he will be detailed for this duty, to continue for a time, as the act permits.

Notes.

At the Pratt mines, Ala., Tuesday afternoon, three desperate negro convicts made an effort to escape from the guards in charge of them. The latter fired on them, and two of the prisoners, Harry O'Hare and Reuben Hannon, fell dead in their tracks. The other, Perry Ingraham, escaped. These two make 13 prisoners who have been killed at these mines within a week. The Governor has instituted an investigation into the other cases.

Charitable church people, led by Rev. Dr. Smock, leased the home of the late Bishop Whitehouse, 445 Washington boulevard, Chicago, for the purpose of establishing a refuge for erring women, but the residents of the neighborhood, comprising some of the most aristocratic families of the city, are making a vigorous protest against such a step, which they characterize as "an insult to the neighborhood."

Robert Strahn, the colored messenger in the Treasury Department, who it has been charged received $200 from the man Smith as a consideration for his appointment to a position in the pension office through Green R. Raum, Jr., has resigned by request of the secretary, the resignation to take effect May 30.

Secretary Proctor has gone to Vermont for a few days.

Gen. Longstreet has been so ill for the last few weeks that he has given up work on his history of the "Confederate War."

Rev. Sam Jones says he can cure Jay Gould's neuralgia, and the receipe is "for Mr. Gould to pay $120,000,000 into charity."

Gen. B. B. Eggleston, aged 73, died at his home in Wichita, Kan., Wednesday, of the grip. In the war he was chief of cavalry of the South, and received the surrender of Col. Glenn at Atlanta, and afterward became military governor there.

The jury in the case of Pasquelina Robertelo, the Italian girl on trial for the murder of her lover, Nicolo Pierro, brought in a verdict of not guilty. The verdict was received with applause. Pasquelina's mother fainted. Several men were taken into custody because of the applause, but were subsequently released. Pasquelina was married on Saturday.

The elevated railroads in New York city, which cost less than $17,000,000, are stocked and bonded for more than $60,000,-000. The steam railroads in the country cost, on paper, says Gen. Rush C. Hawkins in the North American, $9,931,453,146, of which two-fifths represent water. The street railroads of the country, horse, cable and electric, have not cost over $110,000 per mile, but they are stocked and bonded up to about $400,000.

Samuel Noble, founder of Anniston, Ala., is being immortalized in granite for that city. The statue represents him as standing beside a pile of pig-iron stacked up like cordwood.

Ex-Mayor Oakey Hall's advent into New York is his first since the days of the Tweed ring. When he left the metropolis, many years ago, his hair was coal black. Now it and his mustache are snow white.

Before a meeting of the Catholic Historical Society in New York, Father Walter of St. Patrick's church in Washington, who was the confessor of Mrs. Surratt, connected with President Lincoln's assassination, says he believes the woman died perfectly innocent of the crime she was charged with.

Mr. Effingham B. Sutton, the founder of the pioneer line of clipper ships between New York and California, died on Wednesday in New York. He was 74 years old.

Cardinal Gibbons, according to a despatch from Bryantown, Md., was taken ill at the parochial residence of St. Mary's church at that place with malarial trouble. The attendant physician, Dr. Lewis C. Carrico, advised to discontinue his episcopal visits through the lower counties of Maryland until he should regain his strength.

Dr. John B. Hamilton, surgeon-general of the Marine Hospital service, has resigned that office and accepted the position of professor of the principles of surgery and surgical pathology in Rush Medical College, Chicago, Ill. He will be succeeded as surgeon-general by Surgeon Walter Wyman of the Marine Hospital service, who has been his chief assistant in this city for some time.

Gen. Winfield Scott Featherston died at Holly Springs, Miss., last week, aged 73. Deceased had been for half a century a central figure in the affairs of Mississippi. During the war he served with marked gallantry in the Army of Virginia and the Transmississippi department. When quite young he served two years in Congress.

A bill to extend the modus vivendi to American fishermen has passed the Canadian Senate.

A combined selling agency has been formed for the distribution of Southern plaids in the American markets.

Two men were killed and six fatally injured by the explosion of a boiler in Kramer's mill, at Frankfort, Ind., Thursday.

William Breitkopf, 66, and his wife Mary, 71, committed suicide at New York, Thursday, by taking oxalic acid. Poverty was the cause.

The sales agents of the anthracite coal producing companies have ordered an advance of 15 cents per ton on all sizes, June 1. They also decided to restrict production during the month of June to 3,250,000 tons.

An old French woman, with a little girl, was arrested at Atlanta, Ga., Thursday, on suspicion that the child had been stolen, she answering the description of the 11-year-old girl who was stolen from a New York convent some months ago.

Dave Serville, who was convicted at Athens, O., May 22, of prize fighting, was sentenced Thursday to one year's hard labor in the penitentiary. Serville is yet to be tried ander an indictment charging him with manslaughter for killing his opponent, Arthur Majesty, on the night of Feb. 24.

Should a close season be decided upon, it is possible war vessels will be sent to Behring Sea to re-enforce the revenue cutters and co-operate with English warships in preventing the taking of seals. It is understood that there are three naval vessels that could be prepared for this service without much delay.

At a secret meeting held in Trenton, N. J., Wednesday night, the Central Rubber Trust was dissolved by the action of the companies composing it. The combination included the principal rubber firms of the country, but it is charged that a few used it to their own advantage, while others suffered. Both the Hamilton and Star companies of Trenton are said to have been among the sufferers.

The only great powers of the world that have reduced their national debts in the last decade are the United States and England. The debt of the United States in 1890 was $1,006,555,252 less than in 1880, when its total was $1,922,517,364. England in the same time paid off $229,000,000 of its debt. The fact that neither of these debt-reducing countries is burdened with militarism is more than a coincidence.

William Breitkopf and his wife Mary committed suicide at their house, 57 1st av., New York, by taking oxalic acid. Breitkopf was 66 years of age and his wife was 71. Poverty drove them to suicide.

Henry Luddington, who terrorized the country for miles around Wilton, Conn., and committed many burglaries in the past five years, pleaded guilty in the Superior Court and was sentenced to eight years in prison.

Abram Nuchensky, 15 years old, was beheaded by an elevator in New York.

The result of a vote in the schools of New York city to choose a State flower is as follows: The golden rod, 79,011; the rose, 65,561.

James Reynolds of Niantic, Conn., took a salmon in his traps that weighed about 30 pounds. He sent it to New York and received for it a check for $18.

Vincent Farale, an Italian barber of New York, was sentenced to nine years and a half imprisonment by Recorder Smyth in General Sessions yesterday. Farale was a bunco man.

A 17-months-old child Tuesday, fell from a window in the fourth story of a tenement house in New York, and was caught by a pedestrian on the sidewalk. The child was uninjured.

Mayor Grant of New York yesterday made the following appointments: Anthony Eickhoff, fire commissioner; James J. Phelan, dock commissioner; Charles Wilde and Solon B. Smith, police justices.

John Collins pleaded guilty to manslaughter Wednesday in the Kings County, N. Y., Court of Sessions, for the stabbing and killing of James Flanagan some days ago. The judge discharged the prisoner.

The seat formerly held by Douglas Green on the Cotton Exchange of New York has been sold by auction on the floor of the exchange. It realized $505, which is considered a low price.

There is a dog in Wilmington, O., which has killed this season more than 20 snakes. It developed rabies and bit two children of the man who owned it and several cows and horses. The dog has been killed.

Andrew D. Gardner, president of the Lynn Athletic Club, under whose auspices the fatal Burns-Tracy fight of Monday night was held, and Matthew McCann, the referee of the set-to have been fined $100 each for holding an athletic entertainment without a license.

Mrs. Deborah Powers, head of the banking firm of D. Powers & Sons and of the great oil cloth manufacturing firm of the same name, died at her home in Lansingburg, N. Y., Thursday night. Her estate is valued at over $2,000,000. Mrs. Powers wos born in Hebron, Grafton county, N. H., on Aug. 5, 1790.

New York counsel for the Adirondack & St. Lawrence Railroad Company state that they will go right on with the process of condemning the State lands in New York needed to construct their projected road through the wilderness, in spite of the decision of the attorney-general of that State that the land can neither be condemned nor purchased.

The upper crust of colored society in Hartford, Conn., is agitated over the suit brought by Eva Cambridge, a rather prepossessing mulatto girl, against De Gray F. Crozier, a young white man, who is well known about town. Eva is the daughter of Capt. Cambridge of the Cambridge Guards, a colored military organization, and charges the young doctor with betrayal.

Gen. Duncan in the electric light suit of the Edison Company against the United States Company in New York attacked Edison's claim for the invention of the incandescent lamp, citing the testimony of Prof. Chandler, who said that there had been a number of incandescent lamps invented before that of Edison in 1880, and equally as good.

The new steamship Fuerst Bismarck of the Hamburg-American line has beaten all previous records on the eastward passage from New York. She made the passage from Sandy Hook to Southampton in 6 days 13 hours and 25 minutes. This lowers the record of the City of Paris by two hours and five minutes. The Bismarck's average daily speed was 19.78 knots.

Two men were killed and six fatally injured by the explosion of a boiler in Kramer's mill at Frankfort, Ind., last week.

The contract for furnishing pins to the United States government for the ensuing year has been awarded to the New England Pin Company of Winsted, Conn.

Joseph Ingoldsby of Boston has been selected among the first nine to compete for the gold medal prize in elocution at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg, Md.

Bishop Dudley says Kentucky will approve Phillips Brooks' election, and commends him highly. There is some dissension in the committee, which meets this week.

The standing committee of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Long Island has, by a unanimous vote, indorsed the appointment of Dr. Phillips Brooks as bishop of Massachusetts.

Dave Serville, who was convicted at Athens, O., Friday of prize-fighting, was yesterday sentenced to one year's hard labor in the penitentiary. Serville is yet to be tried under an indictment charging him with manslaughter for killing his opponent, Arthur Majesty, on the night of Feb. 24.

During the celebration of the festival of Corpus Christi at the Indian village at Pleasant Point, Me., last week an accidental discharge of a cannon took place and Frank Stanley, a young Indian, while assisting to fire the usual salute, was blown several feet and terribly burned and lacerated. His condition is critical.

The managers of the National Prohibition Park of Staten Island have invited representative medical men from all localities in the United States and the Dominion of Canada to meet in conference on the 15th and 16th of July, in the auditorium building of the park. The chief object of the meeting is to be the comparison of views on the relationship of physiology and alcohol.

The hiding place of Marsh, the absconding president of the Keystone bank, Philadelphia, is still unknown.

B. P. Hutchinson of Chicago, known the country over as "Old Hutch," is visiting in Massachusetts.

The People's party in Ohio has decided to hold a State convention at Springfield, Aug. 5.

Damages to the amount of $20,000 were demanded from the city of New Haven by Ralph J. Moses, Jr., and James A. Hudson, attorneys of New York, who claim that amount for their clients, who allege an infringement of a steam fire engine patent.

George McQueeney, an employe of the New York & New Haven railroad, sued John Griffin, another employe, for $7000. McQueeney claims that while he was at work Griffin intentionally turned on the water in a hot water escape pipe, thereby steaming McQueeney's body in a frightful manner. The case is being heard in the New Haven courts.

THE LIAR.

A Study of a Man One Meets Every Day—Facile Feminine Fabricators Who Lie with Skill.

[Kate Field's Washington.]

The liar is not popular. The cautious say to themselves, "I wonder what he says of me?" and avoid him. The innocent believe him, but, their eyes being opened, are naturally indignant. Even the skeptical, who "draw him out," feel wounded in their self-esteem when he imagines them capable of swallowing some tremendous fiction which gudgeon might reject.

Dr. Johnson said that children were all liars and gluttons. I imagine they may have been so in the days of the great lexicographer; certainly their bringing up was calculated to insure it. Even in our day, when the child is almost painfully dominant, falsification is not rare. The little dear's parents says he has a vivid imagination; other people have another name for it.

This verbal embroidery may become, in time, such a fixed habit that the unfortunate story teller will not know precisely when he is speaking the truth. It is possible that he may begin with a fact, or what he takes to be a fact; but ere he finishes his handiwork the tale you hear resembles those lace handkerchiefs we women sometimes carry—the tiny square of "batiste" in the centre will be his fact, the deep and intricate border is his vivid imagination.

There are three kinds of habitual liars—the malicious, the boastful and the indefinite. Sometimes all three are combined, and then we have an own son of the father of lies.

The malicious liar would take away the character of his own mother if she crossed him in any way. He is envious, vindictive and suspicious. Truth not being in him he doubts all the world, and realizes with a kind of rage that the world returns the compliment.

The boastful liar is generally envious and very likely to be suspicious, but malicious and vindictive he is not, as a rule. His fabrications naturally have for their raison d'etre a desire to show you what a wonderful fellow he has been, is and will be. He will lead you to believe that he is first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrywomen—and of all other women, for that matter. When not lauding himself, he is swaggering about his family or his belongings. Sooner than not boast of something, he would accuse himself of murder, arson or theft. With a decline of prosperity his lies redouble, and total failure finds him in the condition of the frog in the fable that burst with arrogance. He is very curiously and wonderfully made, and I have given him much affectionate study.

The indefinite liar is of every land and every state of society. He is not malicious or vindictive or boastful or suspicious. He simply enjoys lying. His conversation is too frequently as a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

He does not seem to care much whether you believe him or not. It seems almost a pity to balk him—he enjoys himself so thoroughly. He will tell you of meeting and conversing with people he has not seen for weeks, or of the most remarkable bargains he has made.

There does not seem to be much harm in him, and he is generally as honest as his neighbors in money matters. You would not care to have him on the witness stand if your life were at stake; but one's life is never at stake.

Nothing is easier than to draw the liar out. When I was 18 I met a lovely specimen of the boastful liar. It was a revelation to me. He came to call with a brother officer, and I was much interested in an account he gave of his trip to Egypt. He went to the other end of the room for a moment, and his companion seized the opportunity to whisper to me:

"He hasn't been in Egypt at all: he was only away from town three weeks, and was with the Verners at Pau. Wait a bit, and I'll make him say he shot crocodiles."

And he did.

The poor man became so fascinated by his fiction that he offered me one of the skins of the imaginary beasts, which he said were coming by long sea. I never received it.

The vainglorious female liar spins you yarns concerning her children which Baron Munchausen might have fathered without blushing. Her clothes, too, will be found to have cost more than those of others. I had quite an accomplished liar of this kind staying in my house once. I had been warned in advance that everything she bought cost £40. She described her gowns and cloaks for five years past, and the prix fixe of all her tradesmen was $200. This same person was much surprised when I came home minus backbone after riding a young horse 23 miles.

"I think nothing of riding that distance any morning before breakfast," she said.

May she be forgiven!

It is a curious fact that lying is more or less contagious. I suppose that if one were to live in the closer relations with an active liar, and, for decency's sake, uttered no protest, one's own sense of truth would be blunted.

The "Windows of the Soul."

[St. Louis Republic.]

Eyes have always been regarded as a sure tribal characteristic. Tacitus, for example, describes the Germans as "fierce, with blue eyes and red hair." The Celts are mentioned as being swarthy skinned and black-eyed; the Gauls are red-haired and light-eyed, while the Nubians, the Turks, the Egyptians and the Italians have always been spoken of as "the dark-eyed races."

These peculiarities have not changed. Even today the people of the temperate zones have, generally, light-colored eyes, while those of the torrid and frigid zones are usually dark, or even black. Of the races in particular, the only one that can be said to be "light-eyed" is the Caucassian, and even in this race the eyes are by no means uniform in point of color.

The whole period of human history goes to prove that the light-haired, blue-eyed races are capable of the highest degree of civilization, but it does not by any means follow that the highest degree of civilization is confined to people of blonde complexion. There was a time when a blue-eyed person was rarely seen, and today seven-eighths of the world's inhabitants have dark eyes.

Lavater, when discussing the eye as a feature in national physiognome, gave the following as the result of his observations: "The Italians have small eyes; the Germans, light-colored eyes, surrounded by many wrinkles; the English, strong, open, steadfast eyes; and the Swiss, eyes that are very dull-looking."

New Boston Music.

The Oliver Ditson Company have some attractive issues for piano players. They begin a series of choice compositions, fingered and edited by Joseph A. Hills, with "Burleske," J. L. Nicode. A simple and melodious air is developed into brilliant execution; 50. E. Caminade's "Scarf Dance" is a select French work; 35. "The Mountain Fairy," J. J. Gallagher, is a showy and not very difficult descriptive piece; 60. "Beauty Glide," M. Waldman, presents the new waltz movement with fresh attractions; 40. W. P. Fenimore's "Graziella" is a pretty and easy minuet; 35. "Bohemian Mazurka" is an easy piece for violin, with piano accompaniment, by Carl Dorn; 35. Arrangements for the mandolin and violin are rare. A favorite arrangement is "New York Ladies' Mandolin Club Waltz," Tipladi; 50. The latest two compositions by C. De Janon for the guitar are Moszkowski's "Serenade," 30, and Trotere's "In Old Madrid," 30. For singers, they have ready Franz Abt's beautiful duet, "Over the Stars There is Rest," 35; a coquettish song for soprano, in A flat, "Pretty Little Maiden Mine," Sinclair Dunn and James S. Ford, 40. An equally pleasing song, written for Lillian Russell, "With Shy Brown Eyes," for mezzo-soprano or barytone; 40. Arndt and Benedict's ballard for bass or barytone in C. "The Stars of the Nights," is select, 50. The latest English song is "The Spanish Gipsy," for soprano in D, by M. Watson, 50.

Happy All Round.

[Brooklyn Life.]

Irate guest (to landlord of an Oklahoma hotel)—You informed me that I might order whatever I liked for dinner. I called for oxtail soup, salmon, chops, potato salad, a bottle of wine, and the like, and the waiter brought me corn bread and bacon. I—.

Landlord (cheerfully)—Oh, that's all right an' regular, stranger. We like to be accommodatin' an' so we let the new-comers order what they please an' then give 'em jest the same as the rest git. It's no trouble fer the waiter to take their orders, an' it makes the strangers feel kinder good while they're waitin'.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Terrible Experiences of the Expatriated Russian Jews.

Archbishop Croke Fears the Cause of Home Rule is Lost.

Speculating on Justin McCarthy's Death to Get the Funds.

BERLIN, May 29.—The Hebrew relief committee here has secured a long railway tunnel at Charlottenburg in which to shelter Russian Jews en route to Hamburg for embarkment. Boxes of clothing and necessaries, enormous boilers of tea and coffee and supplies of bread and brandy are in readiness to relieve the misery of the crowds of fugitives that daily pour out of railway trains.

Many heartrending scenes are described, and tales are told of extreme suffering. Many of the fugitives had to leave on a day's notice, and were compelled to abandon everything but what they stood in, while others, often octogenarians, hardly able to walk, are seen staggering under sacks containing all their present worldly possessions.

In many cases the fugitives are of the poorest classes, with numerous scantily clothed children dragging at their mothers' skirts and crying for bread.

All are shy and suspicious, remembering their ill treatment at Russian railway stations, and fear fresh torments and predations if they enter the waiting-rooms.

A doctor attends the children who are ill from the effects of the journey.

The fugitives describe how the streets in which they lived would be suddenly cordoned with the police searching for Jews, who would fly to the synagogues for safety; how the doors of the synagogues would be wrenched open, and troops of armed men would tie their hands and feet and plunder every thing in the place, and how on arriving at the frontier the police would extort fresh bribes to allow them to cross.

Gladstone Speaks on the Subject.

LONDON, May 29.—In response to a letter from Mr. Montagu, M. P., asking him to join in claiming for Russian Jews the rights accorded to Mahometan subjects of the Czar, Mr. Gladstone writes:

It would be easy to launch a denunciatory letter that would act like a drain and produce a momentary warmth. But such utterances, not founded on a careful inquiry and real knowledge, may do harm by strengthening the ultra party, to whom, and not to the Czar, these strange, revolting proceedings are due.

"A widely effective organization of the Jews ought to enable the preparation of a complete statement, showing the exceptional laws bearing upon the Jews in Russia, and the total absence of reason for such laws; also an adequate report on the recent persecution.

"Such a statement, seriously executed, would bring powerful artillery to play upon the citadel and wrong no state or empire."

ARCHBISHOP CROKE'S YEARS.

Parnell Said to be Speculating on the Death of McCarthy.

DUBLIN, May 28.—Archbishop Croke, speaking today on the subject of Irish affairs, said: "I am greatly afraid that the cause of home rule is lost. Within the last four months I have heard several stanch, intelligent Irishmen say that, considering all that has occurred since the revelations were made in the O'Shea divorce case, and the strange turn some of the Irish party and a certain section of our people has taken, preferring the interest of one man to the cause of their country, we have given both friends and foes to believe that we are, at present, utterly unfit for home rule."

The Dublin National Press says: Owing to the boast of Mr. Parnell that in the event of the death of Mr. McCarthy (whom he declares to be dying), he, Mr. Parnell, will have complete control of the Paris fund to divide among his followers, the McCarthyites have taken the best French legal advice on the subject and find that unless the consent of the late Mr. Joseph Biggar's son is obtained Mr. Parnell can only control a third portion of the fund, after a long litigation which the McCarthyites will take into every court in France. The league treasurer, Dr. Joseph E. Kenny, M. P., endeavored to gain Mr. Biggar's son's consent, but was repulsed. The late Mr. Joseph G. Biggar, it will be remembered, was one of the trustees of the Paris fund.

Mr. McCarthy, the National Press also says, is only suffering from a slight attack of influenza.

The War in Chili.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—The State Department has not been officially informed of any intention on the part of the Chilian insurgents to bombard Valparaiso, as reported from Paris. There is no disposition on the part of this government so far as can be learned to "intervene" in the Chilian contest, for the meaning of the term in diplomatic language is a siding with one faction or the other.

Our minister to Chili and the ministers of France and Brazil stand ready to mediate between the factions in the interest of peace; but this is a very different function from intervention.

If the insurgents should attempt to bombard Valparaiso, it is more than probable that the foreign ministers there would enter an energetic protest based on the fact that the foreign interests in that city are larger than the native Chilian interest.

In view of this large interest it may be that this protest, if disregarded, may be enforced by the foreign fleets in Chilian waters, but their actions would go no further than was necessary to protect the property and lives of foreign subjects, and the Chilians would be left to fight their own battles.

The insurgents have recaptured that much-disputed town of Talta, after very heavy fighting.

Notes.

The French Chamber of Deputies Thursday continued the debate on the tariff bill, adopting the following duties, recommended by the committee: Mutton, 32 francs; pork, 12 francs; beef, 25 francs; salted pork, hams and bacon, 20 francs maximum, 15 francs minimum; salted beef, 30 francs maximum, 27 francs minimum. During the debate, an attempt being made to put a prohibitive duty on American pork, M. Jourde declared that the fear of trichinosis was only a pretext to exclude American meat. France consumed 40,000,000 kilograms of American meat annually, without a single case of trichinosis ever having been reported.

The French exhibition in Moscow has proved to be a complete fiasco. French priests intending to visit the exhibition are not allowed to cross the frontier without first obtaining a special permit, to secure which two months' time is required. Novels by Maupassant, Lemonier and Sylvestre have been confiscated, and all visitors to the show are narrowly watched by the police.

The notorious Englishwoman, Evelyn Leal, has been sentenced in Paris to six months' imprisonment. She engaged in a swindling marriage scheme to secure valuable presents from her victims, and to gain her ends the adventuress was married to a host of men.

The statements that a secret clause exists in the commercial treaty between Spain and the United States relating to Cuba and Porto Rico, and that a hitch has occurred in the negotiations, are semi-officially declared to be untrue.

The populace of the commune of Misterbianco in Sicily rose in revolt Thursday against a local tax, and, invading the town, set fire to several buildings.

During the week ending May 15 5500 emigrants embarked at Naples alone for the United States.

The London Times publishes a long despatch from its correspondent in Rome, reaching the conclusion that constitutionalism in Italy is becoming gradually reduced to a degraded state, and that the Italian provinces and communes are preying upon the state and slowly driving it into bankruptcy. The government has lost all control of the Chamber of Deputies and its members support or do not support the government's measures as fancy takes them.

Martin & Miller's tannery at Glasgow, the largest in the kingdom, has been burned. Loss, $250,000. Two hundred hands are thrown out of employment by the fire.

M. Thonar, the well-known French explorer, is preparing to start on a most extraordinary and unprecedented journey. He contemplates nothing less than a land expedition from Buenos Ayres to Paris on horseback. His route will be through Bolivia, Peru, Nicaragua, Mexico, California, British Columbia, Alaska, (Bering Sea), Siberia, Russia, Germany and Belgium. M. Thonar, who starts in October next, expects to complete the novel undertaking in two and a half years.

A fire broke out Wednesday in the petroleum refinery at Condekerque, France. Ten persons were burned to death.

The closely contested election in North Bucks has resulted in a victory for the Gladstonian Liberals. This was the seat held by Capt. Verney, whose majority at the bye-election in 1889 was 202 in a poll of 9502 votes. Mr. H. S. Leon, the Gladstonian candidate, now is returned by a majority of 381, receiving 5013 votes against 4632 cast for his Conservative opponent, Hon. Evelyn Hubbard.

Richard Somerset Le Poer Trench, fourth earl of Clancarty, died suddenly Friday. By the earl's death Viscount Dunlo, his eldest son and the husband of Belle Bilton, the English music hall singer, becomes earl of Clancarty, and Belle Bilton becomes countess of Clancarty.

It is reported that the Chilian insurgent steamer, after transferring her arms and ammunition to the Esmeralda on the night of May 15, sailed for Australia to avoid the Charleston.

The treaty between Portugal and the Congo Free State has been signed. Most of the Congo State's African claims are allowed, but Portugal receives fresh territory on the west coast of Africa.

The Russian ministers are preparing a scheme to replace the jury system by judges appointed by the judicial administration. They also propose to abolish the elective character in the appointment of justices of the peace.

La Presse of Paris reports that Gen. King, the United States consul-general in Paris, is about to be recalled to explain his connection with matters which La Press declares to be of serious import. Gen. King says that the report is unfounded.

LIVELY BASKET MAKING.

Two Men Turn Out Over 100,000 in One Month's Work.

[Jamestown Sun.]

The manufacture of grape baskets has grown to be an industry second only to the raising of the grape in many of the towns along the shore of Lake Erie. A grape basket is constructed of bass wood, and is made up of eight distinct pieces, minus the handle. The handles are not put on at the factories, but by the growers when used.

A good basketmaker can turn out about 50 baskets an hour if he moves lively. Formerly, what was known as the splint basket was used. It was a cheaper grade and not nearly so strong or durable, and containing but four pieces, was, of course, more easily made.

Many people while in the grape country might be curious to know just how many of these splint baskets could be made by one man working a month. A tilt that Perry Bigelow, now at North East, and Charles Bennett of Portland once had between them illustrates the possibilities of splint basket-making.

Each man differed somewhat as to the capabilities of the other in that direction, and to settle the matter they started a 30-day match, without gloves, catch-as-catch-can, no particular rules to govern, and each to work as many hours as he chose. So it was not only a question of expertness, but of endurance. Both worked in the same shop.

What a pounding. Up and down like a flash moved the hammers in the hands of the two men; like a flash the splints were bent into place and the nails sent flying into their sides with the speed of so many hornets, and baskets rained on the floor in a shower.

Did the boys begin to get tired in the course of a week or two? Well, if they did they didn't show it. The longer they kept at it the faster they worked. Their movements were almost automatic and as regular as clockwork, and so evenly matched were the men that on the 29th of the month there wasn't a difference in their piles of 20. Ever and anon Charley would stop to wipe his face and Perry would gain on him; then Perry, mayhap, would have to brush a fly away, and then it was that Charley got in his fine work.

The night preceding the last day Perry went to a dance, returning at 3 o'clock. The race was about even up, and he thought that by slipping into the factory at that hour and working until breakfast at a lively jog he would have Bennett demoralized and beaten. He had just picked up his hammer and spat on his hands when the door opened, and lo! there was Bennett!

Four hours till breakfast, five to dinner, and then till 6 o'clock—tap, tap, tap! It was better than a bear dance and lively enough to stir the most stolid citizen. Neighbors gathered in a crowd around the shop and watched the fun. At exactly 6 o'clock, Perry threw his hammer out of the window. He was just five baskets behind. Score: Bennett, 52,050; Bigelow, 52,045.

THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations..............3 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.

	Bid. (June 1)	Asked. (June 1)	Bid. (May 29)	Asked. (May 29)
Anniston City	..	39½	..	39½
Aspinwall	9	..	9	..
Boston	5½	6	..	6
Boston Water Power	..	2¾	2½	2¾
Boylston	..	3⅛	..	3⅛
Brookline	4	5	4⅛	5
Campobello	1	1¼	1	1⅜
Cambridge Field	4¾	6	4¾	..
Cutler	1¾	..	..	1½
East Boston	3¾	4	3¾	4
Frenchman's Bay	5	5¼	5	5¾
Franklin Park	27½	..	27½	..
Gouldsboro	.50	..	.50	..
Lamoine	.15	.20	.16	.17
Maverick	..	2¾	..	2¾
Nahant	.75	..	.75	..
Newport	..	2¾	..	2¾
Payson	1	1½	1	1½
Penobscot Bay	..	.60	..	.65
San Diego	18	20	18	20
Sullivan Harbor	.50	..	..	..
Topeka	.75	.80	.75	..
West End	20	20¼	20	20½
Winter Harbor	.25	..	.25	..
Winthrop	1¾	2	1.93¾	2
Wollaston	.50	.75	.58	.75
RAILROAD STOCKS.				
Atch, Topeka & S Fe	29⅞	30	31	31¼
Atlantic & Pacific	4⅞	5	4⅞	..
Boston & Albany	202	..	..	202½
Boston & Lowell	175	176	176	..
Boston & Maine	195	..	196	197
Boston & Providence	..	252¾	..	252½
Central Massachusetts	18	19	18	19
Central Mass preferr'd	37½	38	37½	38½
Chi, Bur & Quincy*	87⅜	..	..	..
Cleveland & Canton	5¼	6¼	5½	..
Cleveland & Can pref	21¼	22	21	..
Fitchburg common	..	24	..	..
Fitchburg preferred	79	..	79½	..
Flint & Pere Marq prf	..	77½	..	77½
Mexican Central	19½	20	20	20½
New York & New Eng	..	33¼	34¾	35
New York & N E pref	95	96	101	102
Northern	137	..	137	..
Old Colony	164	164½	..	167½
Oregon Short Line	24¾	25¼	26½	27
Portland, Saco & Ports	128	..	128	..
Rutland common	3	..	3	..
South California pref	..	..	7	..
Summit Branch	..	..	5½	..
Union Pacific	43¾	43½	45¾	46
West End common	..	80	79½	80
West End preferred	82½	83	82½	..
Wisconsin Central	18⅝	19¾	19¼	19¾
Wisconsin Cen pref	44	..	..	..
RAILROAD BONDS.				
Atchison, T & S Fe 4s	77	77¼	77¼	77½
Atchison incomes	45	45⅜	46⅛	46¾
Bos United Gas 1st 5s	..	87	..	87
Bos United Gas 2d 5s	71	..	71	72
Chi, Bur & North 5s	98	100	..	100
Mexican Central 4s	71	71⅝	71	..
Mexican Cen 1st inc	..	37	35¾	37
Mexican Cen 2d inc 3s	..	..	19	21
Wisconsin Cen 1st 5s	..	93	..	92
Wisconsin Cen inc 5s	..	..	38	40
MINING STOCKS.				
Allouez	3½	3¾	3⅜	3⅝
Arnold	.80	..	.80	..
Atlantic	16	16¼	15¼	15¾
Bonanza	..	.60	..	.60
Boston & Montana	44¼	44½	44	45½
Butte & Boston	16	16¼	16	16¼
Calumet & Hecla	255	260	253	256
Catalpa	..	.30	..	.30
Centennial	15¾	16¾	16	16¾
Crescent	.10	..	.10	..
Dunkin	.60	..	.60	..
Franklin	18⅜	18¾	18	18¾
Humboldt	20	..	..	..
Huron	2¼	..	2½	..
Kearsarge	13½	14	13¾	14
Lake Superior	..	..	47½	50
Napa	..	5	..	..
National	1½	..	2¾	..
Osceola	38½	..	37½	38
Pewabic	..	..	6	12
Quincy	106	110	105	110
Ridge	.50	..	.50	..
Santa Fe	..	..	.52½	.57½
Tamarack	159¾	160	152	154
TELEPHONE STOCKS.				
American Bell	197	197½	198	199
Erie	48	49	48	49
Mexican	1	1.20	1.22½	1¼
New England	50	..	50	..
Tropical	.65	..	..	.60
MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.				
Eastman Car Heater	2	3	2⅛	2½
Eastman Car H pref	5	..	5	..
Edison Phono Doll	.50	1	.50	..
Lamson Store Service	16	17¼	16½	17½
National Cordage	102¼	102½	102⅞	..
Pullman Palace Car	..	185	..	185
Reece Buttonhole	..	14	..	14
Stand Stave & Coop'e	103½	..	102¾	..
UNLISTED STOCKS.				
American Cotton Oil	..	..	23⅞	24½
Bay State Gas	20½	30	..	..
European Welding	60	70	60	70
Fort Wayne Electric	12⅛	12½	12¼	12½
National Lead Trust	18⅛	18⅜	18⅛	18⅜
Sugar certific'ts com	86½	86¾	..	..
Sugar certific'ts pref	93	93½	92½	93
Thomson-Hous Elec	42½	43¼	43	44
Thomson-Hous E pref	25½	25¾	25½	25¾
do series C	..	..	8¾	9
do series D	7	7⅛	7	7¼
Westinghouse Electric	13¼	13½	13⅝	13⅞

*Ex-dividend.

In a Bird Store.

[Life.]

Prospective purchaser—What a thoughtful looking parrot! Polly want a cracker?

The parrot (late of Boston)—I am aware, my dear madam, that there exists an almost universal but erroneous belief that all parrots manifest a predilection for crackers. This hypothesis would be amusing were it not for the intimation it affords of the pathetic paucity of the dietetic knowledge upon the part of the masses. May I awsk if you are aware that there is more nutriment and inspiration in a single plate of beans than in three score and ten crackers? A thorough appreciation of Browning will never follow a regimen of crackers. But what is the matter, may I ask? You manifest considerable perturbation.

CHECKERS.

EDWIN A. DURGIN.............Editor.

BOSTON, June 2, 1891.

All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Edwin A. Durgin, lock drawer 5220, Boston, Mass.

Chess Divan, 210 Tremont st. Chess and checker players meet day and evening.

Chess and checker players also meet daily at C. Taylor's, 118 Water st.

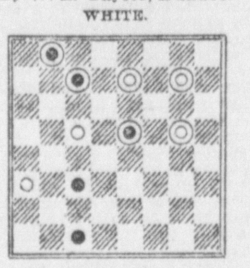
Solution of Position No. 1541.

See game No. 2380, at note C.

Position No. 1542.

By W. L. Taylor, Dundee.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and win.

Something "cute" from the Dundee People's Journal.

Game No. 2380—Single Corner.

By Edwin A. Durgin, Boston, Mass.

11.15	10.14	20.27	7.10	25.30
22.18	18.15	32.14	8. 3	18.22
15.22	7.10	6. 9	5. 9	D-31.27
25.18	19.16	14.10-A	3. 7	24.20
8.11	12.19	7.14	10.14	27.31
24.19	23.16	15.10	6. 1	6. 1
11.16	10.19	8.11	18.23	9.14
29.25	24.15	10. 6	28.24	1. 6
9.13	2. 7	11.15	23.26	30.26
26.22	16.12	6. 2	25.21	6. 9
5. 9	1. 5	2-14.17-B	26.31-1	26.17
27.24	26.23	21.14	1. 6	9.18
16.20	14.18	9.18	14.18	W. wins.
31.27	23.14	2. 6-C	7.11	
4. 8	9.18	3. 7	18.25	
30.26	27.24	12. 8	11.18	

A—Schaefer and Kelly's single corner, var. 69, gives 22.18 and 15.10, both resulting in a draw.

B—Loses.

C—Solution of position No. 1541.

9.14-D 24.20 W. wins.

(Var. 1.)

26.30	30.25	22.17	13.22	6.13
1. 6				W. wins.

(Var. 2.)

15.19	28.24	6.10*	22.15	10.17
2. 6	23.26	14.18	9.14	13.29
19.23				Drawn.

The Scottish Championship.

As announced in our second edition last week, Ferrie, by winning on Friday afternoon the 27th game in his match with Bryden, secured the title of champion of Scotland as well as the stakes of £100 at issue. On Saturday the stakes were formally handed over to the winner in Mr. Duffy's, North Albion st. Mr. R. McCall, referee and stakeholder, congratulated both players on the courteous, fair and straightforward way everything in connection with the match had been done, and added that his duties as referee had been quite a sinecure.

It is too soon yet, perhaps, to talk of the likely aspirants or challengers for the championship, now that it has been settled; but it is an "open secret" that both McKelvie of Glasgow and Reid of Kilmarnock—best known as "Reid of Mauchline"—are desirous of crossing swords with Ferrie. But breathing time at least will be allowed the champion; and when the time comes, should he accept either or both challenges, there will be a lively, close and interesting contest.

The following is a complete list of the openings played in the match and their result:

FIRST DAY'S PLAY.

1. Kelso—Ferrie's move, drawn.
2. Kelso—Bryden's move, drawn.
3. Bristol—Ferrie's move, Ferrie won.
4. Bristol—Bryden's move, Ferrie won.
5. Double Corner—Ferrie's move, drawn.
6. Double Corner—Bryden's move, drawn.

SECOND DAY'S PLAY.

7. Dundee—Ferrie's move, drawn.
8. Dundee—Bryden's move, drawn.
9. Glasgow—Ferrie's move, Bryden won.
10. Defiance—Bryden's move, drawn.
11. Edinburgh—Ferrie's move, drawn.

THIRD DAY'S PLAY.

12. Edinburgh—Bryden's move, Ferrie won.
13. Denny—Ferrie's move, Bryden won.
14. Denny—Bryden's move, Ferrie won.
15. Cross—Ferrie's move, drawn.
16. Cross—Bryden's move, drawn.

FOURTH DAY'S PLAY.

17. Switcher—Ferrie's move, drawn.
18. Switcher—Bryden's move, drawn.
19. Centre—Ferrie's move, drawn.
20. Centre—Bryden's move, drawn.

FIFTH DAY'S PLAY.

21. Laird and Lady—Ferrie's move, drawn.
22. Laird and Lady—Bryden's move, Ferrie won.
23. Second Double Corner—Ferrie's move, drawn.
24. Second Double Corner—Bryden's move, dr.
25. Single Corner—Ferrie's move, drawn.

SIXTH DAY'S PLAY.

26. Single Corner—Bryden's move, drawn.
27. Fife—Ferrie's move, Ferrie won.

Total score—Ferrie, 6; Bryden, 2; drawn, 19.

Bryden started the 26th game by playing the routine 11.15, and Ferrie, according to the rules, had to form the Single Corner opening in reply. After an hour and a half's play the position of the respective forces was as follows: Black men on 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 20, 22; white men on 12, 15, 16, 27, 28, 30, 32. Black (Bryden) to play:

5. 9	22.26	7.14	30.26	26.23
28.24	30.23	19.15	23.19	19.15
9.13	17.21	21.25	14.18	23.32
24.19	28.24	16.11	15.10	24.19
13.17	6. 9	25.30	9.13	32.27
32.28	15.10	11. 4	4. 8	10. 7

The following shows the ending of the 27th and last game: Black men on 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 10, 22; white men on 5, 13, 16, 17, 21, 24, 29, 31. White (Bryden) to play:

24.20	20.16	31.27	23.18	29.22
10.15	19.24	28.32	27.23	6. 9
16.11	16.12	27.23	18.14	13. 6
15.19	24.28	32.27	22.25	2.25

And Ferrie won the game and match.

Through the courtesy of the players we are enabled to give two of the games of the match, with notes by Mr. J. Searight. The games, we are informed, will shortly be published by Mr. A. D. Ritchie of Tillicoultry (late secretary of the Glasgow Draughts Association), who has bought the copyright:

25th Game—Single Corner.

Ferrie's move:

11.15	21.24	1. 6	23.18	7.11
22.18	6.10	26.22	C-11.16	27.23
15.22	29.25	4. 8	19.15	11.15
25.18	10.17	27.23	16.19	10. 7
12.16	25.21	6.10	32.27	2.11
18.14-A	8.11-B	31.26	3. 8	14.10
9.18	21.14	10.17	18.14	8.12
23.14	16.20	22.13	D-12.16	E-10. 7
10.17	24.19	8.12	15.10	Drawn.

A—The late Mr. Strickland, blindfold champion, considered this the strongest reply to 12.16, we suppose because it prevents the formation of the Flora Temple and other intricate lines.

B—17.22 is usually played here to break the strength of white's double corner.

C.

2. 6	3. 8	12.16	5. 9	16.19
19.15	26.23	32.27	28.24	Drawn.

D.

20.24	7.10	2.18	18.23	8.15
27.20	14. 7	*20.16	16.11	28.24
				Drawn.

E—A neat, original ending.

26th Game—Single Corner.

Bryden's move:

11.15	25.21	7.23	30.23	14.18
22.18	10.17	26.12	17.21	15.10
15.22	21.14	2. 7	28.24	9.13
25.18	1. 6	24.19	6. 9	4. 8
9.13	26.23	17.22-C	15.10	26.23
29.25	13.17	19.16	7.14	19.15
12.16	31.26	5. 9	19.15	23.32
18.14-A	8.11	28.24	21.25	24.19
10.17	23.19-B	9.13	16.11	Drawn.
21.14	4. 8	24.19	25.30	
16.20	19.15	13.17	11. 4	
23.18	11.16	32.28	30.26	
6.10	14.10	22.26-D	23.19	

A—This forms the famous "Flora Temple" opening, which may be found illustrated with 180 variations in Drummond's "Fifth."

B—This is known among Scottish players as "Moir's Variation," having been long a favorite with that celebrated player.

C—7.10 looks promising for a neat win; for if white replies 28.24, 17.22, 32.28, 22.26, 30.23, 5.9, he is cornered, but 27.23 draws easily.

D—Nothing better; white, although a piece ahead, requiring to be very careful.

There is not, we believe, a single "repeat" in the 27 games—every second game presenting an interesting variation from its companion in the same opening.—[Glasgow Herald.

Flashes of News.

J. A. Kear expresses a desire to meet any of the London experts in a match for £10 a side and will allow £2 for expenses to have the match played at Bristol.

A match for the championship of London and a stake of £5 a side has been arranged between F. Tescheleit, present champion, and J. G. Lewis.

The Patterson vs. Newark team match still hangs fire.

The International Draught Magazine for March and April is full of good things. Besides 18 problems, with solutions, it has 33 games, including match games between Drummond Lewis, played in 1852, and Brown and Busby, 1868, an interesting Fife analysis by Joseph Yates, and R. Holding has an analysis on the double corner, showing a correction of Robertson's Guide.

C. F. Barker is getting in fine form for his coming match with Champion Reed. By the way, Jimmie, don't eat any coughdrops this time.

Messrs. Briggs of Minneapolis, Minn., and McLaughlin of Scarboro, Me., have been with us for a few days.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, June 1.

BUTTER—There have been good receipts of butter this week, but prices are unchanged. The demand has picked up a little since our last report, and where dealers only purchased for present requirements they are now buying in larger lots. We quote: Northern creamery, extra, 20; Western creamery, extra, 18@20; do, extra 1st, 17@..; do, 1st, 16@17; Franklin Co. (Mass.) creamery, extra, box, 20@..; do, extra dairy, 19@..; Vermont extra dairy, 18@19; do, extra New York, 17@18; New York and Vermont extra 1st, 16@..; do, 1st, 15@..; Western dairy, extra 1st, 16@..; do, 1st, 14@15; Western imitation creamery, extra, 16@17; Western ladle-packed, ex. 1st, 15.

CHEESE—Old cheese is still the most active thing in the market. Though there is considerable new arriving it is yet skim or part skim. Prices are steady.

We quote: New York extra, 10@10½c ℔ lb; do, 1st, 8½@9½; do, 2ds, 7@8; Vermont extra, 9½@10; do, 1st, 8@8½; do, 2ds, 7@7½; sage, nominal; part skims, 5@6; skims, 2@3; Ohio flat, extra, 9@9½; do 1st, 8@8½.

EGGS—There is a good demand for eggs and the market is firm.

We quote: Near-by and cape, fancy, 17@18c ℔ doz; Eastern extra, 17c; do, 1st, 16@17; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, 17@18; Michigan extras, 16½@17; Western 1st, 16@16½; P. E. Island, 16@16½c.

BEANS—The market is dull and easy. Receipts are light.

We quote the current prices as follows: Choice Northern, hand picked, $....@.... per bushel; New York, small, hand picked, $2.40@2.50; do, marrow, $2.35@....; do, screened, $2.00@2.25; do, 2ds, $1.60@1.90; medium choice hand picked, $2.35@....; do, screened, $2.00@2.25; yellow eyes, extra, $2.80@2.85; do, 2ds, $2.00@2.70; red kidneys, $2.25@3.00. Foreign Beans—Pea, $2.25@2.35; Mediums, $2.00@2.25.

DOMESTIC FRUITS—We quote: Apples, Northern Spy, good to choice, $4.50@5.50 per bbl; Rox. Russets, $4.00@5.00; Golden Russets, $4.00@4.50 ℔ bbl; No 1, N. H. & Mass. Baldwins, $4.50@5.00 ℔ bbl; No. 1, Maine, do, $4.00@5.00; No. 2, Maine, $2.50@3.00; Talman Sweet, $3.00 per bbl.

Evaporated apple, fancy, 14@15c; fair to good, 13@14; sun-dried, sliced and quartered, 10@11c.

Cranberries, $8.00@10.00 ℔ bbl; do, fancy, $11.00@12.00 ℔ bbl.

Strawberries—Maryland, good to choice, 10@12c per quart; Norfolk, good to choice, 6@9c; Delaware, good to choice, 10@14c.

VEGETABLES—There is a good business being done in potatoes, which are in good supply and sell at firm prices; sweets continue dull. Asparagus is in little better supply. Cabbages are in fair demand. Green peas are easy in price on account of good supply and quiet demand. Onions are dull. String beans are steady. Turnips are dull. We quote the following current prices:

Potatoes—Hebron, $....@3.25 per bbl; Rose, $3.25 per bbl.

Sweet potatoes—Jersey, extra, $2.

Cabbage, $1.50@2 per bbl.

Onions, Bermuda, per crate, $2.00; Egyptian, per 112 lbs, $1.50@2.25.

Squash, Hubbard, $50.00@60.00 per ton.

Spinach, Norfolk, per bbl., $1.50@2.25.

Turnips—White Cape, per bbl., 75@90c; St. Andrews, 75@85c; Canadian, 80c.

Asparagus, Norfolk, ℔ doz., $2.00.

Green pease, North Carolina, per crate, $1.00@1.50.

HAY AND STRAW—Receipts continue moderate and the market is steady. Following are the latest quotations:

Fancy hay, $14.00@15.00 per ton; do, fair to good, $13.00@14.00; ordinary, $11.00@12.00; hay and clover, mixed, $9.00@11.00; swale, $9.00; poor to ordinary, $9.00@10.00.

Rye straw, $17.50@18.00 per ton; oat straw, $7.00@7.50 per ton.

Groceries.

COFFEE—We quote: Java pa'gs, pale, 23¾@24¼; do, medium brown, 24¼@24½c; do, fancy brown, 24¾@25c; do, Timor, 23½@..c; do, Buitenzorg, ..@..c; do, Malang, ...@....c; do, Tagals, 23¼@..c; do, Ankola, 26½@27....c; do, Holland bags, 23c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 26¾@28c; Mocha, ...@25¼c; Rios, prime, 21c; do fair, 20¼c; do, ordinary, 18¾c; low ordinary, 17½c; Maracaibo, 20¾@....c; do ordinary, 20@20¼c; Bucramanger, 21¾@22¾c; Caracas, 20½@23c; Languayra, ...@20c; Costa Rica, 20¼@22¾c; Jamaica, 18½@20c; Guatemala, 21@22¾c; Mexican, 21½@22½c; Hayti, 18½@19c.

RICE—We quote: Louisiana and Carolina, Choice, 6¼@6½c; Prime, 5¾; Good, 5¼@5½; Fair, ..@..; Rangoon (duty paid), 4¾@5; Java, 5¼@..; Japan, 5¾; Patna, 5¼.

FRUITS AND NUTS—Following are the current quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.25@2.50; Muscatel, new, $2.50@3.00; Sultana, 22@23; Eleme, ...; Valencia, new, 7⅛@7¾; do, Ondara, 7@8. Currants, $5.00@5.50. Citron, Leghorn, 17@20. Dates—Persian, new, 3½@5½; do, fard, new, 7@9. Figs—Layers, 12@20; do, keg, 7½@9. Prunes, French, case, 10¼@15; do, Turk, new, 7@8c; do bag, 5@6c. Lemons—Palermo, $4.00@6.00; Messina, $4.00@6.00. Oranges—Jamaica bxs, $....@....; Sicily, $4.00@5.00; Florida, $2.50@5.00. Bananas—Baracoa, yellow, $1.00@1.15; do, Red, 75@85c; Port Limon, $1.50@1.75; Jamaica, No. 1, $1.50@75; 8 hands, $1.50; No. 2, 75c. Walnuts, Naples, 14@15c; Castinas, 6½@8c; Pecans, 13@15c; Filberts, 9@10c; Almonds, 16@17c; Peanuts, hand-picked, 5@5½c; do, Fms, 2½@4c; Shellbarks, $1.50@2.00.

REFINED SUGAR—We quote: Cut-loaf, 5½c; crushed, 5½c; pulverized, 4⅞@5c; cubes, 4⅞c; powdered, 4⅞c; granulated, 4 3-16@4¼c; Diamond A, 4 3-16c; Standard Confectioners' A, 4⅛; soft whites, 3⅝c; Extra C, 3¾c; yellow, 3⅜c.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR—Following are the current prices for carload lots of flour:

Fine flour, $2.90@3.25; Superfine, $3.25@4.00; Common extras, $3.95@4.20; Choice extras, $4.05@4.30; Minnesota bakers, $5.10@5.45; patents, $....@....; Michigan roller, $5.40@5.65; New York, do, $5.40@5.55; Ohio and Indiana, $5.45@5.60; do, straight, $5.60@5.75; do, do, patent, $5.65@5.95; St. Louis and Illinois clear, $5.40@5.55; do, straight, $5.60@5.75; do, patent, $5.80@5.95; Spring wheat patents, $5.90@6.25 ℔ bbl.

CORN—We quote: High mixed, 70@..c ℔ bush; Steamer yellow, 69@..c ℔ bush; Steamer mixed, 60c ℔ bush; ordinary, ..c ℔ bush.

OATS—No. 1 and Fancy, clipped, 61@..c ℔ bush; standard, do, ..@61c; No. 2, white, 62c ℔ bush; No. 3, do, 59c ℔ bush; rejected white, ..@..c; No 2, mixed, 59c.

Fish.

FISH—Following are the current prices for the week past:

Mackerel—Extra bloater mess, $28.00; No. 1, do $22.00; No. 1 shore, $22.00; No. 1 Bay, $19.00; No. 2 Bay, $18.00; No. 3, large, $16.00 No. 3, small, $11@12.00; No. 3, medium, $13.00@14.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $....@6.50; do, do, medium, $5.25@....; Pickled Bank, $....@5.75; Georges, $....@6.25; Shore, $....@6.00; Hake, $....@3.00; Haddock, $....@3.75; Pollock, pickl'd $....@2.75; do, slack salted, $3.00; Boneless Hake, 5@6c ℔ lb; Boneless Haddock, ...@6c; Boneless Cod, 7@8c.

Herring—Nova Scotia Splits, large, $7.00; do, medium, $4.75; Labrador, $6.25; Round Shore, large, $5.00; domestic Alewives, nominal.

Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, native packer, ...@9c; New England steers, green, 5½@..; do, cow, 4@..c; do, do, bulls, 3½; Salted steers, ...@7½c; cows, 6@..; bulls, ..@5½. Calfskins—deacons, 40@60c; 5@7 lbs, 70@75; 7@9 lbs, 80@85; 9@12 lbs, ..c@$1.05; 12@18 lbs, $1.15@1.20; Texas, dry-salted, ..@8; Tex flint rough, 10@10½; Texas kips, 10@..; Buenos Ayres hides, 13½; Rio Grande, ..@12½; Montevideo, 13½@..; Cordova, 12½@14¾; Rio Grande kips, 11½@12½; Sierra Leone, 12½@..; Bissao & Gambia, 8¾@9¼; Zanzibar hides, 9@..; Tamative, 8@..; Majungas, ..@8¼; Dry Chinas, 10½@12.

SALT—Quotations: Liverpool, in bond, ℔ hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; Bostonian, $1.35@1.50; Liverpool, c. f., 85c@$1.00; Cadiz, in bond, $1.87½; Trapani, in bond, $2.00; Turks Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—We quote Potato starch at 4⅝@4¾c; Corn, 3¼@3⅜c; Wheat, 5¼@6c.

SEEDS—Quotations: Clover, West, 8@9 ℔ lb; do, North, 9@10; do, white, 18@20; do, Alsike, 18@20; do, Lucerne, 20@25; Redtop, West, ℔ sack, $2.00@2.50; do, Jersey, $2.25@2.50; Rhode Island Bent, ℔ bush, ..@$2.50; Hungarian, $1.10@1.28; Golden Millet, $1.25@1.50; Common do, $1.10@1.28; Orchard, $2.00@2.50; Blue Grass, $2.50@3.00; Timothy, West, $1.75@1.85; do, North, $1.75@1.85; American Flaxseed, $2.00@2.25.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 4⅞@5; Country, 4½@5; Bone, 4½@4⅝; house grease, ..@4½; grease, tanners, 2¼@2¾; do, chip, 2½@2¾; do, naphtha, 1½@2; do, hard, 2@5.

TOBACCO—We quote: Havana wrappers, $5.00@7.00; do, fine fillers, $1.10@1.25; do, good fillers, 80@95c; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 70@85; fair, 60@75; Kentucky lugs, 3½@5c; do, leaf, 6½@10½c; Havana s'd wr's, 40@60; do, 2ds, 20@35; do, binders, 12@18; do, seed fill, 5@8; Conn and Mass fill, 8@10; do, binders, 12@17; do, 2ds, 18@25; do, fair wrappers, 25@30; do, fine wrappers, 35@45; Penn wrappers, 20@40; do, fillers, 10@20; Sumatra wraps, light, $2.50@3; do, dark, $2@2.25.

WOOL—The receipts of wool the past week were 5787 bales domestic and 2115 bales foreign, against 7672 bales domestic and 7473 bales foreign last week, and 8531 bales domestic and 6725 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1890.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week past:

Cattle, 2629; sheep, 10,097; shotes, ...; veals, 2388; hogs, 30,426; horses, 696.

Prices of western beeves ranged from $5.00@6.50 per 100 lbs., live weight. Northern cattle sold at $7.50@8.00.

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

Cents ℔ lb.		Each.	
Brighton hides..6	@7½	Sheepskins ..$	75@1.25
Brighton tall'w.3	@4	Lambskins ..	$1.00@1.50
Country hides..5	@6	Dairyskins...	25@40c
Country tall'w..2	@3	Calfskins ...$	.@.

Pelts, 75c@$1.50.

Proper Bridal Etiquette.

[Ladies' Home Journal.]

There are many little things about weddings that people inquire about. The bride writes a personal note of thanks for every gift received, whether it be a great one or a little one, and if she cannot do this before the ceremony, she does it after the bridal trip.

In the church the bridegroom's family and friends sit at the right of the altar, being on the bridgroom's right hand, while those of the bride are placed on the left at the bride's left. The bridegroom does not pay for anything connected with the wedding unless he should choose to send bouquets to the bridemaids, and, of course, to the bride, and presents and boutonnieres to his best man and the ushers.

A widow removes her first wedding ring at her second marriage, and does not assume it again. The engagement ring is taken from the third finger of the left hand and worn afterwards as a guard to the wedding ring. It is not considered good taste to cut the finger out of the glove for assuming the ring.

Eminently Correct.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"What do you say to a tramp in the park?"

"I never pay any attention to the horrid things."

"HER ADVENTURER."

By WILLIAM E. BALDWIN.

Perhaps it was because Edward Slocomb was in love with Carrie Tracy that he disliked Jack Mordaunt so much.

On the morning after Mrs. Aspinwall Jones' dance Slocomb was leisurely dressing in his room at the hotel. There was a knock at his door and a telegram was handed in.

"Come at once," he read. He glanced at the signature—simply "Grace."

Slocomb read the telegram again and ran his fingers through his hair in perplexity.

"Who the devil is Grace?" he muttered.

Then he looked at the telegram again. There was a mistake. Slocomb rushed out into the hall. The messenger boy was just going down stairs. He shouted to the boy, but he continued on his way. Slocomb threw a slipper he held in his hand and struck the boy between the shoulder blades.

"Can't you hear?" he said, angrily. "Come back. This telegram is not for me; it is for Mr. Mourdant. His room is 13, mine is 18."

The boy took the telegram off and Slocomb went on dressing. When he found himself trying to shave himself with a clasp knife instead of a razor, he looked intently into the glass and cried:

"What's up? What's the man going to do? By Jove, he shan't marry Carrie if I can help it."

After this very emphatic speech Slocomb went down to breakfast.

His perplexity and anger were not out of place, however. If you ever happened into a conservatory and found a man kissing the girl you love you know how Slocomb felt.

This is exactly what took place at the dance the night before. Slocomb was very much surprised at Carrie. He thought she knew better than that.

She danced with Mourdant altogether too much, and she ran off with him into the conservatory altogether too many times. It looked odd, indeed. People noticed it, and commented on it without mercy.

"If they are engaged, all right," said they. "Otherwise—," and shoulders were shrugged and eyebrows elevated.

Jack Mourdant was a social success at Lenox; and that for a man means a good deal. No one cared to know where he came from; no one cared to know about his family. He was handsome in his dark Spanish way, a good dancer—dancing men are so very scarce—and he always said the right thing in the right place.

But Slocomb was not at all satisfied with him. He could not take him as the rest of the people did. A man who danced with his cousin, Carrie Tracy, must be something more than a four weeks' wonder.

Carrie was Slocomb's cousin in a distant sort of a way, and a half engagement existed between them. Slocomb had not spoken, however. He was Carrie's constant companion, and, with Mrs. Tracy as chaperone, they were out a great deal together.

It was the mother's place to put a stop to this Mourdant business, but she was quite as much fascinated with the man as her charming daughter. Therefore it fell on Slocomb's shoulders to see that nothing came of the rapidly growing intimacy. He had done his best, but he came into the conservatory just too late.

Carrie Tracy was annoyed at his appearance. Mourdant excused himself hurriedly. Slocomb took occasion to lecture Carrie in a cousinly way. She was very sulky, however, and snubbed him without mercy.

Why Slocomb distrusted Mourdant was on account of a very odd episode that had occurred a week before. There had been a tennis party at one of the cottages, and going home Slocomb had stumbled on Mourdant in a bypath, talking earnestly with a strange woman. It was very embarrassing. Slocomb begged pardon, was awfully sorry, and withdrew as quickly as possible. He said nothing to the man about it, however, until the dance. Mourdant's attention to Carrie was so noticeable that something ought to be done.

"This thing must be stopped," said Slocomb savagely to Mourdant, later in the evening.

"What thing?" asked the young fellow, with a frank smile.

"This kissing my cousin, for one thing, and secret meetings with a woman for another," said Slocomb in his blunt way.

Mourdant grew angry. Slocomb had no right to talk that way.

"I'll not explain about that affair after the tennis party," he said, hotly. "I'll not betray a woman's secret. She came to the hotel to see me; it was necessary she should see me at once. They sent her to the cottage. Our meeting was accidental."

Mourdant stalked off and deigned no further explanation.

Some time later Slocomb found himself in Albany and he saw Mourdant and "Grace" again. Mourdant was just coming in on the train from Lenox; "Grace" met him at the station. It was the day after Slocomb got the telegram by mistake. The thing did not look well at all. Slocomb hurried back to Lenox. He resolved to tell Carrie Tracy the whole miserable story.

"And what are you going to do about it?" she asked coolly, when Slocomb finished the narration.

"What am *I* going to do about it?" he echoed in amazement. He did not know what to make of Carrie's utter nonchalance. "That's not the question. What are *you* going to do about it?"

Carrie Tracy only leaned back in her chair and looked at her cousin with question marks in both of her pretty blue eyes.

"Really it seems to me that you are awfully cut up about this."

"But I am," declared Slocomb earnestly—"awfully. Good heavens, Carrie, can you see a man carry on a double game before your eyes and not say a word or lift a finger?"

"What can I do?" She said this wearily, and then Slocomb saw what was beneath her mask of cold raillery. She had put on a bold front and tried to pass over it lightly. It was no use, however. Slocomb prided himself on his knowledge of human nature. He felt that he was not at fault in one fact—Carrie Tracy loved Mourdant.

They went to a dance that evening, and everyone noticed that Carrie Tracy was more beautiful than ever. Yet there was a pungent flavor to her wit, a sharp edge on her talk. Some ill-natured belles, who were becoming passe, said that she was becoming spoiled at last. Callow youths were placed in the seventh heaven by her unwonted sweetness to them. But every throb of the music, every waltz she heard brought back the memory of a pair of dark eyes, a low, tender voice and a dream that would come no more.

And so matters went on, and the wane of the season came. The story of Jack Mourdant came out, of course, with various modifications. Society shrugged its shoulders again, and pitied poor Carrie Tracy.

"Too bad!" everybody said. "She should know better than to fall in love with a handsome adventurer. He was an awfully nice fellow, though, but frightfully wild!"

And so Carrie Tracy had to stand by and hear all this, and accept the condolence of her friends. It was gall and wormwood to her, but it only made the triumph that came in October all the sweeter.

"You don't believe there is a man in the world you may trust?" she heard one girl say to another. She was sitting by a window in the hotel which opened upon a piazza. The two girls were pacing up and down outside.

"I know it sounds awfully silly, but I don't believe in trusting people."

"I wish you would let me tell you a little story; it's only an every-day sort of a story. It's from real life. I'll tell you the story of Jack Mourdant."

At this Carrie Tracy looked up quickly. She listened eagerly to every word. The two on the piazza had seated themselves near her.

"The family is an Albany one; there were four brothers, and he was the youngest. One of the brothers is now in Albany, the other abroad, the third is—well, was near Albany—in jail. It was his own fault that he got there; he was the black sheep of the family—Percy Mourdant. When a very young boy he was always stealing trifles from his schoolmates. There was no excuse for it. His family was rich and he had every advantage. Percy was an awfully wild boy.

"Jack had always been Percy's bosom friend. Again and again he had helped him out of scrapes. Percy was a quiet fellow to all appearances. He wore eye-glasses, and was meek as Moses. But he had the very devil in him. Jack seemed more like the rascal, with his dark Spanish beauty. Percy was light and had sandy hair. He appeared quite harmless.

"After they got out of college Percy behaved himself, but not for long. He got to gambling and drinking and all sorts of horrid things. The family was proud and extremely sensitive. They feared he would do something that would disgrace them forever; something that the sensational newspapers would make a hue and cry over as 'Another swell gone wrong!' you know what I mean.

"At last he did. He made an unfortunate marriage. A very good sort of a woman was Grace Morris, but quite below him. He did not stop here, but forged a large check on his father's name. The matter was partly hushed up. Old Col. Mourdant sent Percy away. And to make the matter worse, everybody in Albany was talking about it.

"Jack was the only one of the family who stuck to the unfortunate Percy. This summer Percy got into more and serious trouble. Grace came here to see Jack and get him to come to Albany to help him out. Jack couldn't come, but I believe he arranged for Grace to send word when she needed him.

"Jack went to Albany soon after; met his brother's wife at the station; arranged with her to help Percy out. His brother was in a serious fix this time. It was not a question of hushing up. It was a question of life and death. There had been a row in a low gambling resort. A man had been killed. Percy was not wholly to blame, but he had been held for—what do you call it?—manslaughter?

"Jack did some clever detective work then. He discovered that some of Percy's former associates had agreed to make the case so black that Percy would be convicted of murder after all. It was a serious matter. Percy must not stand trial. What should he do? He made one last appeal to Col. Mourdant, but it was of no use. Then what do you suppose Jack did? You will not believe me, perhaps, but it is true.

"He went to his father and said: 'See here, I am to have so much of your property when you die. I don't care to wait. There is an immediate use for the money. May I have my inheritance now?' Fancy that. His father was quite taken aback. He asked a few questions and let his erratic son have the money. It was a large sum, running far up into the thousands.

"This money—think of it—every cent he had in the world he used to get his brother off. I don't know how he did it. It was bailing him out or something of that sort. Percy and his wife sailed from San Francisco not long ago for Australia. An odd tale, is it not?"

Carrie Tracy didn't think so. She sat with shining eyes for some moments after, and then went down stairs. It was just then that the 'bus from the station came up to the door.

A man jumped out, and he never forgot the picture that she made as she came out on the piazza. The sun was low in the west, and the light played on her expressive face, on her hair, and lit up her eyes. When he saw her he stood quite still. He bared his head with a gesture reverential and devout, as if she were a being from another world. It was but an instant that they stood there. Then Carrie Tracy gave him her hand, and he looked into her eyes and saw that he was welcome.

Society was shocked at the reappearance of "her adventurer." Everybody wondered how he managed to get an invitation to the dance that evening, which happened to be at the Aspinwall-Joneses. But the true story got out, and Jack Mourdant became more and more popular. Even Edward Slocomb had to acknowledge that he was a good fellow. And he took the trouble of shaking hands with him and telling a pious fib that he was very glad to see him again. And when Carrie Tracy went into the conservatory again with Mourdant he did not care to follow.

A shower had come up shortly after sunset, and an hour after had cleared away. The moon had risen, making the rain-drops on the bushes and trees sparkle like diamonds. The lawn seemed covered with jewels, and drops of moisture still clung to the window panes, making them gleam. The clouds were moving rapidly about, now and then shading the moon. Some of them were dark, while others were so fleecy that it seemed as if one could crush them in one's hand. Presently the clouds blew away, and the sky was one delicate mass of subdued azure, except where the moon glowed.

In the music room they were playing a waltz, "Only Tonight." Then, in some unexplainable manner, Mourdant's head came very near hers, her gray-blue eyes intoxicated him, her full red lips were so tempting—and he had kissed her again.

This time Edward Slocomb did not come in and claim a dance; this time he did not lecture any one; but a half-hour after he shook hands with Mourdant and heartily congratulated him.

"And why don't I make love to a girl?" he remarked sagely to young Aspinwall-Jones when his cousin's engagement was announced; "and get married? Bah! It's an awful bore."

THE ENTRANCING WOMAN.

We Have All Seen Her But She Refuses Occasionally When She is Asked to be Our Wife.

[Mary R. Baldwin, in Harper's Bazar.]

One needs only a slight experience in general society to discover that taste has separate necessities in different individuals, and that beauty, wit, "style," a gift for light conversation, depth of mind, have each their admirers, a fact that sets the ones on the outside of the especial circumstance to wondering what there can possibly be in the particular woman to "draw."

Is there a woman who is universally entrancing? Is there one who commands worship swift and entire—a worship impatient of reasoning, that submits to no authority but that of insight?

If there is, we must naturally conclude that she possesses something that appeals to more than one side of human nature, and this does not mean that she has that diplomacy that in the beginning is perhaps nothing more than the desire to please the many, but which often degenerates into positive insincerity, but rather that unconscious touch upon her kind that comes from a very necessity of her being.

Sorrow and joy are at the extremes of human experience, and the woman who stands at the centre stretching sympathetic hands toward either condition must be the one who is essentially charming. Like Tennyson's "Rare pale Margaret," she stands "between the rainbow and the sun:"

This woman of the sweet confiding nature, who is thrilled with the delights of life, upon whom is flashed all the beauty and grace in nature, and yet who bears about her evidences that the storms have raged at the very centre of her soul, and that she has taken the hand of many a sufferer, to descend in sympathy to the deepest grave of affliction, is an enchantress.

She is the one to whom the young come with the enthusiasms and youthful fears and hopes; indeed, so perennial are the springs of renewal within her nature that in the passage of the years time seems to have refused to make its sign upon her, and yet the middle-aged and the old recognize in her a friend and helper.

To her the knightliness of the manliest manhood bows and offers protection. Perhaps all men naturally are susceptible to appeals to the strength of their arm and to their bravery of soul, and this something in a woman's eyes half revealed, this touch of sadness, few of the stronger sex are able to resist.

Such a woman is beyond the art of the copyist. Spend their efforts as they may in trying to reproduce the fascinating effects, women who envy her are never able to get a true copy. Sometimes they imagine that the secret may be found in a tone of the voice, or, again, in a glance of the eye, or in the pose of the figure; but in the effort to adapt these to their own personality they meet failure even before the first trial of their experiment is made in public.

But the entrancing woman pays her price, in a sense, for her power. The rainbow that is hung in beauty in the sight of the many to delight, cheer and inspire them was formed through the mist of her tears, and when the glorious colors fade away, some turn to behold the lonely figure that stands amid the clearing mists.

One Suit for Six.

Writing in the Century for June Dr. C. B. Gillespie relates this incident of a Sunday in Coloma, Cal., in '49:

A group of half a dozen Indians especially attracted my attention. They were strutting about in all the glory of newly acquired habiliments, but with this distinction—that one suit of clothes was sufficient to dress the whole crowd.

The largest and best looking Indian had appropriated the hat and boots, and without other apparel walked about as proudly as any city clerk.

Another was lost in an immense pair of pantaloons.

A third sported nothing but a white shirt with ruffled bosom.

A fourth flaunted a blue, swallow-tailed coat, bespangled with immense brass buttons.

A fifth was decked with a flashy vest, while the sixth had nothing but a red bandanna, which was carefully wrapped around his neck.

Thus what would scarcely serve one white man just as effectually accommodated six Indians.

A Faith Preserved.

[Life.]

Ethel—It's too bad it's cold. I prayed for a warm day. Does God always answer prayers?

Mamma—Yes, if you ask for a thing in the right way, and if you don't he reproves you by not giving it.

Ethel—Oh, I see now. The governess told me to try to say my prayers in French this month, and I guess I made mistakes.

A Circulating Ring.

[Jeweller's Circular.]

Alice—I met Minnie Renee today and she showed me the engagement ring that Horace Fledgely gave her.

Gwendolin—Is it a pretty one?

Alice—You remember the one he gave you and me?

Gwendolin—Let me think. Oh yes!

Alice—It's the same ring.

The Correct Reply.

[Fliegende Blatter.]

A widower, not long after the death of his wife, married the sister of the latter. A friend of his, returning from a distant journey, sympathetically inquired whom he was in mourning for. Somewhat embarrassed at the question, the widower replied: "For my sister-in-law."

TYPICAL PARIS WEDDING.

Just How Marriages are Made Among the Rich.

Love May Come Afterward, but It is Not a Necessary Precedent.

The Betrothal—The Marriage Contract—At the Church—Afterward.

[New York World.]

A French marriage always excites American curiosity at this time of the year, when tourists begin to throng Paris. No great marriage takes place without its being known by the English and Americans temporarily residing in Paris, just as if it were a new play in vogue.

The ceremonies of the Catholic church, in France especially, are very picturesque and often touching. And when foreigners come to a great Parisian church on a marriage day, and from the aisles observe what is going on in the nave, they seem to be trying to discover the hidden motive of these strange unions, which they do not understand.

In France marriage is not understood as it is in America, so it may be interesting to describe a "marriage bourgeois" which occurred the other day.

In the church of St. Germain des Pres last week the son of a manufacturer married the daughter of a tradesman. Both families enjoy a handsome income. Both houses are prosperous. This wedding was quite as much the uniting of the interests of two long-honored and successful firms as a union between two young and enthusiastic hearts. Here is how the marriage was brought about:

The young lady's mother one fine day bethought herself that her daughter's 20th birthday had come, and it was time she was married. The girl, when spoken to on the matter, offered no opposition; she declared herself ready. Her father looked about, and in the pursuit of the matrimonial game he acted the part of the beater-up.

As for the young lady—although chiefly concerned—her part was perfectly passive; she was waiting for a candidate. She dared not lift her eyes too high nor look too far about her, for fear of venturing beyond what her prudent parents wished. Her father set to work like a man of business and provident parent, who knew he gave his daughter a round sum of money, and might exact from his future son-in-law a similar situation.

Under such circumstances a father has no difficulty in finding pretenders. He examines the affairs, the fortune, the social position of the family, the education given to the young man, and if after that trial he judges him worthy of aspiring to his daughter's hand, he then consults her, or rather the mother comes forward and talks the thing over with the young lady.

At this point it is decided that an interview shall be brought about; the chosen place is sometimes a public garden, sometimes a museum or a theatre. Each party observes, watches from a distance, without appearing to know the other. If this proves favorable they draw nearer; some helpful friend will bring both families together at an evening or dinner party, and for the first time the two young people meet.

A few commonplace words pass between them; they learn to know the sound of each other's voice and the color of each other's eyes. That is nearly all they know of each other. If the young man, after having weighed everything, esteems that, after all, the affair may be considered a good one, he ventures to ask the father for his daughter's hand.

The young girl, swayed by her parents, whose opinion is made up, and who like the prospect of this match, would be at a loss indeed to find and express motives either for or against it. She accepts or refuses according to the impression made upon her by the gentleman's nose.

However, it may be the tenth time this comedy of presentation has been performed for her, and she may feel that her father begins to tire of recruiting candidates, and she may also note that her mother is getting impatient, and if the gentleman is not too unpleasant, especially if he be insignificant, she may think "this one is as good as another," and, submitting to her fate, draws a ticket in the lottery of matrimony.

The favorable news is conveyed to the young man, who hastens to buy the betrothal ring and sends white blossoms to his future wife. Both families meet at a dinner party and the betrothal is accomplished. The "fiances" are complete strangers to each other; they know neither each other's tastes, ideas, habits nor feelings.

Hitherto they have been kept apart, as if bringing them together must have occasioned a sudden explosion; they are now abruptly brought face to face; they are betrothed, and as yet they know next to nothing of each other.

Then begins the second period, that of courtship—a perfect torture to the fiance. The first period, the preliminary one, may have lasted one or two months or only a fortnight, according to the facility or the difficulty of the inquest. The average duration of the second period is six weeks or two months.

If the two young people do not manage to get acquainted with each other in that short time, so much the worse. Afterwards it will be too late.

Nearly every evening the young man dines at the house of his betrothed, or else he must go with her to the innumerable dinners and private parties given in their honor by relations and friends. He must remember to send flowers at least four times a week; he must send a number of presents; he must spend lots of time at different tradesmen's; he must find an "apartment" and furnish it.

And as, on the other hand, he has business to attend to, the poor fellow is soon knocked up. The situation of a fiance, he thinks, is really over-fatiguing, and he longs for that trying period to be over. He begs for the wedding to be advanced. They admire his enthusiasm, his eagerness, and concede a few days to his entreaties.

A week before the fatal day comes the signature of the marriage settlements. All near relations of the betrothed pair assemble at the young lady's house, and there the "contract"—in which both fortunes are set down and all money matters minutely settled, in which also the death of each party is foreseen—is solemnly read by the notary of the fiancee in the presence of the young man's notary and of the assembled family. All bystanders gravely witness the important deed with their signatures, and it all ends with a dinner and a ball.

The marriage is drawing near. It consists of two distinct ceremonies, very different in their nature. The young people are married first at the "Mairie" and the day after or the third day at church. They attend first to the prescriptions of the law and then to the church. An afternoon, towards 4 o'clock, their nearest relations surrounding them, they betake themselves before "Mr. Le Maire," who reads aloud, in the cold-looking marriage room, the articles of the "Code" concerning wedded life, and requires their vow of compliance.

Then, with ungloved hands, all sign their name on the marriage register and the deed is done, the marriage is complete before the law and cannot be broken off except under grave circumstances foreseen by the divorce law, and entailing proceedings that may last for years.

But let us return now to the bridal pair and follow them into the church of St. Germain des Pres. They had been married two days before at the "Mairie," but were not as yet husband and wife. The young lady had remained with her father and mother, while her betrothed waited in expectation at his own house.

We enter that old church of St. Germain des Pres, one of the oldest and most curious in Paris—a Romaic church of the purest style, and adorned with beautiful modern frescoes. The nave is filled with an impatient crowd. Brightly dressed women are whispering to one another. It is 12 o'clock.

The background of the scene is the choir, green with palms and plants and beaming with light. The richly adorned altar sparkles with hundreds of stars, and the tapers glimmer in the pale mysterious haze of the dusky cathedrals.

The church door opens wide, every one rises and turns eagerly round, the organ plays a solemn march, and the procession moves forward, preceded by two "suisses," magnificent men, armed with halberds. The bride comes first in white brocade and old lace, wrapped from head to foot in a tulle veil and leaning on her father's arm. Next comes the bridegroom with his mother.

After them follow the crowd of relations, the women in light colored dresses, the men in evening coats. This is always a subject of astonishment to foreigners. What strange ideas those French people have! Wearing, in broad daylight, clothes only meant to appear under the light of candles.

The bridal procession enters the choir and takes seats. The ceremony begins, the organ peals are hushed, a fine-looking priest reads aloud, in a rich voice, a short address, pouring forth to the young people words of advice and wishes of happiness. Meanwhile the audience, little interested by the speech, whisper between themselves and exchange impressions about the dresses, the flowers, the decoration of the church. "How do you like the bridegroom?" "Does the bride look well?" are the weighty questions discussed in a low voice.

The speech is over, the nuptial blessing is given, the mass begins, and from the choir a strain of music rises, hushing down all conversations and enwrapping all. A tenor, accompanied by the harp and violoncello, is singing divinely the "Allelua," the "Kyrie Eleison" and the "O Salutaris." In the intervals a choir of children's voices fills the nave with clear, angelic accents, and the impression is grand and touching.

Mass is at an end; again the procession moves, headed by the two "suisses," the newly married couple walking behind them, while the organ peals forth the sonorous accents of the nuptial march. The bridal procession enters the vestry, and there every person in the crowd passes before the young pair and the family offering congratulations and friendly words.

Outside the church door the street people of Paris, always eager for gratuitous sights, always curious to behold a bride, are waiting impatiently for the coming out and going off from church.

At the bride's parents all is prepared for the reception of the gorgeously dressed and friendly crowd who are coming to chat, to eat and drink, while an orchestra is playing lively waltz tunes. This is an exact picture of a marriage in the Parisian "bourgeoisie."

Americans exclaim at the absurdity of such a voluntary leap in the dark, after the French fashion. How is it that the French, who surround matrimony with such minute precautions, neglect the most necessary of all—letting the parties concerned, who are to spend their lives together, get acquainted beforehand?

How supremely imprudent! What sad discoveries await the husband and wife on the morrow of their wedding day, and what may not the consequences be? And yet statistics show that French marriages are the happiest.

SET UP BY GHOSTLY FINGERS.

A Typesetter's Story of News Getting that Beat the Telegraph—The Story Beats the World.

[Cleveland World.]

"In the summer of 1881," said a compositor, "I was running a paper in a little backwoods town in Pennsylvania. The paper was not so metropolitan in its make-up but that I was able to do all the work myself with the exception of the printing. Publication days I called in the service of a half-witted fellow, who, under my instruction, had developed into an expert roller. I was the only man within a radius of 20 miles who knew how to set type, and if I had fallen sick the paper would not have come out until I was well again. Naturally I am not a superstitious man, but an incident occurred while I had charge of that paper which I cannot explain, and, until it is explained, I shall believe that anything is possible in the way of ghosts, spooks, wraiths, etc.

"It was the morning of June 10. I had locked up my forms the night before so that I could begin printing early in the morning. I was pulling the old lever promptly at 7, and at 9 the local list was in the post office. Soon after the delivery had begun one of the merchants of the hamlet—a very intimate friend—came into the office.

"'How did you come to hear of the death of your brother so soon?' said he. (There was no telegraph station within 15 miles.)

"'What do you mean?' said I.

"'Mean?' said he. 'You ought to know what is in your own paper. Have you forgotten that you heard this morning your brother is dead? Have you forgotten that you set up a notice of it an hour or two ago?'

"'Are you crazy?' said I. 'I swear that I do not know what you are driving at.'

"At this juncture he opened the damp sheet that I had so recently printed and folded, and pointed me to the following item at the bottom of the third column of the local page:

"'John Jones, brother of William Jones, was killed at Peoria, Ill., at 5 o'clock this morning.'

"My breath was fairly taken away from me. The merchant was right. There was the notice of my brother's death in my own paper, and I had not set it up nor heard of it.

"'You are right,' said I; 'but this is the first that I have known of it. If there ever was a mystery this is it.'

"I went over to the 'form.' There was the three-line item. The moment I saw the type I was more amazed than ever. It was the typesetting of my brother, who, like me, had been bred to the printer's trade. I could tell his work from that of a thousand. He was a marvellously even spacer, and he carried his taste so far that he always put less space after a comma.

"But how were the lines put into the locked form? No item had been taken out. I examined the form closely. Yes, there was some more of my brother's work. To gain the space, leads had been taken from here and there just as he used to take them. He was a great stickler for good looks in a page, and was very fastidious as to where he pulled his leads. It struck me right away that the notice of the death would not have been so short, would have gone into details more, but for the fact that my brother did not wish to remove any of my matter nor any lead which could not be spared as well as not.

"Though utterly skeptical about supernatural visitations, from that moment I believed that my brother's disembodied soul had made its way hundreds of miles, had entered my office in the early dawn, had set up the notice of his death and put it in the 'form.'

"Late that afternoon a despatch came to the effect that William Jones was killed at Peoria, Ill., at 5 o'clock that morning."

The Wonderful Naval Cipher.

[Chicago News.]

The naval department's cipher cost $5000 and is one of the most intricate and secure in the world. It took the experts at Washington three hours to decipher a despatch that made about two stickfuls of plain English, and they were not just sure then whether Admiral Brown, the sender, meant that the San Francisco was at Iquique and the Baltimore had come up from Valparaiso, or that the Baltimore was at Val paraiso and the San Francisco was going down there from Iquique.

Admiral Brown fortunately signed his name in English, so they were dead sure it was from him. There is a suspicion that the plan of the cipher was plagiarized from Ignatius Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram."

It Ought to be Familiar.

[Brooklyn Life.]

Gentleman (who has engaged colored hackman to drive him from the station to the hotel)—Say, uncle, what's your name?

Driver—My name, sah, is George Washington.

Gentleman—George Washington! Why, that name seems familiar.

Driver—Well, fo' de Lawd's sake. I should think it ought to. Here I been drivin' to this station fo' 'bout 20 years, sah.

Another Scandal at the Hub.

[Puck.]

"Where are the Digbys?"

"Oh, we couldn't ask them! They're not on our list any more."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why, didn't you hear? Helen Digby sent a sonnet to the Atlantic with 20 lines in it."

Social Politics.

[Judge.]

Harold—I must go. Will you return my kiss? Reciprocity, you know.

Ethel—That was Blaine's idea, was it not?

Harold—Yes, love.

Ethel—Then I must be a wicked little Democrat, for I go in for free trade.

A Woman's Eternity.

[Judge.]

She (icily, to rejected suitor)—Did I not say "never!" to you yesterday? Why do you ask me again?

He (bravely)—Well, as this is the next day after "never" I thought I'd call to see if you hadn't changed your eternal resolution.

Encouraging.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

The Hostess—Please sing, Mr. Tenor.

The Tenor—Really, you know, I have no voice. I——

The Hostess—Oh, that won't matter. They are all talking and they won't hear you.

Advice.

[Life.]

He—Ya-as, I am weally tired of mah aimless, fwivolous life. If only some oppawtunity, now, would pwesent itself faw me to assist those in distwess, I should be positively chawmed.

She—Why don't you join the King's Daughters?

Didn't Blame Them.

[Life.]

Sunday school teacher—Don't you think it very strange that the lions didn't eat Daniel?

Sunday school scholar—No, sir; not since I saw that picture of him in my Sunday school book.

Evidence.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Old cynic—That girl hasn't a pretty smile.

Innocent pupil—Why, she hasn't smiled once since we've been looking at her.

Old cynic—That proves what I said.

A Reproof.

[Judge.]

She (referring to lady just passed)—My gracious! Wasn't she dressed! Did you notice?

He—No; but I should have done so if she had not been.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

Is Woman a More Interesting Study Than Man?

The Handsome Woman, Lovely Woman, Kissable and Designing.

The Useful Girl who is Homely and the Useless Pretty Girl.

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Ladies' Home Journal.]

The most interesting study of woman is, I think, woman. Not because we like women better than we like men, but because they are more difficult to understand and more diversified in types.

All men have certain qualities in common—a certain aggressiveness in regard to our sex, a certain egotism, a vein of worship and a vein of disdain for women running side by side in their mental makeup; a certain pride in their own superiority and proud consciousness of their ability to have a good time without us, no matter how adorable they think us.

There are as many kinds of women as there are of flowers and vegetables. But there are a few distinct types of femininity that are easily classified, and interesting to watch.

I never meet a woman that I do not analyze her, to see in which department of my mental conservatory she belongs. It is usually a question easily decided in one interview—often at one glance. Sometimes, however, it requires a more careful study and analysis.

There is the "handsome" woman, for instance. She is usually large, and her features are regular and strongly outlined. She may be pale or rosy, but if she has color it does not suggest warmth. She may be blonde or brunette, gay or reserved, animated or reposeful, but I never think of any word but handsome for her.

She is not pretty, lovely, beautiful or charming to me. She is handsome. I love to look at her. I will go out of my way to see her, but I do not want to touch her, and I am not anxious to talk to her. She wins my admiration, as does a fine picture, a house, a piano, or a statue.

Men always turn to look at her, and are eager to be introduced. She is admired, flattered, sought; but seldom loved deeply. Her husband is very proud of her, but he is not her passionate lover.

I place her with my camellias, dahlias, hollyhocks, fuchsias and other scentless but attractive flowers.

The "lovely" woman is quite another type. She may be small or large, distinctly beautiful, pretty, or merely interesting, but she is always spoken of as "lovely." She is seldom forceful in character or noticeably strong; but she possesses an individuality of her own, and it is always winning and never aggressive.

Without any effort on her part, you always feel that she is unselfish, kind-hearted and pure-minded. She praises other women and enjoys others' pleasures, and is thoughtful in small things. She is a great favorite with her own sex, and men give her an idolized sort of friendship, which is very apt to grow into affection if they are much in her society.

She is inclined to treat men exactly as she treats women, because she is so sweet and pure-minded, and unconscious of her own loveableness. She is seldom a belle, but she has always a host of loving friends and tender admirers, and her husband regards her as a sort of cross between an angel and a child.

She brings out all that is best in him without attempting a reform. Women are seldom jealous of her, because her innate goodness is felt by one and all.

I place this woman among my sweet lilies, thornless roses, and sprays of mignonette and heliotrope, and surround her with rose-geraniums and evergreens; for no matter how old she may grow, she is always "lovely!"

Then, there is the "kissable" woman. Her size, age, tints, features, disposition, character—one and all have seemingly nothing to do with her charm. All you are conscious of in her presence is the desire to take her in your arms and kiss her. She may be absolutely devoid of personal beauty, and not young, and yet nine men and a half and seven women out of each ten, will want to kiss her if they are in her presence five minutes.

Sometimes she is good and kind and unselfish, and possessed of beauty, and then she is always breaking hearts without meaning to do so, and winning love she cannot return, and incurring criticism she does not deserve. She sees more beautiful women giving more encouragement to men than she gives, and indulging in far more desperate flirtations without causing any such disaster as she causes by one kind, sweet smile, and she cannot understand it all, at least not until she has had all sorts of trouble out of it.

But the fact is that the men who are quite hardened to flirtations with the merely beautiful women, lose their heads in an insane desire to seize the kissable girl in their arms. Women who do not possess this charm, and who play a bold game of flirtation without incurring any such risks and dangers, find it impossible to explain the effect of the kissable girl upon her admirers.

They think she must be a very deep and adroit siren at heart, while, in fact, she is often frankness personified. She is inclined to become somewhat selfish, however, as time passes, in her love of admiration, and to take as her natural right more love than belongs to her. But she is never malicious or intentionally unkind.

She feels sorry for her lovers after she has won them, and she never wounds another woman if she can help it without a too great sacrifice of the love and devotion which is her native element. She is full of love herself, and her friendships are inclined to be as ardent as the loves of the "handsome" woman.

Her rejected lovers become her friends almost always, and her husband worships her and finds her a better wife than she was a sweetheart. If she marries a man strong and tactful enough to keep her entire heart, she becomes a great favorite with her own sex, for women have always been inclined to adore her when they were not jealous of her influence over men.

I place the kissable woman among my luscious roses—with now and then a hidden thorn—my spicy carnations, wherein a bee may be concealed, and my fragrant magnolias.

Then there is the "designing" woman, with the fair face and voluptuous form, who is politic in all she says or does. She always has her little axe to grind, hidden somewhere in the folds of her costly robe—for she always wears costly dresses and worships jewels. She seeks the love of men who can advance her interests and increase her revenue, and she considers nothing immoral that is not found out.

She studies the weaknesses of the sterner sex, and is willing to take any risk with an expectation of financial or social benefit. She assumes great virtues, frequents churches, is liberal in public charities, often courts the women who can give her a background of respectability; ignores snubs, and smiles down cold stares.

She invites herself to houses where she thinks it is well for her to be seen, and if the society paper chronicles her name as one of the guests, she feels repaid for any neglect or indifference she may have received while there. She cares only for men as they may be useful to her, but she is such an adept in the arts of fascination that she is capable of increasing their very intense—if very fleeting—devotion, and they are not infrequently ready to sacrifice name and honor for her.

But she disillusions them with her mercenary frivolities, and her husband finds her disloyal, and her career is certain to end in that of an adventuress. She is sure to attract a vast amount of comment and notice wherever she goes, and she is quite content if she can make a sensation.

She belongs with the uncanny cactus plants and the gorgeous-hued tropical flowers from which deadly poisons are distilled.

Then there is the distinctly "intellectual" woman who is so alarmingly well informed on all subjects, and so anxious to have you realize her mental superiority. She has thought on every subject under and over the sun, and has formed her convictions on all matters, and the instant you broach a subject she hastens to assure you that she knows all about it.

She sometimes possesses handsome features, but her too active intellect has sharpened them and hewed away the curves of beauty. She is inclined to dress severely and to wear very dignified bonnets. She thinks out her answers a sentence ahead of your remarks, and waits for you to finish with mere tolerance.

Her women friends speak of her with great respect as "such an intelligent person," and the clergyman of her faith is the only man who ever bestows any voluntary attentions upon her. Her husband considers her a remarkably intelligent woman—but is given to dining at the club a great deal, and meekly acknowledges that he cannot hold a candle to his wife in brain.

The useful, healthful, but strong and tear starting leek is suggested to me by this woman. A very small flavoring of this vegetable is all one's taste requires.

The "useful" girl is another type. She can sew, get a dinner if need be, amuse children, assist in getting up entertainments for other people to participate in, dance enough to fill up an impromptu set, play cards well enough to take a hand when the old people need her, and she is an excellent nurse, and reads aloud well, and sings a little—enough to rock a child asleep or to help out a chorus.

She is not noticeable in any way—is neither pretty nor ugly, and is very simple in her attire. Everybody makes use of her, and everybody likes her. She has no enemies and no lovers. Women like her very much, and men speak highly of her when she is brought to their attention in some way; but they never think about her voluntarily.

They appreciate her highly when she helps them out of a corner, and thank her cordially, and then forget her until they need her again. She is not apt to marry, for men do not care for useful girls before marriage. She usually drifts into old maidenhood, or marries a widower with a lot of children.

She is like the green "everlasting, or old-fashioned "live-forever" plant—scentless, and not beautiful, yet indispensable in a garden. Everybody needs it in a bouquet to serve as a background for the bright flowers, but nobody cares for it for itself. No man ever thinks of plucking it for his boutonniere, but he appreciates its effect and value in the garden.

Then there are the every-day "pretty girls"—pretty with youth, and hope, and good spirits merely—who have no distinguishing traits or peculiarities, but who please the eye while it beholds them, like the common field daisies, buttercups and clover blossoms growing by the roadside.

And, again, there are the critical, pessimistic, fault-finding, fault-discovering women, who always make you feel dissatisfied with yourself and the world; and these are the prickly pears, the burrs and thistles of womankind.

Not all women can become the human flower of their choice, but all women can at least avoid becoming weeds and thistles.

DOT ON THE I.

How a Wife Can Tell Her Husband's Character to a Dot—As if Any Wife Didn't Know Already.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Do you put the dot high above the letter i? Do you put it close to the letter? Do you send it flying before? Is it fat, round, irregular? These are the questions which a master in the art of deciphering characters from handwriting asks in the current number of Von Fels zum Meer. In each case your peculiarity is the outward and visible sign of some idiosyncrasy.

"Look at the dots of your i; try to make them different—smaller, larger, rounder, more oblong — you cannot do it. The dot above the i only changes with your character." The following are a few of the conclusions "Edelweiss" draws from the tell-tale dot:

The writer begins by giving a graceful lesson to the ladies:

"If you often forget to dot your i, you will also forget other things which seem unimportant to you, but which for the comfort of everyday life are as necessary as the dot is to the i. If you have often to look in vain for the dot, you will also look often in vain for other things, because you have not put them in their proper place.

"For instance, you put the fifth knitting needle into your book because you were suddenly called away, and no better bookmark was at hand. You are anxious to finish your sock—where is the fifth needle? The servant girl must have mislaid it while dusting. Servants are such a trouble!

"In order to practise patience and self-control you knit on with your four needles, 'gently pardoning,' and presently turn back to your interesting novel. The book opens immediately, and there and then the glittering needle preaches a silent sermon to you.

"The knitting-needle story is nothing new; it occurs in infinite variations, and happens especially to those who forget to dot their i."

If the dot flies high above and far away from the letter to which it belongs, your hopes, thoughts, wishes, and aspirations are apt to fly about in far-off regions, and instead of making practical use of the present day you dream of the ideals of the future.

If this "high-flown" dot is of an oblong shape, and if, in conjunction with it, the loops of your l, h, g, f, etc., are loose and long, then goodby, symmetry and calm, for you have very little self-contol.

"If your husband's dots are heavy, shapeless, and blotchy, you will have a hard time of it where food is concerned. He will not be satisfied with a cold supper, an æsthetic tea, or a meal of beef and vegetables. On the other hand you have, in his favorite dishes, a means to pacify the grumbler, and to incline him to listen to your wishes. Your request for a new gown, for theatre tickets, which was peremptorily refused before dinner, is listened to with much more interest after the man of the heavy dots has had a good meal.

"Never ask such a man to grant you a favor when he is waiting for his dinner. The larger the dots appear, the more critically a dish will be attacked and judged. Carlsbad, during the time when patients go to drink the waters, is full of people who dot their i's heavily."

The dainty dot, on the other hand, if it goes together with a handwriting that consists of thin strokes only, denotes a mind above "these things."

"Such a 'dainty dot' husband will be easily satisfied with his meals. He will hardly know what he is eating. You can get nothing 'out of him' by giving him a dainty dish. He may even offend you by scant praise when you happen to have prepared a dish with your own hands.

"It may even happen—if other graphological signs agree—that such a 'dainty dotter' forgets his meal-times altogether, allows everything to get cold, does not eat, nor praise, nor blame, and spoils the pleasures of the table for himself and others."

Who Haunts You?

[New York Herald.]

Now think a minute. Is there not some unknown person whom you are always meeting in this great city without any reason for it? I have asked a great many people and find that nearly everybody is haunted by some stranger. Just at present I am haunted by a red-headed girl, who has freckles and a turn-up nose and wears a light gray dress. She turns up at all sorts of unexpected places. No matter where I go to lunch that red-headed girl is sure to pass me on the way. Every day or two I meet her in the "L" car. I change the line, but sure as fate there she is. If I go out between the acts at the theatre that red-headed girl walks by. And so it goes, until now I have got to absolutely dread her.

The worst of it is that she is a nice looking girl and never seems to see me.

Joke on the Conductor.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The conductor touched the passenger on the shoulder.

"Ticket, please," he said.

The passenger was one of those facetious persons you sometimes encounter in your travels. He winked at the man sitting next to him, held out his ticket to the conductor, and at the moment the latter was about to take it he pushed out his forefinger instead.

The conductor seized the finger, punched a ride out of it absent-mindedly, and passed on.

Staving Her Off.

[Cloak Review.]

Desperate customer—What shall I do, face my wife without matching this cloth?

Clerk—I am very sorry, sir; but we sold the last remnant yesterday.

Customer—Then there is but one thing to do—invite a friend home to dinner with me.

Well-Posted Cattle.

[New York Weekly.]

Fair maiden (a summer boarder)—How savagely that cow looks at me.

Farmer Hayseed—It's your red parasol, mum.

Fair maiden—Dear me! I knew it was a little out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it.

Discipline.

[Life.]

Unsophisticated parent—Hello there, nurse, what's the baby yelling that way for? I can't read at all.

Nurse—He's cutting his teeth, sir.

U. P.—Well, see that he doesn't do it any more, or you lose your place.

Valuable Duenna.

[Puck.]

The cautious youth—Are you going to Bar Harbor in Mrs. Goldie's charge, again, this summer.

The proper girl—Oh, yes; but she's an ideal chaperon. She always asks my opinion as to what's proper and what isn't.

The Proposal Without Discomfiture.

[Springfield Graphic.]

He (deeply in love, but proud as Lucifer)—Do you love me?

She—No.

He—Well, I fancied you did, you know, and I wanted to tell you I'm already engaged.

A Business Head.

[Judge.]

Husband—I save $4 by buying that cigar by the box.

Wife—Do you, Jack? How nice it would be if you would only buy five boxes right away and give me the $20 you save for a dress.

CITY BOYS' PASTIMES.

How Municipal Young Americans Enjoy Life.

Delights and Difficulties of Base Ball in City Streets.

Suckers Succeed Showers—Ash-Barrel Rounders, Marbles and Kites.

[Frank M. Chapman in June St. Nicholas.]

With the boys' games I am more at home. Let us see whether you will not learn from these boys some games to take to your friends out of town.

First and foremost comes base ball. If any one doubte the universal popularity of this game, one afternoon upon this street will convince him that the American boys' love of base ball has become hereditary. It seems almost as if these boys no sooner left the cradle than a base ball found its way into their hands.

They commence to play as soon as they can roll a ball across the pavement. From a real game, with nine "men" on a side and three bases, we shall see everything in ball playing, down to the solitary youngster who rolls the ball up an awning and catches it as it returns to him.

And these boys can play base ball, too. I hesitate to admit it, for I was a country boy; but I'll warrant you that from the inhabitants of that block I can select nine boys, none of whom shall be over 10 years of age, who can defeat the best nine of 13-year-old fellows your village can produce.

They play in the streets; they play on the sidewalk; and they go at it with a vim and earnestness one grows enthusiastic in watching. They pitch "curves," and why their catchers' intent and maskless little faces are not more frequently damaged by the bat they "catch off" of, no one can say.

All this, remember, on the cobblestones, with slippery car tracks dividing the "field," and wagons, drays and cars constantly passing. On any field, a quick and practised eye is required to measure the arc of a "fly ball" and to select the spot from which it may be captured; but when the ground is a crowded street, and there is added the more or less rapidly passing vehicle, the chances are even that the fielder may get under a horse's hoofs and the descending "fly" at the same time.

Many narrow escapes have I seen, but somehow the active little bodies always manage to be missed.

But the cars and wagons and pedestrians are as nothing; the players look out for the former two, the last must care for themselves if they wish to avoid a batted ball or a runner making a frantic dash for "first." What these boys really mind, because it is an effectual preventive of ball-playing, is the blue-coated policeman, known by the boys as a "cop," an abbreviation of "copper," the origin of which name is uncertain.

Here is a game in active progress; there is intense excitement; shouts of encouragement fill the air. Turn away your head for an instant. Now look again. Where are our players? Not one of them to be seen; only a few boys strolling along the sidewalk; not a bat nor ball in sight.

What does it all mean? Truly, you have never seen so abrupt an ending to a game of ball. But look; coming up the street, a block or more away, in all the stateliness of blue uniform and brass buttons, idly twirling his club, comes the awe-inspiring "copper." For you must remember that it is illegal to play ball in the street, and every player is liable to imprisonment.

How would you like to have one of your games so interrupted? Is the game ended? By no means; wait a moment, this is only "time." Slowly the retreating bluecoat fades in the distance; then like magic each player resumes his place, and the game is resumed with all its former ardor.

Another and more singular game has for its foundation an ash barrel. Across the top of this is placed a board two or three inches in width, which projects about the same distance over the rims of the barrel. On one of these projecting ends a ball is balanced; the batsman then takes his bat and with all his strength strikes the other end of the board.

The ball flies up and away in a before-unknown direction, and the batsman, should he not be caught out, attempts to run to a base and return before the ball can be fielded "home." Interesting as we shall find this base ball in its endless variations, and fascinating as are these miniature but expert little players, we must not spend all our time with them.

Look above you at the telegraph wires. Sooner or later they become the natural end of every kite flown in this street, and the tattered fragments with which the wires are adorned bear witness that kite-flying is a popular pastime, even if disastrous to the kites. In this sport you may fairly claim superiority.

Comparatively few of these boys know how to fly a kite; they never seem able to manage the tail. Kites here can only be successfully flown from the housetops, and we will not leave our street for a visit to so dangerous a resort.

Marbles we shall see of every kind, "miggies" and "alleys," "taws" and "agates." Generally the games are played in a ring drawn with chalk on the sidewalk, for holes are not made or found here so easily as they are in your playground.

After every rainstorm there is an outbreak of "suckers." Do you know what a "sucker" is? A circular piece of rather heavy leather, two or three inches in diameter, has a string passed through a hole in the centre, and a large knot both stops up the hole and prevents the string from pulling through. For some unknown reason, "suckers" are at times very popular; nearly every boy in the street has one, and the curbs will be dotted with figures soaking these leathern disks in the muddy water of the gutters.

For, to be effective, the "sucker" must be thoroughly moistened, when it becomes sufficiently pliable to adhere closely to the paving or cobblestone upon which the boys pat it with their feet. The air being completely driven out from between the leather and stone, the pressure caused by the weight of the air is all from above, 14 pounds of it to every square inch of leather; so you see that in theory they may carry the cobblestones with ease, so far as the "sucker" is concerned.

I confess I cannot see wherein the great popularity of this sport lies, unless it be that owing to slight irregularities in the surface of the leather the "sucker" rarely adheres with all its sucking-power, and for this reason it is considered quite a feat to carry a stone 10 yards or more. So here arise the spirit of competition and desire to excel, which are the life and mainspring of every game.

These children are undoubtedly happy in their play, but I cannot watch them without sadness and a regret that the fuller pleasures of a country life will never be theirs at the time they are best fitted to enjoy them. The earnest pleading for a leaf or blossom from the flower-laden tourist as, returning from his outing, he passes up this street; the eager band of merry children in pursuit of a wandering butterfly—fairylike visitor from a strange land—tell of a formless longing for the unknown freedom of the woods and fields.

What can we do to add to the joys of a youth which is all too brief? As you enter your high school these boys and girls enter on the serious duties of life. Then follows the struggle for existence, and a severe one it usually is.

We cannot give all these children homes in the country, we cannot give them all even an outing there, but we can give them playgrounds in the city—a very little plot here and there will do. We have reserved great parks and squares which we permit them to look at and sometimes to venture on. But as playgrounds these are practically useless; they are accessible to comparatively few.

A vacant building-lot in the proper district is far more to the purpose. Happy is the boy who lives near one! Notice the evidences of constant use it shows, the small base ball "diamond" clearly outlined, every smooth place pitted with marble holes.

What better investment could our cities make than to purchase small plots like this at intervals throughout the city, tear down the buildings, fill up the cellars and leave them, with no forbidding sign, open to the children? Their little feet would soon grade and harden the ground.

In giving the nation's future workers such an opportunity to lay the foundation for stronger and healthier bodies and brighter wits, the city would reap abundant interest on the capital expended.

A Bride's First Lesson.

[Ladies' Home Journal.]

A bride's first lesson is to respect the extreme sensitiveness of her husband, who doesn't want people to know he has just been married; consequently she will be wise if, after her first journey, she assumes a gown that has seen wear; if she will forget to look around in a startled manner whenever her husband has gone from her side, as it is not likely that he is either going to be lost or stolen.

The next thing is not to kiss him or hold his hand in public, or call him "darling." Any woman can make a man feel her love without making him ridiculous.

Another thing for her to learn is, when she is at a hotel, not to grow confidential with the chambermaid, not to give her a piece of her wedding cake and tell her all about the marriage ceremony, and tell her how she looked. You think this is never done? Ask at some large hotel.

And she shouldn't giggle or look surprised when she gets a letter from her mother addressed to her in her married name.

Men are particularly sensitive creatures about some things, and they are rather given to think a woman don't want a name when she acts in this way.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A Steady Diet.

[Puck.]

Did you ever strike a boarding-house,
No matter when or where,
But what you found them running on
Some dish or other there?
You'd get it mornings, evenings, too,
If home, you'd get it noons—
And I'll bet a dollar to a cent
If 't wasn't hash, 'twas prunes.

Two Springs.

[New York Truth.]

He knelt beside the spring and bent,
With wondrous care, to drink;
So softly came, so softly went,
That nothing from the brink
Should soil the source from which he sought
Refreshment pure as pure his thought.

The other bent in careless way
His thirsty lips to cool,
Then rose and took a bit of clay
And flung it in the pool!
A lover one, though all unseen;
And one, a thoughtless libertine!

An Old Book.

[Flavel Scott Mines, in Life.]

This rare book of the olden day
A dainty charm possesses.
The ink is faint, the leaves are gray,
And "f's" are used for "s's."

The poet sought to win some maid,
He swore he loved her dearly,
"Love's holy faint" she was, he said,
And signed it 'Moft fincerely."

And I believe the letters quaint
The honest truth had spoken;
He found, no doubt, love wholly faint
When youth's bright dream was broken.

My Tender Conscience.

[Harry Romaine in Ladies' Home Journal.]

I have a tender conscience,
That measures five feet three,
Whose slight reproof is worth whole tomes
Of cold divinity.

Who leads me by "a still small voice,"
And, with a loving glance,
Reminds me while the lamp holds out,
This sinner has a chance.

Whose form is ever by my side,
And at the door of sin
Thrusts out a white and rounded arm,
And bars the way within.

No man can ever go astray,
Who pauses to reflect
That he must meet those modest eyes,
And keep his self-respect.

So with a firm, unshaken front,
I bid old Satan flee—
For I've a tender conscience,
That measures five feet three.

Which One.

[Anon.]

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will sit by a bed with a marvellous fear,
And clasp a hand.
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land—
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will stand by the other's coffin bier,
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep.
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of unshared grief to know—
Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be;
It may be you will slip from me;
Or perhaps my life may just be done,
Which one?

Love and the Witches.

[Mary E. Wilkins in June Century.]

It was a little, fearful maid,
Whose mother left her all alone;
Her door with iron bolts she stayed,
And 'gainst it rolled a lucky stone—
For many a night she'd waked with fright when witches by the house had flown.

To piping lute in still midnight,
Who comes a-singing at the door,—
That showeth seams of golden light,—
"Ah, open, darling, I implore?"
She could not help knowing 'twas Love, although they'd never met before.

She swiftly shot the iron bar,
And rolled the lucky stone away,
And careful set the door ajar—
"Now enter in, Sir Love, I pray;
My mother knows it not, but I have watched for you this many a day."

With fan and roar of gloomy wings
They gave the door a windy shove;
They perched on chairs and brooms and things;
Like bats they beat around above—
Poor little maid, she'd let the witches in with Love.

In Camp.

[Charles F. Lummis, in June Scribner's.]

Skyward Pine, that saw it all,
Whisper never what thou knowest!
Many, many things befall
When the coaxing moon is tall
Through the tender shade thou throwest.

Blame not me, O Pine, too soon!
I—ye all beguiled me to it!
Had it not been night and June,
With the pine-breath and the moon,
I had ne'er been bold to do it.

Ah, her forehead was so white
Where that soft ray came and kissed her;
Where the happy heaven's light
Lingered with her as of right—
As of sister with a sister!

All our little camp asleep;
Only I at midnight waking—
Waking to the moon—to creep,
Kiss her silent brow—and keep
Lips aye holier for that slaking.

She, O Pine, will never know—
Never blush amid her laughter.
She is nothing poorer so,
I so rich—as who shall go
Dreaming it forever after!

In Disguise.

[Frances Louise Bushnell in the Century.]

Your face possessed me while we talked;
It seemed the picture of a heart
In whose fair garden Sorrow walked,
While Joy, poor errant, stood apart,
A suppliant at the gate.

You do not dream that she is near,
So still she waiteth, and so shy.
You are not thinking of her, dear,
Almost you have forgot to sigh,
She comes no more of late.

I know, I know, she longs to come,
And lift the latch with quick surprise;
And yet she standeth strange and dumb,
And looks, behind that still disguise,
As one you never knew.

But if she came with smile and dance,
With banners flying, music gay,
Oh, would you run with answering glance
Or only turn your head away
From what was not for you?

I understand; you need not speak;
The heart that is for Sorrow strong,
For Joy too joyful were too weak;
She must not come with dance and song,
But lightly as a dove.

'Tis thus she comes and makes no claim;
She whispers soft, she kneeleth low,
And wears the while a gentler name.
Oh, hear me breathe it! Must she go?
The name she wears is Love.

The Afternoon Tea.

[Harry Romaine in Puck.]

Women are buzzing like bees!
Every one talking like mad!
Really, these afternoon teas
Seem quite a popular fad!
Every one talking like mad!
"Yes; those big Martinot bows
Seem quite a popular fad."
"Pretty! Good gracious—her nose!"
"Yes; those big Martinot bows."
"Hygeia's crowded, they say."
"Pretty! Good gracious—her nose!"
"Sort of a dove-colored gray."
"Hygeia's crowded, they say."
"No; it's not really announced."
"Sort of a dove-colored gray."
"Let out a trifle and flounced!"
"No; it's not really announced."
"Turquoise and diamond marquise!"
"Let out a trifle and flounced."
"Coffee glace, if you please."
"Turquoise and diamond marquise."
"Minnie; Miss Bessie De Vere."
"Coffee glace, if you please."
"Going to Europe this year?"
"Minnie; Miss Bessie De Vere."
"Kipling is getting a bore!"
"Going to Europe this year?"
"Danced the cotillon till four!"
"Kipling is getting a bore."
"Let the horse down on his knees!"
"Danced the cotillon till four!"
Women are buzzing like bees!

NOTED WOMEN'S HUSBANDS

Rev. Mr. Terhune, for Whom Marian Harland Cooks.

Dr. Burnett, the Oculist, Lord of Lord Fauntleroy's Author.

Many Noted Blue-Stockings and Their Legal Onstodians.



THE unknown husbands of famous women are undoubtedly a class of men to whom the world owes much, for in many cases all that has been best and noblest in the career and character of the wife is directly attributable to the husband, as we shall see in considering the question of who are the marital partners of some of the best known women of our time. Probably the best known and really the best of American writers of fiction is Marian Harland, who in private life is Mrs. Terhune. Her novels are not plotless, prosy records of uninteresting every-day events, as Mr. W. D. Howells tells us all novels should be. They are not didactic essays meant to air the pet hobbies of the writer.

They are interesting stories with well conceived plots skilfully wrought out. Their characters are real men and women such as we all know. Without any labored, self-evident effort to

Point a moral and adorn a tale,

they tend to make us better for having read them, for they are always pure, healthful and helpful.

Marian Harland is the wife of a clergyman, a man of scholarly attainments and singularly beautiful Christian character. Though she made her debut as a novelist long before she knew him—her first story, "Alone," was published at her father's expense, and made an instantaneous and immense success after many prominent and presumably intelligent publishers had refused it, when she was but 18 years of age—yet the high moral tone of her writings became much more marked after her marriage, and is unquestionably due in a great measure to the influence of her clerical husband.

It was on Christmas eve, away back in the very early 50s, that she plighted her troth to Mr. Terhune. He was then singularly tall and slender; irreverent persons might have called him "lanky."

Fortunately for him, his good wife, unlike most women of literary ability, had been trained to be a model housekeeper, and was a thorough mistress of everything that tends to make home brightest, best, and most attractive.

She Was a Good Sock Darner,

pie baker and pudding maker, as well as a good story writer. Under the benign influence of her faultless cooking Mr. Terhune's lank form soon began to assume that plump and pleasing rotundity which has characterized it these many years. He was so well pleased with the effect of his wife's good housekeeping upon himself that he urged her to impart her knowledge of household matters to other women, through the medium of the press, and it is, therefore, to him that American women are indebted for those admirable articles on household matters which for some years past Mrs. Terhune has been contributing to newspapers and periodicals.

The husband of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is just such a man as one would fancy the authoress of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" would marry. He is a large-hearted, genial man, with an intense fondness for children, fully equalling in that respect that famous lecturer and traveller, Citizen George Francis Train. He is a physician by profession, and a specialist in diseases of the eye. His tender gentleness of manner and his great natural fondness for them have made him peculiarly successful in cases of this kind among children. He has contributed largely to the literature of his profession, and his opinion on all questions pertaining to his specialty has great weight among his professional brethren.

He has performed many of the most difficult and dangerous operations upon the eye with very great success, and has been especially fortunate in obtaining brilliant results in cataract, the operation for cataract being one of the most important and exacting upon the eye surgeon's skill, as readers of Wilkie Collins' novel of "Poor Miss Finch" well know.

His fame as an oculist has extended far beyond his Washington home, until he has become known not only throughout our own country, but even abroad. It will thus be seen that far from being merely

"Mrs. Burnett's Husband,"

Dr. Burnett has a very distinct individuality, and a useful and distinguished career of his own.

The most voluminous writer of fiction that ever lived is unquestionably the lady who for more than 30 years has written over the signature of Miss M. E. Braddon. Not even the elder Dumas can compete with her in point of quantity. More than 52 novels have poured from her prolific pen, besides short stories and sketches that are simply numberless.

In private life this wonderfully industrious writer is the wife of an Irish gentleman named Maxwell, whose appearance strongly suggests that of Col. O'Fipp, the Irish adventurer in W. S. Gilbert's comedy of "Tom Cobb," for which part Col. Maxwell—for as Mr. Toots says of Capt. Cuttle, he is a colonel in I don't know exactly what, but it's of no consequence—would have a perfect make-up without changing his dress or appearance one iota.

I never knew a man in whom what are generally regarded as the salient points of the Irish character were more distinctly noticeable. Like Rory O'Moore, he delights to tease, and his wife is usually the good-natured victim of this amiable weakness.

Mrs. Maxwell has been often accused by adverse critics of being a constant imitator of Ouida. As a consequence, the mention of the latter writer's name has an effect upon Miss Braddon somewhat similar to that produced in a bull by the display of a red rag. Col. Maxwell, therefore, delights to praise Ouida in his wife's hearing, and to loudly lament the fact that other people do not write like her.

He takes a special pleasure in commending Ouida's personal charms (?) constantly dilating, in his rich Irish brogue, upon her "foine rowlin' eye."

He is remarkable for his many brilliant scintillations of keen Irish wit, of which many American anecdotes are related. I once heard a lady remark to him that she thought the Irish had great lack of polish.

"Lack of polish is it, ma'am?" he replied, "Shure, if that's thrue, faith it's not for the lack of hard knocks."

The husband of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, commonly known

To His Friends as "Bob" Wilcox,

is a big, athletic-looking man with a brown mustache. Though wholly unable to soar with his wife to the lofty heights of the blue empyrean, and to feel all the "paroxysms," "thrills," "kisses" and "blisses" which she has so graphically depicted in her "Poems of Passion," being a plain, every-day manufacturer, he has evidently exerted a soothing influence upon Ella, and has considerably restrained the exuberance of her young feelings, as her writings have not contained nearly so much of the "poetry of passion" since her marriage as they did before. Mr. Wilcox is not at all literary, but, like Mrs. Dr. Plimber in "Dombey and Son," he pretends to be, and that does quite as well.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, who is said to receive larger pecuniary rewards for her literary toil than any other woman writer in America, is married to a young clergyman some 20 years her junior.

This young clergyman is Herbert D. Ward, whom GLOBE readers know as a writer of brilliant fiction, his "Lost City" having appeared in these columns a short time ago.

Prominent among actresses is Maggie Mitchell, who still continues to personate little girls with winning smiles and merry, childish voices.

Maggie has been twice married, her first venture was Henry I. Paddock, a scion of a wealthy and aristocratic Southern family, whose property was completely swept away by the civil war. He was keeping a hat store in Toledo, O., a year or two after the termination of the sectional unpleasantness, when he won the heart of the actress and married her. For a time the conrse of their love seemed to run smooth. Paddock gave up selling hats, and acted as his wife's business manager.

Then a change came o'er the spirit of their dream, and in 1889 a divorce court restored Miss Mitchell to single blessedness, whereupon she married her present husband, Charles Abbott, a man nearly 20 years younger than herself. Abbott is a handsome fellow, with the figure of an athlete, and his sudden marriage to Miss Mitchell after a comparatively brief acquaintance, is a striking illustration of the truth of Fielding's saying, that handsome young men are to middle-aged women as lighted gas to gunpowder. Though not evincing any great talent as an actor, Abbott affords fair support to his wife in the not very exacting juvenile parts of the plays which make up her repertoire.

That Juno-like woman,

Fanny Davenport,

like Maggie Mitchell, is now rejoicing in her second husband. Her first was Ed Price, a handsome young stock actor, whom she engaged as the leading juvenile man of her company in the season of 1877-8, and who obtained a divorce from his first wife, a pretty little soubrette named Katie Baker.

In the season of 1888-89 Fanny obtained a divorce from Price and married her leading man, Melbourne McDowell, a very pleasant, handsome man, younger than herself, and an actor of great ability.

F. C. Herriott, the husband of Clara Morris, was a merchant in New York at the time of his marriage, and gave up his avocation to become his wife's business manager. He is somewhat cold and reserved in manner, but has a kind and generous heart that endears him greatly to all who know him.

Margaret Mather's husband is a Byronic-looking German violinist with long black hair, worn in a high pompadour. His name is Emil Haberkorn, and he leads the orchestra at the Duquesne Theatre in Pittsburg. Miss Mather has been separated from him for some time past, and, it is said, she is now seeking a divorce. G. W. C.

HAS YOUR WIFE THIS FAD?

Painting on Glass, Boston's Latest Craze—Beautiful Effects That Back Bay Buds Attain.



HERE is a new fad for artistic women, and especially, it would seem, for those who are half ashamed to acknowledge having ever had a hand (and who has not?) in anything hand-painted.

Into such disfavor has anything designated by this term fallen.

Since it was the correct thing to take a dozen lessons of an incompetent teacher, and then "imitate" Sevres, or Royal Worcester, or Dresden, the productions of the inherited skill of generations of artist fathers by artist sons, the average American girl has plunged into the subject deeper and deeper, but though the number of her productions increase, their merit does not.

However, there is some passable work done, and the first lady of the land even takes pride in exhibiting the products of her brush.

But this newer fad comes just in time to revive the jaded appetites of the many, and is named simply "glass painting."

In the ideal home by the sea which Joseph Jefferson, the actor-artist, has built for the summer dream-time, there is a wide hall and a broad oaken staircase which ascends to a balcony midway between floor and ceiling.

Above this balcony is set a stained window, with one of the scenes from his Louisiana plantation, painted by Mr. Jefferson himself.

As the sun pours its yellow rays through the beautiful picture in the fadeless glass, staining stairs and rugs and priceless vases in jewel tones of color, who would not be a devotee of this æsthetic fad?

Not long since I spent a quiet hour in the church of the Advent at the foot of Beacon hill. It was noon, and Sunday, and from any seat in the rear I could just distinguish the tiny choir boys in the beautiful chancel.

In several pews in front of us were two girls at devotion. Down from the robe of a saint, figured in the glass above, fell rays of ruby and azure light, and, strangely, the blue rays fell on the burnished black hair of the one—who might have been a lovely Jewess but for her beads—and the ruby on her of the golden locks.

The black hair took on the purple

Depths in the Shadows

which Hawthorne speaks of in the Marble Faun, and Golden Locks was an auburn beauty while the sun shone on her bowed head.

Alas! How we who are not radiant beauties need tinted windows to give warmth to our complexions.

But the windows have been beyond the reach of most purses until now.

The secret of the opalescent tints which the masters introduced into the great windows of sacred edifices centuries ago was kept by each a secret until with the death of the last the knowledge was lost.

Recently, however, methods which produce the same results have been discovered, and beautiful windows are within reach of the artistic soul who needs must count the cost.

The process is much the same as in china painting, the colors being mineral and requiring to be used with a flux and to be fired. A less degree of heat, however, is required for this than for china, and an equal knowledge of the changes which colors undergo during firing.

Although many think they might succeed at once in figure-painting on glass, if they only knew what colors to use, they would find the safer course to consist in attempting simpler work first.

An outfit consisting of six colors, palette, brushes, ground glass, slab for mixing colors, flux, etc., may be had for $4, and the additional colors come at from 25 to 35 cents per tube.

Although outlining natural forms in painting on china is in the worst possible taste, on glass it is quite permissible.

Suppose, then, for the south window, where the light streams in between parted curtains, that we hang a panel of brilliantly tinted glass, and suppose, also, that we tint it ourselves.

A peculiar thing about glass is that the higher-priced pieces are not the best for firing, being often too soft and too easily melted. Buy that which is clear and

Free from Air Bubbles

and flaws.

Suppose we have made some preliminary daubs on small broken pieces, and are in a hurry to get to the more showy work. A panel of clear glass 8x16 makes a good size and form. First washing the surface with alcohol, coat it thinly with "fat oil," which comes with the colors, and place the plate on a sheet of thin paper, and draw the design in the oil. Do not attempt to delineate beautiful features at first, but draw, say, a head half averted, only the contour of the cheek being visible beyond the hair. The Josephine Recamier and Greenaway styles are suited admirably to such drawings.

Also belonging to Mr. Jefferson, whose possessions furnish the means of an art education, is a beautiful stained glass panel, leaded, of early Venetian work, which would be an ideal thing to duplicate in monochrome.

On the circling stairs of a round tower, a buskined page, or, perhaps, a "carpet knight," stands, the weight of the body evidently thrown on the foot on the upper stair, and the other pointed toe resting on the stair beneath. Through a loophole in the sombre walls of the tower a colored ray falls on the stone steps, and looking up you see painted on the stained glass window a graceful conceit, truly.

But to work—for ruby and amber and azure glow make me think of castles and cathedral walls—use pompadour red for the outlines, and fill in with tints of the same color.

A border for our picture may be ordered made through a dealer in stained glass, but will be expensive, costing from $2 to $6.

A Boston girl, who owns one of the little gas kilns in use by some amateur china painters, one of whom she has been, thus overcomes this item of expenditure. You know the border of these elaborate panels resemble in a certain degree the

Silk Crazy Patchwork,

recently so all engrossing to femininity.

Made of irregular bits of bright-lined glass, held together by strips of lead, each of the larger pieces affords opportunity for ornamental sketches in outline in some of the darker shades or colors.

Use pieces of the clear glass, which is much cheaper than the so-called "pot metal" of ruby or sapphire tint.

This pot metal is so called because the tinting is placed in with the sand and silica in the first stages of its manufacture. Miss Beakon colored the pieces to suit her fancy in the simple flux tints, and fired them herself between layers of slaked lime to a dull red heat. Then, having outlined the larger pieces with tiny sketches, appropriate to the theme of the centre panels, similar to the marginal etchings of a remarque or artist's proof, she refired the pieces again.

At a cost of $125 our wise maiden, who keeps abreast of the times in matters scientific, bought an ingot of aluminum, that beautiful silvery metal which is capable of so many things in the way of fancy work for women. Using a nail and a piece of thin wood, with firm, quick strokes of a mallet she formed a narrow groove in both sides of the strips of metal a quarter-inch in width and thickness, into which a smith had hammered it and fitted in the glass.

Panels like these cost $25 and $50 through the dealers, but may be made at a cost of $1 each after the few brushes and tubes of color are procured, for an ounce of aluminum will "lead" several.

With a malleable metallike aluminum and stained glass ad lib., fancy the beautiful things a woman can make! Moorish lamps for the cosy curtained corner and—but more of aluminum anon. URMA.

The Ruling Passion.

[Puck.]

Miss Lovering—But if you did not love him, why, oh, why, did you marry him?

Lady Bankrupt—Well, my dear, he was going at such a bargain I couldn't resist!

TO BE QUEEN OF HER SEX

The American Girl Has but to Dress at Her Best.

Dainty Attire in Which She Will Pace the Greyhound's Deck.

Fashion Decrees that She Must be the Fairest of Voyagers.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Either women are more beautiful than ever, or there must be a certain hypnotism in the perfect fashions of the day that makes them appear such exquisite visions of loveliness.

One sees so many of them on the avenue and in the park! They have such sweet, pure faces, such clear eyes, such burnished hair, and such lithe, superb figures; and, then, they carry themselves so magnificently, with their long coats and trailing skirts and inimitable taste concerning details!

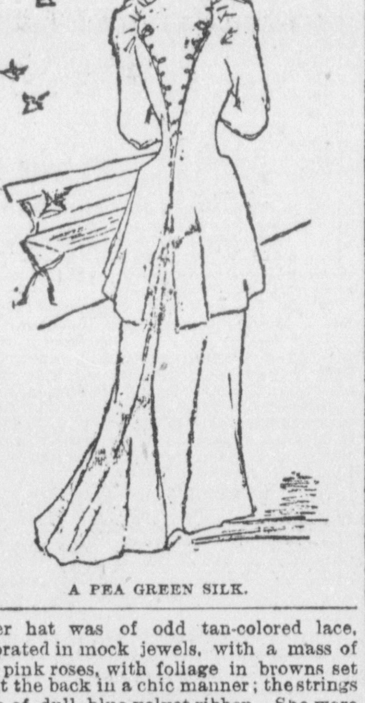
It was F. Marion Crawford, you know, who told us on a page of "Dr. Claudius" that "when American women dress well, they dress better than any other women in



ON THE AVENUE.

the world;" and they nearly all dress well, if one is to judge by those one sees on the promenade of a sunny afternoon.

A certain representative well-dressed American woman whom I saw on the avenue cannot but interest you. She was tall and impressively beautiful. She wore an imported costume (I know it was imported because the bottom of the skirt stood out stiffly as only the skirts of imported gowns do). It was of old-blue cloth with a tan-colored vest and a generous amount of gold embroidery about it.



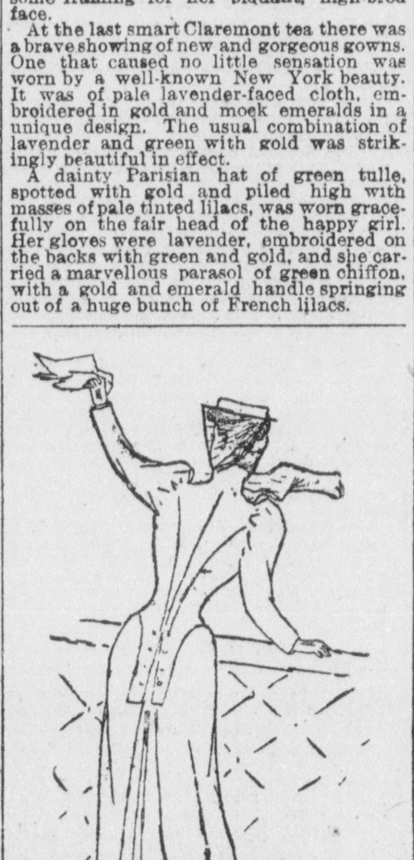
A PEA GREEN SILK.

Her hat was of odd tan-colored lace, decorated in mock jewels, with a mass of dull pink roses, with foliage in browns set up at the back in a chic manner; the strings were of dull blue velvet ribbon. She wore white gloves with tan stitching and an almost imperceptible veil of dull rose illusion.

The queer dull colors of her costume were peculiarly becoming to her odd beauty of creamy skin, intense blue eyes, and soft, straying reddish hair, that fluffed about her little ears and forehead and made a winsome framing for her piquant, high-bred face.

At the last smart Claremont tea there was a brave showing of new and gorgeous gowns. One that caused no little sensation was worn by a well-known New York beauty. It was of pale lavender-faced cloth, embroidered in gold and mock emeralds in a unique design. The usual combination of lavender and green with gold was strikingly beautiful in effect.

A dainty Parisian hat of green tulle, spotted with gold and piled high with masses of pale tinted lilacs, was worn gracefully on the fair head of the happy girl. Her gloves were lavender, embroidered on the backs with green and gold, and she carried a marvellous parasol of green chiffon, with a gold and emerald handle springing out of a huge bunch of French lilacs.



OFF FOR EUROPE.

India and china silks, foulards and the whole category of soft siks will be in the greatest favor the coming summer. There is nothing prettier, and some of the new figured patterns are perfect works of art.

Black is extremely popular, both plain and scattered with small colored figures, tiny roses, and violets and daisies in brightest tints, and as perfect as nature's own.

Chantilly lace is a favorite garniture for these soft silks; and it is most suitable in its airy designs.

I noticed a gown of dull pea-green china silk, that was especially worthy of note. Its elegant simplicity was its chief attraction, for it was perfectly plain, excepting a delicate tracery of black embroidery about it.

The coat and skirt were very long, giving the wearer an effect of extreme height and grace. The hat resting on the black shining hair was of pale green lace, straw studded, with large jet cabochons; a mass of puffy light blue chiffon with several stiff black aigrettes springing out of it served as trimming, and the chin straps were of black velvet. The whole arrangement was exceedingly Frenchy, the daring combination of blue and green giving it a true Parisian atmosphere.

To those who intend braving the terrors of mal-de-mer, fashion has a neat little budget of hints to offer in the way of what is correct to wear on shipboard.

First, the gown. It should be of all wool, serge or tweed, as these stuffs do not wrinkle and they bear wetting without harm. Navy blue is the best color for the gown, not only because it is the most fashionable, but because it is durable and in excellent taste. The gown should be made severely plain, easy-fitting, and not difficult to put on or take off.

A long, close ulster of warm cheviot is an absolute necessity for comfort and for keeping the skirts from blowing about during the windy walks on deck that are the chief joy of a transatlantic voyage.

Have neither capes nor hood to the ulster; they serve only as playthings for the wind. The garment should button from top to bottom and be closed down the back. Two larger pockets will be found very precious and cosy when dainty finger tips begin to tingle.

A straw sailor is the best and neatest hat. It should be lined with thin flannel or cashmere, however, and have an elastic band to hold it on the head. A small soft felt hat or cloth cap is sometimes preferred to the sailor, and is often more becoming to the wearer, although it is not as stylish.

A gauze veil, three yards long, of blue or gray, to wind around the head and throat is a trifle that it is well not to forget; it keeps the hair from flowing about in wild disorder, and giving one a dishevelled appearance.

With much impressiveness I wish to add that boots are very conspicuous objects when one is arranging herself in her steamer chair, and perhaps it is unnecessary for me to say that they should not be in the least degree shabby or ill-fitting.

It is impossible to comprehend how much solid comfort can be stowed away inside a silk-covered down cushion until the fair voyager has taken one across the seas with her. Its gentle softness is so delicious when she lays her weary head back on her steamer



AT THE CLAREMONT TEA.

chair, or tucks its soothing silkiness under her cheek above her hard stateroom pillow.

Have it covered with some bright, warm color; it is such a happy relief, a bit of color, to rest one's eyes upon after gazing at the wide distances of dull gray sea and sky, and with the rich tones of the heavy tartan rugs, that are as indispensable to a sea-going mortal as one's hat or coat, it makes a most artistic arrangement—and one might as well be artistic as the other thing.

For some time there has been a frank struggle going on in Paris against the too plain, too fourreau gowns—and, after all, how many women do they really suit? The number is as limited as the number of those with the figure of a goddess, and that is why the fashion makers are suggesting little paniers draped on the hips to make the waist look smaller, and to veil the too-much-developed figures, and give a little fulness to those who are too slender.

These prettily-draped little paniers are sometimes replaced by a Henri II. puffing, such as one sees on the dresses of great ladies of the 16th century. It is very narrow at the front of the bodice, and grows wider on the hips, forming rather a long basque behind. The effect is very original, and that, I believe, is for what we are all striving. MARIE.

HE WASN'T IN IT.

[Mrs. M. L. Rayne in Detroit Free Press.]

They built a fine church at his very door—
He wasn't in it;
They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—
He wasn't in it.
Let them work for themselves as he had done,
They wouldn't ask help of any one
If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—
He wasn't in it.

So he passed the poor with haughty tread—
He wasn't in it;
And he scorned the good with averted head—
He wasn't in it.
When men in the halls of virtue met
He saw their goodness without regret;
Too high the mark for him to win it—
He wasn't in it.

A carriage crept down the street one day—
He was in it.
The funeral trappings made a display—
He was in it.
St. Peter received him with book and bell:
"My friend you have purchased a ticket to—well,
Your elevator goes down in a minute."
He was in it.

How to Mount a Horse.

[Carl A. Nyegaard in Ladies' Home Journal.]

Any woman who lives in the country, and who is not too stout, should be able to mount a horse from the ground unaided. If she attains to be anything of an equestrienne she should require no more assistance than a man, though she is handicapped a little by reason of her skirt.

She should lower the stirrup sufficiently to reach it with the left foot, then placing the right hand on the upper pommel and the left on the lower pommel, by a side-way motion, right shoulder forward, spring lightly from her right foot and swing herself into the saddle.

Once there, she should take her foot out of the stirrup, place her right thigh in its proper position above the pommel, and adjust her dress. The stirrup is shortened from the right side by pulling up the strap again. A good dancer will soon learn to mount.

The Old Gentleman's Fault.

[Pittsburg Bulletin.]

Watchful mother (entering library suddenly)—Good heavens! Maud, wh—what are you doing? Go to your room instantly!

Fair daughter (sobbing)—I wa—was doing just what papa told me to.

W. M. (aghast)—What!

F. D.—Ye—yes! He said it was high time I were sitting down on that impudent Mr. Jiggs, and that's ju—just what I was dudoing.

RUG WORTH $100,000.

Vanderbilt Paid $80 a Yard for Cloth of Gold.

Some Unique Effects in Decorating the Summer Cottage.

Chimes Supplant the Dinner Bell—Some New and Chic Fads.



WE cannot too often or too emphatically urge a thoughtful consideration of color in the furnishing of a room, says the Upholsterer. Poor Marie Antoinette left a world of disappointment and sorrow behind her, for many a woman doesn't realize until late, that the fair French beauty adopted the white-and-gold style, simply because it was in harmony with her fresh complexion and reddish hair.

In oriental countries the styles that have lived are the deep tones and swarthy skins of the natives.

The yellows and blacks look well in Spain for the same reason—because they fit the people. Now, we of today, in this country, have many types of personality, and for that reason should select in our house furnishings that which is most becoming.

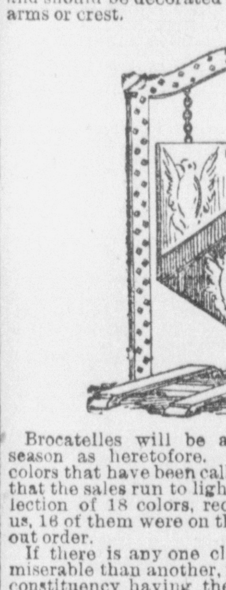
This idea is, day after day, finding a firm place in the active thoughts of home makers, and in 10 years hence it will be a source of supreme amazement that the time ever was when all sorts and conditions of humanity adopted any one character of decoration simply because it "prevailed" or was the "rage."

The yacht which Pierpont Morgan launched last month had, among its other furnishings, a remarkable tapestry, which was examined with great interest by many members of the Masonic fraternity.

It is an antique, about 12 feet square, and covered with Masonic emblems—the terrestrial orb, flanked by trowel, dagger and delta, surmounted by square and compass, and above them in the centre a blazing star.

All of these emblems are embroidered by hand. The piece is said to be more than 300 years old, and to have been one of the decorations of the Mosque of Mohemit Ali.

We show here something new in the way of a screen. It is mediæval in character, and should be decorated with one's coat-of-arms or crest.



Brocatelles will be as much used next season as heretofore. From the sample colors that have been called for, it is evident that the sales run to light tints, for in a collection of 18 colors, recently inspected by us, 16 of them were on the soft and washed-out order.

If there is any one class of people more miserable than another, it is that extensive constituency having the pate de foie gras taste and the pretzel income. These people invariably want styles that they cannot get in cheap goods. They reiterate that they don't care for quality as long as they get effect.

Ah, if they could only look over some of the goods seen by us recently, they would be happy, for one or two of the importers have brought over several excellent things artistic and cheap—imitation Bagdad stripes at 75 cents a yard, dead copies of the $8 goods; cotton hangings, resembling silk brocades as closely as cotton pongees resemble the light silk goods, at 85 cents, 50 inches wide—things that a man sees in a hasty review of the market and remembers.

The colors are good and the designs are pure, being copies of expensive fabrics; jutes, in the daintiest tints, and harmonious, on the brocade order, 65 cents a yard, 50 inches wide, and moire antiques at 70 cents.

The general adoption of brass and iron bedsteads has brought about many curious whims and theories. Not long ago a woman called at a New York retailer's for "an electric non-conductor." The salesman assured her he did not know of any such thing. She described the idea as a cup, like a soup bowl, which stands in one of the corners of the bedstead.

"We have," said the dealer, when the lady, with a sense of superiority and contempt for a man so slow in his business had departed; "we have," said he, throwing lightly to the winds a few hot epithets, "all sorts of cranks in here since brass bedsteads have prevailed. One woman is afraid that brass bedsteads will make her nervous, that they will rob her of all her electricity; while another will insist upon having them because she understands that they charge the bed with just that vital force, and then they kick if our charge is too high—ha—a—joke.

Most women seem to agree that brass bedsteads attract lightning, and it is difficult for me to explain that they don't. Some few think that they tarnish easily; others rather mistily fear that they need a lot of polishing.

"Then there is the glass-cup scheme. A woman called here lately, and instead of wishing the cup at the top of the bed, she asked for cups in which to rest the casters. I told her that we had sometimes sold such things, but the people that bought them filled them with vinegar to keep roaches from climbing up. I will never forget the look she gave."

A screen which is distinctly feminine, "just lovely" in every particular, is done upon bamboo or enamelled frame and of daintiest silk. The illustration tells the rest. It combines the screen with a catch-all.



The decorative possibilities of burlap as a wall covering are manifold. A very effective way of using it is by applying the plain fabric to a tufted wall, and instead of using a simple tuft or brass nail to fasten it there, use something which will form the design on the wall; a nail, for instance with a head of flat brass armorially designed or with some little shape, like the conventionalized iris.

We can all remember with what open-mouthed awe we, as children, used to listen to the tales of "The Cloth of Gold." The oriental splendor amused us by its very vastness; and yet today we know of a rug worth $100,000, inlaid with precious stones and of a massed grandeur which even Alladin's lamp never revealed; and the cloth of gold business is being profitably conducted by a New York firm, who put into some of the furnishings of a few years back, in the Vanderbilt home, a cloth of gold, literally, not figuratively, worth $80 a yard.

Some months ago we described a means of treating walls with lace. It can be done, but the work is laborious and fussy, and considerable difficulty is found in combining into a proper wall design the pieces of lace curtains which must be cut up for the purpose.

A net is now used by a well-known importer, which has only a simple design, a little detached figure; the idea is to tint this net a deep cream and to apply it to a gilt wall—not simply a plain gold paper, but a wall that has been dabbed in fugitive spots of gold.

A beautiful curtain for the dining-room of a cottage at one of the fashionable watering-places is composed of a sea-green material known as harness cloth. Over this is thrown a net of ivory-colored cord, the meshes perhaps an inch square, or rather of diamond shape.

The effect is of rippling sea water, and is indescribably beautiful. This unique curtain will be looped back with a cable cord, and the catch may be a rowlock or some other appropriate design. A line of small sinkers across the bottom of such a curtain would not be at all out of place.

A beautiful summer-house is to be furnished entirely—so far as the bedrooms go—in bird's-eye maple. This charming wood, which gives always the effect of lightsomeness, freshness, cleanliness, harmonizes always with the colors effected in dainty bedrooms, whether of pale pink, robin's-egg blue, sea green, or even yellow. Exquisitively carved dressing cases are shown, dainty tables and cute chairs in this pretty wood.



A Western manufacturer, who thought it would please the women, has brought out what he calls "a shoe-and-stocking-stool," and nine women out of 10 ask what it's for. It won't go; the fair sex won't have it.

A bed table is arranged with a view to tipping it in any direction, forward, back or sideways, over the bed without touching the occupant thereof. It is an English device, and it is much used in hospitals, although it appears to us to be rather cumbersome.

The old-fashioned dinner bell is not nearly as agreeable as the chimes that are now largely used, and usually hung near the dining-room door.

We notice in some of the cabinets and closets, which are now being made in England, that the doors are being displaced by swinging cranes over which curtains are hung. The idea gives quaint relief to pieces of furniture otherwise staid and prim.

The ormolu effects which are shown upon the high-class French furniture of the 16th century are now being imitated in wood and plasted gilding.

An outcome of the coffee stands borrowed from the Orient is a stand and seat combined. The cushion top is adjustable; without it we have the stand.

THE FUTURE OF THE BANG.

How Prominent Women Add to Their Charms by Its Use.

Mrs. Harrison wears a bang, so does her daughter, Mrs. James Robert McKee, and her tiny granddaughter, Miss Mary Lodge McKee, and so will the three generations of great-granddaughters who succeed her. For "the bang is eternal," says the World.

It always has been and ever will be popular among women who study their glass.

Cleopatra wore her cow's-tail red hair banged round her face and ears. Old Mother Eve is pictured with loose tresses playing about her brow and temples. Salome, the Carmencita of Biblical days, wore a bang; so did Magdalen, the beautiful, Queen Bess and the beaux and beauties that Van Dyke painted.

Louisa, the lovely queen of Prussia, pinned her tresses with a star and let them fly again windward about her cheeks; the fascinating Mme. Roland, whose dark, serious, changing eyes no artist could paint, pulled her shock of brown hair within an inch of her eyebrows and bound it with a fillet; Mme. de Stael, the religieuse, skeptic, sloven, scholar, wit and queen of the salons frequented by such men as Talleyrand, Schiller, Mirabeau, Voltaire, Rousseau, De Lafayette, Napoleon and Louis XIV., openly confessed that, although she might not wash her face once in a week, her front hair had to be looked after every day, and she wore a headdress of beaded crape with a frill of little spiral curls running across her forehead from ear to ear that kept in curl, but caught fluff, feathers and any dust that was flying.

Empress Josephine, Queen Hortense, Marie Louise and other coquettes of the first empire banged their hair. With the restoration and its elephant sleeves, Tam O'Shanters and barrel-size muffs, the frill of loose curls was still popular, and every woman of fashion under the second empire colored her hair a parrot or copper red, hoisted it up with an enormous chignon, and, led by Eugenie in her hoop-skirted court, trimmed their pretty little foreheads with spit curls and beau-catchers.

The bang is everlasting. At least that is the verdict of the leading hair dressers, hair dealers and hair dyers of New York. And they ought to know.

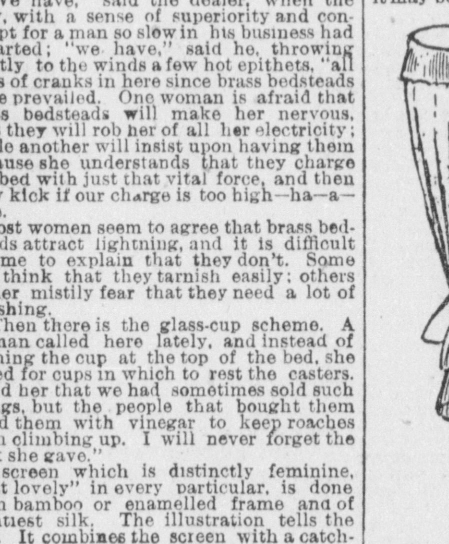
YOU HAVE AN OLD BLACK GOWN.

What a Pretty Dinner Dress you can Make of It.

Dressing for dinner or the evening meal, whatever it is, has a decidedly moral effect. Not that an elaborate toilette is necessary; nor in this country where, in most families, life is on a simple basis, is it requisite for a man to don his evening clothes.

But if each member of the family is required to give 10 or 15 minutes' careful attention to the toilette the result will surely be apparent in increased courtesy among the members of the household, and a certain home dignity that is very desirable.

"But," says the tired housemother, "all this involves extra expense." Here you are mistaken, dear lady; a little extra trouble it may be at first, but this will be more than



compensated by the restful feeling it will give. Let us help you by a few suggestions. You surely have some old black silk gown that has done good service. Keep it for your regular evening dress, and arrange some pretty and becoming fichus to brighten and freshen the corsage.

Here are two patterns from the Tribune so simple that a child might make them. Lace being both pretty and inexpensive, it really involves a very small outlay. The draped part of the fichus may be made of white mull, which can be washed as often as required—or of any pretty color of soft China silk. Cuffs of the same lace should be basted in the sleeves, and your shabby black gown becomes a pretty toilette that will gladden the eyes of your family.

For young girls a pretty silk shirt will give a becoming change from the dark dress usually worn, while the younger children can easily have one particular costume reserved for evening wear.

How to Improve Beauty by Dress.

Of all the princesses that Germany has bestowed on Russia, those of Saxe-Altenberg only know how to improve by dress their heritage of beauty. The Grand Duchess Constantine learned the art from her French hairdresser, who gave her most excellent advice when he said:

"If a woman is ugly, then her clothes should be conspicuous, striking, and a powerful distraction from the ugliness of the woman. If she is beautiful, then her dress should be arranged to sustain the beauties she deigns to show and to suggest the others. In short, the dress should be as the accompaniment to a vocalist and no more."

Dressing is in reality a fine art rather than a trivial vanity, and depends not at all as Ruskin says, on "how much money you have in your purse, but in what you buy with it."

The History of Tights.

[Paris Letter in the Chicago Herald.]

Apropos of the recent legislation against tights on the stage by the Minnesota Legislature, a Paris newspaper gives some interesting facts as to the history of these garments. It seems, according to this authority, that tights are only the extremely ancient Gallic "braies," or closely-fitting pantaloons, which in the middle ages became the haut-de-chausses worn by both sexes, and which, according to a curious letter addressed by Heloise to Abelard, were donned by the nuns of the convent of the Paraclete.

The "haut-de-chausses" for ladies were discarded when stockings came in, and they were not heard of in France from the period of the reformation to that of the revolution. Under the directorate there was a craze for everything classic—Greek and Roman furniture, dinners after the manner of the ancients, and ladies' costumes imitated from designs on Etruscan vases and the paintings at Pompeii were the delight of society in the gay city; but some of the sham antique dresses were so perilously transparent in texture that Grundyism "a la Parisienne" resuscitated silk tights.

Such a garment was worn by Mme. Tallien at a ball given at the Salle Frascati. The tights were of roseate hue, enriched with golden bangles above and below the knee, and on both her great toes the elegant citizen wore diamond rings. The remainder of her attire was a single robe of gauze, which floated in the ambient air.

REDFERN'S LATEST DESIGNS.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The rose-scented warmth of the sweetest month in all the year is now so near at hand that the world of women will soon be luxuriating in its charming summer plumage, and the eyes of the beholders will be gladdened by all those delightful fripperies of lawn and lace and floating ribbons and flower-laden chapeaux, and those bright yet delicate tints which are only in harmony with cloudless skies and brilliant sunshine, and outside of city limits.

Already many Newport cottages are open, and the seaside and mountain resorts are each vieing with its neighbor in sounding the loud trumpet, and, spider-like, inviting the summer boarders to step into its parlor and take possession of its long piazzas.

While the aforesaid boarder, wherever it is of the feminine gender, is busy putting the last touches to the dainty gowns and chiffons, which she fondly hopes will enrapture every member of the opposite sex, and set wild with envy all her sister women who behold them.

Among these summer costumes will probably be a black silk grenadine made upover a changeable glace lining, one or two of the soft-printed challies, anlembroidered batiste, some chambrais and Scotch ginghams, lovely mousseline de l'Inde in jardiniere effects, and perhaps one of the resurrected French organdies which delighted the girls "befo' the wah'."

But with all these and half a score more, madame's wardrobe will not be complete unless she possesses one of our new foulard gowns, like the accompanying sketch:



The Indispensable.

It is of black foulard, figured all over with baskets and little nosegays in natural colors. Across the front is a narrow pleating, and the skirt is somewhat draped on the right hip. The bodice has a girdle of light stem green velvet fastened with an enamelled clasp, and a rosette of the same velvet catches the draped folds on the chest. The sleeves have a full puff to the elbows, and two ruffles below on the tight cuff. The plateau hat is of black lace straw, with sprays of field flowers.

Do you know that most of the so-called French gloves are made in England, numbers of them being of genuine Dent make, and then shipped to France, stamped with a Paris maker's name, and "palmed" off on would-be elegantes at a handsome profit? For some time the Bon Marche has been netting a nice little purse out of these gloves of perfidious Albion, which meekly pays through the nose for the gloves of its own manufacturing.

Instead of sailor hats, many girls who mean to travel are investing in the small boat-shaped hats, with indented crowns. They will be worn very much this year, and they certainly suit most people in a wonderful way.



Natty Cricket Gown.

This sketch illustrates one of Redfern's cricket gowns, very like the models which took so well last year. It is of white flannel, with clustered stripes of white and dark blue. A narrow row of dark blue braid heads the hem. The blouse waist of dotted flannel has sailor collar, cuffs and belt of dark blue, striped with white. REDFERN.

How Some Indians Got Riches.

The Osages came by their wealth through the sale of their land in Kansas when they were moved to a reservation in what is now known as Oklahoma Territory. One Indian abandoned his tribe and clung to his Kansas land, and it is said that today, through the appreciation in the value of that land, he is worth $1,000,000. He is perhaps the richest Indian in the world.

Nothing is known of him at the Indian office because, having abandoned his tribe, he has ceased to be a subject of solicitude to the gentlemen in charge of Indian affairs at the national capital. The land belonging to the other Indians was bought by the government and thrown open to settlement.

In buying this property the government did not make any actual payment for it. It announced to the Osages that they had been credited with the amount of the purchase money, and that they would receive interest on that amount. There was no deposit made to secure this indebtedness of the government.

There is nothing to represent it in the Treasury Department except the record of the fact that it has been assumed by the government. This has been the practice of the government—its exclusive practice—for many years.

A BOY EMPEROR'S BRIDES.

In China His Full Allowance is Exactly Seven.

Ceremonies Connected With Selecting a Wife for Hwangti.

Any Good and Beautiful Mantchu Maiden is Eligible for the Position.

[Shanghai Special in Philadelphia Press.]

The young Emperor of China, Hwangti, has just celebrated his arrival at 20 years of age by taking to himself an additional wife. The affair has been the subject of much ceremony both at Pekin and in the provinces, and the lucky, or unlucky, bride is the chosen one from a multitude of candidates.

It should be remembered that the Emperor of China cannot marry a Chinese woman. His wives, of whom he is allowed seven in all, must be of the Mantchu race, who are still in nearly every respect foreign to the country over which they rule. The first public announcement of the Emperor's intention to begin stocking a harem was made about three months ago, just previous to the death of the Prince of Chun.

Had the death of the prince, the Emperor's father, been foreseen, the ceremony of selecting wife No. 2 would undoubtedly have been deferred. As it was, Hwangti went into mourning for his parent, but also went on with the choice of a bride.

A proclamation was issued to viceroys of the 19 provinces, calling upon them to gather in and send to Pekin "the fairest flowers among the daughters of Tung," as the Mantchu maidens are termed. The command was obeyed with the usual deliberation of Chinese red tape. The viceroy notified the chief mandarin of each district, and the mandarins in turn commanded the Mantchu fathers in their bailiwicks to bring their daughters before them.

It might be supposed that the honor of being the wife of the Emperor and part owner of his celestial affections would be eagerly sought by both parents and children. But such is not the fact. The instinct of parental affection is very strong among the Chinese. Fathers and mothers know that when a daughter enters the imperial harem she is seen no more by them.

They have to give her up entirely, and whatever may be the fate of the prisoner in the golden cage no hint of it ever reaches the world outside. For this reason both parents and children regard as calamity the prize of imperial favor. But, at the same time, they dare not avoid implicit obedience to the commands of the autocrat.

No maiden is selected younger than 14 or older than 16. It does not matter whether her parents are rich or poor. If they are decent and honest and of the race of the Mantchus it is enough. The mandarin of a district must be careful, however, in his choice of candidates, for should the young woman prove to be other than the pure and blameless being she is represented he would answer, not only with his office, but with his head.

In this exigency the mandarin calls in his mother, if he has one living, and if he has not then somebody else's mother in whom he can place implicit confidence, and the candidates are submitted to her careful scrutiny. As to good looks, the mandarin generally acts on his own judgment and, after canvassing merits and demerits with his mother or other female adviser, he makes his choice of one or two or three and sends them under escort to the viceroy of the province. The parents of a candidate are permitted to accompany her even to Pekin, and keep her company until her fate is finally declared.

But all who are selected in the first place do not go to Pekin. The viceroy holds a scrutiny as careful as that of the mandarin, and from the multitude sent him he picks out not more than 10. Often not more than two or three are sent from one province, owing to the scarcity of Mantchu families in certain regions of China, particularly in the south and west. This time about 100 maidens in all were forwarded to Pekin.

The choice of the favored one did not rest with the young Emperor, but the Dowager Empress of the west, who, although retired from political power, is still paramont in affairs domestic. This Empress, the mother of the late Emperor Tungchi, is virtually the ruler of the imperial household, and is said to govern with a positive hand. She devoted two weeks to examination of the young women, both as to physical and mental qualifications.

Meantime they were lodged in the Red Palace, a rambling, red-tiled structure near the edge of the imperial inclosure, their parents and friends being allowed to shift for themselves in the city inns. The examination is said to have included ability to dance and sing, and otherwise amuse the young Emperor, as well as a catechism in the doctrines of Confucius.

Every day during the two weeks the young women were brought before the Empress, a number being sifted out daily as ineligible. Finally not more than 10 remained. The Emperor was then called in to indicate his preference.

Here a veil might well be drawn over the peculiar customs of the East, customs, however, that hold their parallel in the feudal ages of Europe. Suffice it to say that 10 days later the Emperor selected for wife No. 2, a fair daughter of the province of Chihli, where her father holds rank as a mandarin of the yellow button. Three others were given the choice of remaining as concubines or of going home with their parents. They all gladly went home.

The new bride of the Emperor is said to enjoy the proud distinction of the smallest foot in Pekin. If there are smaller they have not yet been discovered to the gaze of China's 400. The feet are said to be about the size, each, of a Mexican dollar; that is, mere stumps of shrivelled tendon and deadened bone. No doubt this highly prized peculiarity recommended her to the notice of the Empress Dowager, however it may have impressed the Emperor.

While the Emperor of China is not permitted to have more than seven wives he can have any number of concubines, and the present Emperor has had several of the latter since his 14th year. The position of an imperial concubine is not exactly degrading in Chinese eyes; but it is not considered honorable and no woman is compelled to accept it.

In this respect the rules of the Chinese court are more humane than those of other oriental despotisms, where the wish of the Sultan, rajah or shah is as absolute in social as in public affairs.

The Emperor's harem is, of course, sacred ground. Only twice has it been intruded upon by the Western barbarian. The first occasion was after the precipitate flight of the imperial court, when Pekin was looted by the British and French. In the haste to prevent the Emperor from falling into the hands of the enemy, women were forgotten. A gallant French officer, who came unexpectedly upon the Adamless Eden, escorted the frightened beauties to a place of safety and they were turned over to their lord and master upon the conclusion of peace.

Dr. Maybach, a well-known German physician, for some time resident in China, while at Pekin last year, was requested by imperial direction to give attendance to the first empress. The doctor went to the palace, where an effort was made to get him to prescribe without seeing the patient. He refused, and was at length conducted to her.

The young woman lay on a soft divan in the inner court of the Golden palace. The scene was a miniature paradise, with fountains, flowers, birds and a sweet scent of some incense just strong enough to gratify without cloying the senses.

The doctor was accompanied by an aged female attendant, unable to speak any language but her own, for no interpreter could be admitted beyond the sacred lintel. Dr. Maybach had, therefore, to depend wholly upon physical examination, without the aid of language.

He found the patient a lovely type of Mongolian beauty, with a clearness of skin and an eloquence of the large liquid eyes seldom seen in China. Her features were perfect in outline, and sweet in expression.

She did not look happy and the doctor inferred that this had more to do with her illness than anything else. He prescribed and left medicine for her, which she took with evident gratitude.

The doctor was not sent for again, but he received word about two months later that his patient had recovered and she may not improbably live to be the empress-dowager of China.

Everyone Will Welcome Her.

[Chicago Tribune.]

When amid the apple-blooms
You hear the bees a-humming,
When from the woodland comes the sound
Of partridges a-drumming,
When softly cooing turtle-doves
In couples go a-chumming,
And love-lorn swains the sad guitar
By moonlight are a-thrumming—
We know by these unfailing signs
The summer girl's a-coming.

Chippewas Will Soon be Rich.

After the provisions of the recent treaty with the Chippewa Indians have been fulfilled they will be the second wealthiest tribe in the world. They number about 5000. Their wealth is represented by the value of some rich lands bordering the small lakes in Minnesota, which the Chippewa commission persuaded them to sell. The government has paid to them this year $200,000. Next year they will receive $90,000 advance interest, and probably a much greater sum in the annual interest will be due them. The Cœur d'Alene Indians will receive a payment of $500,000 this year.

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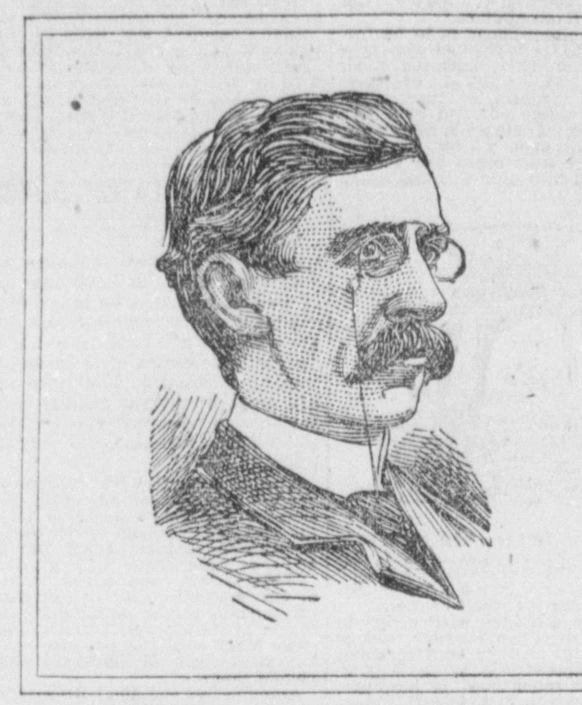
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THE WEEKLY GLOBE,

BOSTON, MASS.

ON THE MEXICAN PLATEAU

—BY—



FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, the most widely read newspaper correspondent who has grown up since the war, is still a young man but 35 years of age, although he has been long in newspaper work, and a slight, unpretending person in appearance, standing but five feet eight inches high, and weighing only 96 pounds.

Mr. Carpenter has, however, his full share of vitality, is of decidedly nervous temperament, and has eyes of gray-blue. For many years now his letters from Washington have been regular features of THE SUNDAY GLOBE. Some years ago, in an interval of Congressional session, he made a trip to Europe, and in 1888 a tour around the world, which is well remembered by Globe readers.

His yearly income is now reckoned at not less than $10,000, the reward of phenomenal industry and exceptional newspaper ability.

He has now gone to Mexico for the first time, and his letters from that strange neighbor-land will display much of that keen and original observation, and plain, simple statement which have been such important elements in his great success.

SILAO, May 22.—On this Mexican plateau you find the ideal climate of the world. This plateau constitutes the greater part of Mexico, and this may be called the climate of Mexico.

Here the climate is the perfection of a pleasant June in Ohio the year round. The air is as pure as that which sweeps over Egypt from the desert in winter time, and south Italy and Greece can furnish no more beautiful skies than these. I am now more than a mile above the sea, and this is the level, not of a mountain point on a mountain side, but a plateau upon which the biggest nation of the continent, with the exception of Russia, could be lost. There is perpetual sunshine here, and the blue skies are bluer than those of the United States.

The air is so rare that the eye can see many miles farther than with us, and it affects the nerves as though one was breathing champagne. The skies are closer to the earth here than at home, the moon shines at night with a greater brilliancy, and the diamond-like stars remind me of the luminous heavens which hang low at night over the Gulf of Siam. I have been in Singapore, almost on the equator, where the thermometer stands at about 80 the year round, and where the air is always saturated with moisture. Here the thermometer averages about 70, and the air is as dry and exhilarating as that of the equatorial Malacca is moist and enervating.

Think of a country where the crops grow in luxuriant greenness all the year. Where the rose grows into trees and flowers bloom forever. I saw yesterday men harvesting crops in one end of a field, while other men were planting the same crops at the other. Upon parts of this plateau strawberries are ripe during every week of the year, and everything seems to grow at any time it is planted.

The rule about Silao is two crops of wheat from the same ground a year, and I see that in harvesting the wheat is pulled root and all from the ground, and this air and sun form the only manure. This part of the Mexican plateau is like a garden. There is some irrigation, but in many places the crops grow without it, and I rode for miles yesterday through lands which were as rich as guano and as black as the rich soil that makes glad the valley of the Nile.

The lands along the coast are, I am told, even richer than these uplands, and the beautiful valley in which Mexico City is located is one of the garden spots of the world. Mexico City is about 7000 feet above the sea. My ride of yesterday was at an altitude of more than 5000 feet above the level of the sea. The valley through which we passed was lined on both sides with mountains, which in the hazy distance looked as though they had been dusted with the frosty silver which is so abundant within them, and as we rode on through the green, I pointed to them and asked one of my Mexican fellow-travellers what lay beyond. He replied that on the other side of the mountains there were other little valleys as rich as that through which we were passing, and the greater part of Central Mexico was made up of such country.

The Mexican plateau is not, however, by any means all green. There are vast deserts, like those of Arizona and Nevada, and in coming through the great State of Chihuahua, on the Mexican Central railroad, I travelled for two days through a blinding blaze of dusty sand, in which the only green thing was the cactus, which grows there in all its beauty and all its ugliness. These deserts are in some places fit for grazing, and Mexicans tell me that on them are to be the great cattle-raising grounds of the future.

Vast tracts of them will be redeemed by irrigation, and thousands of acres have already been reclaimed. The land when irrigated makes splendid cotton ground, and one tract produced 37,000 bales last year. A number of new companies are now being formed, and Americans are largely interested in them. The lowlands which slope from the plateau down to the coast do not need irrigation. They have an immense rainfall during the rainy season, and vegetation grows as rank as that of the jungles of India.

The whole of this country partakes of the Orient. The moment you cross the Rio Grande you are in the lands of the romantic East rather than in the practical West. The air, the sky and nature are those of Palestine in spring time, and the architecture reminds you now of Moorish Spain, and again of the mud huts of Egypt. The people are among the most picturesque on the globe. Every man is a fit subject for a painting, and the American artist, Mr. Church, who has spent seven winters in Egypt sketching, says he finds Mexico a much more fertile field than the well-worked countries of Europe.

As soon as we crossed the Rio Grande, I saw at every station lusty brigand-like men with handsome, dark faces shining out from great sombreros, the crowns of which came to a point a foot above their heads, and the brims of which seemed to be a foot wide all around. These hats were gorgeous in their silver and gold trimmings. Some of them had ropes of silver around them almost as thick as your wrist, and they formed only a part of the glittering costumes of these Mexican dudes. The clothes below them shone with silver buttons and braid. The pantaloons of some of the men were striped with silver buckles, while to the waist of each, fastened by a leather belt filled with cartridges, hung a big silver-mounted revolver. At many of the stations men dressed in this manner would gallop up on horses as gorgeously apparelled, and across the country we saw now and then troops of cavalry dashing over the fields.

The costumes of the common people were fully as picturesque, and both men and women presented rare bits of color, and reminded us of the dance of the nations in a spectacular extravaganza. The lower classes of the men of Mexico dress in cotton, but they wear blankets of all the colors of the rainbow about their shoulders, and they drape these around themselves in a way that adds dignity and grace to them. Many of these blankets are of red flannel, and if you will take a blanket of this sort and throw it around your shoulders and over your back some morning as you hop out of bed in your snow white pajamas you will get some idea of the Mexican peon. Your hair, however, must be as black as the wing of the raven; you must stain your face with walnut juice, and put on your head one of those gorgeous sombreros in a more or less dilapidated condition. You must get a piece of dirty sole leather so large that your foot can stand in it and leave a half inch of space all around and tie this to your feet with leather strips, first cracking your heels and blacking the soles of your feet until they look more rough and tough than the leather itself. After you have done this you will present a faint caricature of the Aztec of 1891.

You are now, however, only the Aztec at rest. The Aztec at work is quite a different person, and you will see him here in as many different occupations as are possessed by his brother fellah in the land of Egypt. He carries the heavy burdens of the country



AN AZTEC MAIDEN.

upon his back. He lugs about Mexican beer in pig-skins as the Bengalee water-carrier carries the water he has for sale, and you see him in a hundred different forms on every street, and in every one he is a new picture.

The women are as strange as the men, though their plumage is less gay. Those of the wealthier classes are dressed in black, and the crowd at one of the cathedrals looks as though a plague had struck the town and all the women were in mourning. In these interior cities of Mexico, the better class women wear no hats, and their heads are either bare or covered with a black shawl, out of which their olive-complexioned faces shine, and their dark lustrous eyes look at you with a strange wonder.

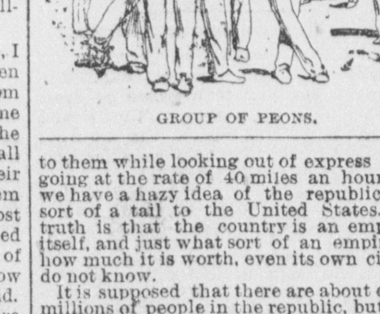
There is no greater beautifier than black, and I believe these Mexican and Spanish women get a great part of their reputation for beauty from the clothes they wear. At first sight they appear handsome, but a close examination results in the discovery that the most of them are rather homely than otherwise, and that many are decidedly ugly. The Indian women are much prettier than their wealthier sisters. They have a striking beauty when under age, but after 30 they grow old rapidly, and hard work and poor food makes them wrinkled and old at 35. They are more picturesque than the higher classes, and their dress takes you again back to the East.

They often wear dark blue cottons and about their heads they drape a cotton shawl or reboso so that only the upper half of the face shows. Some of them wear bright red skirts and white waists and many of them go bare-footed and stop not to rearrange their clothes if more of the ankle shows than our ideas of etiquette allow. The children of the Aztecs are more or less naked—generally more in the back districts—though even the poorest of those I have yet seen have a short skirt to hide the upper parts of their bodies.

The clothes of all are as a rule cleanlier than those of other peoples in the same condition of poverty, and the self-respect which they possessed when, under Montezuma, they were the most civilized people on this continent, clings to them still, and many students of Mexican questions believe they are a people with a future.

The most foreign country in Christendom can be now reached in a Pullman sleeper, and the only water that needs to be crossed is the ragged little river known as the Rio Grande. Mexico is a land of different civilization from ours. Its people are a people in themselves, and I find it one of the strangest countries of the world. It is less known in guide-book literature than any country in Europe and it is a land of wonders and a continuously changing kaleidoscope of strange things of both man and nature.

We know very little of Mexico. Prescott gave us a picture of the country at the time of the Montezumas. Passing travellers have written their impressions that came



GROUP OF PEONS.

to them while looking out of express trains going at the rate of 40 miles an hour, and we have a hazy idea of the republic as a sort of a tail to the United States. The truth is that the country is an empire in itself, and just what sort of an empire and how much it is worth, even its own citizens do not know.

It is supposed that there are about eleven millions of people in the republic, but they have never been accurately counted, and the most of them are of a character and race about which the world knows nothing. The men known as Mexicans are the ruling class, and these are numbered by thousands instead of millions. The real people of Mexico are the Aztecs, millions upon millions of whom have not a drop of Spanish blood in them, and many of whom possess no element of nature in common with the Spaniards, the half breeds or with their civilization.

Most of these Indians speak Spanish, but they have their own tongues as well, and it is said there are at least 100 different dialects used by them in different parts of Mexico. In some parts of this country you will find nothing but these Indians, and Senator Hearst, a year or so ago, travelled over some of the back districts of Mexico, where he was the first white man the people had ever seen. They regarded him as a great curiosity, carried him on their shoulders for miles and delighted in doing him honor.

The word Indian gives no proper idea of these Aztecs of the 19th century. They are nothing like our Indians in appearance or civilization. They are as advanced as the lowest classes of many countries of Europe, and they have manners and a civilization peculiarly their own. They have shown themselves possible of great development, and some of the most striking men in Mexican history have come from them. Juarez was an Indian; Hidalgo was an Indian; and the president of Mexico today, Gen. Diaz, has more Indian blood in his veins than any other.

The Congress of Mexico is largely made up of the descendants of the Aztecs, and it is believed by many that the future possibilities of Mexico are to come from this race. The pure Spaniards of Mexico are few, and they and the people of mixed Indian and Spanish blood make up, it is said, less than one-fourth of the whole population. Still it is from them that the whole country has been judged in the past, and it remains to be seen what the influence of railroads and the consequent development will have on the masses.

The best part of Mexico has not been prospected as yet by the miners. A mining engineer who has been travelling in the Southern States of the country tells me that the great mines of the future lie in the South rather than in the North. Still the North has been worked for ages, and gold and silver are turned out there by the millions of dollars' worth every year. Even the Northern mining regions are comparatively little known, and Col. Bivins, a well-known American miner, who owns valuable property in the State of Guanajuato, tells me that he has obtained a concession for a Philadelphia syndicate to some wonderfully rich but unknown gold territory on the western coast of the country. The agricultural resources of Mexico are as little known and have been as little tested as its mines, and there is enough untilled land here to feed the whole United States if it were cultivated. Just now coffee planting is being largely undertaken and new sugar and coffee fields are being planted in a number of the States.

Americans know but little of the Mexico of the present. They would consider it an evidence of ignorance if a Mexican had never heard of the name of any one of the United States; but 99 Americans out of 100 cannot name, without looking at the geography, five of the 27 States which make up this great republic, and the majority of them look upon the whole country as about as large as one of our medium-sized States. The fact is Mexico is one-fifth as large as the United States, including Alaska, and it is six times as big as Great Britain. It is more than three times as large as Germany, and you could lose three countries as big as France inside of it.

Across the top of it, where, like a great horn it is fastened to the United States, it is as long as Indianapolis is distant from New York city, and a line drawn from the root of the horn at California, catacornered across it to its tip at Guatemala, would be as long as the distance from New York to Denver. This horn is about 150 miles wide at the bottom or tip, and about 800 miles wide at its roots where it joins on to us. In its curve it embraces the Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific ocean washes its other side. It is not a smooth horn by any means. Great mountains lie all along its top, and this top is a vast rolling table-land, the most of which is a mile above the sea.

Mexico is a land of good-sized cities. Its capital, which is away at the south, has more than 300,000 inhabitants. Guadalajara has 100,000, and there are a number of towns the names of which are practically unknown to us which have 25,000 and upwards.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

HOW RUBBERS ARE MADE.

Not Cast in Moulds as Many People Suppose, but Made Like Other Shoes.

[Denver News.]

Many people suppose that rubber shoes are made by melting the material and running it into moulds. Such is not the case.

The manufacture of rubber shoes is not very much different from the manufacture of leather shoes. They are made on lasts just the same, but, instead of being sewed, they are cemented.

"We get most of the raw material from South America," said a drummer. "It is about the color of molasses and is of a spongy nature.

"First it goes through a crushing or rolling process and looks very much like a cow's hide. Then it is taken into a compounding room, where it is mixed with a compound and vulcanized.

"After that it is cut up into small pieces, according to the parts of shoes which we wish to get, and is afterwards fitted onto lasts by the workmen in the same manner that leather is.

"How much pure rubber is contained in the manufactured article? About 70 per cent. The best Para gum costs 95 cents a pound, so you see rubber boots and shoes cannot be made for nothing. In the smallest rubber shoe made there are about four ounces of pure rubber, and from that to probably four pounds in a pair of rubber boots.

"Old rubbers are ground up, lining and all, into what we call rag carpet, and it is used for insoles.

"The work is nearly all done by hand, and in the factories are employed young children, men and women. A bootmaker gets 20 cents a pair for making them, and a good man can turn out from 10 to to 12 pairs a day.

"There are between 15 and 20 rubber boot and shoe factories in the country, with a total capacity of over 150,000 pairs of boots and shoes a day.

"There are four factories having a capacity of over 25,000 pairs each, and one which has a capacity of 40,000 pairs. It is a mystery where they all go to."

The Usual Way.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Two strangers met accidentally in front of the Tribune office yesterday morning.

They met face to face, stopped a moment, and then simultaneously stepped toward the outer edge of the walk, in order to pass each other.

Then they simultaneously stepped toward the Tribune building.

Perceiving their mistake they promptly tried to pass each other by stepping toward the street again.

Meeting with some difficulty in passing, they moved with one accord toward the Tribune building, stopped, looked severely at each other, and decided that this sort of thing would not do. So they stepped as one man to the extreme outer edge of the sidewalk, stopped again, glared at each other, and fiercely rushed to the extreme inner edge of the walk, where they found the same difficulty in passing as before.

Then they dodged to the right.

And then to the left.

Then to the right again.

And again to the left.

After which a Tribune clerk, foreseeing that this narrative would crowd out several columns of advertising matter unless something were done promptly, rushed out and pulled one of the two men inside the door, where he held him firmly, in spite of his struggles, until the other man had passed on.

Reader, do not sneer at these men. You were one of the two yourself.

Why She Said It.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Papa!"

That was all she said.

Her voice lingered lovingly over the syllables of the endearing title.

"Papa!"

Her great, tender heart was in the liquid tones that rippled from her lovely lips and in the soft eyes that beamed upon him with ineffable tenderness.

"Papa!"

There he sat—a genial, noble-hearted old man, proud of his family name, proud of his irreproachable ancestry, proud of his position in society, prouder than all of the beautiful daughter whose breath stirred the silvery locks that shaded his venerable brow as she hung over him.

"Papa!"

She was a large, full-grown, mature woman of 41 summers and a very backward spring, and she called him papa for the reason, perhaps, that she had forgotten there was any such good old word as father in the English language.

He Believed It.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Sharpson—Do you believe in that foolish superstition that if you find a piece of money on the street Monday morning it will bring you luck?

Phlatz—Um—yes. I found a five-cent piece on the street one Monday morning about 10 years ago. I bought a paper with it. First thing I saw was an ad of a merchant that wanted a business manager. I applied for the place and got it. The merchant was a woman. I managed her business for six months, married her, and in less than a year she sold out and ran off with another man. It was all owing to my finding that five-cent piece.

"And you call that luck?"

"Certainly. Didn't I tell you she ran off with another man?"

A Sad Case.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

Papa—Well, has that young spendthrift beggar promised to cease his impertinent attentions to you?

Penelope—Yes, sir.

Papa—Well, what are you crying about, then?

Penelope—I'm afraid he'll keep his promise.

That Made a Difference.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

Druggist (to applicant for clerkship)—What wages shall you expect if I employ you?

Applicant—Twenty dollars a week.

Druggist—I shall not require you to attend the telephone.

Applicant—Then suppose we call it $3.50.

ABOUT POTASH AND SODA.

Their Action to Make Organic Matter Soluble.

The Help Afforded the Alkalies by Calcareous Earth.

How Calcareous Earth Produces Nitrates in Soils and Composts.

[WRITTEN FOR THE WEEKLY GLOBE.]

It is a well established chemical action of the fixed alkalies proper (potash and soda), on vegetable, or other organic, matter, to render it more soluble, and thereby more speedily and effectually to reduce insoluble and inert organic manures to the state fit to be taken up by the roots of plants and enable them to be more completely consumed as food for plants. Under the influence of the alkaline carbonates, the organic matter disappears more rapidly than it would otherwise do; and, after it has thus disappeared, fresh additions of the carbonates produce no further good effect.

According to the treatment of the land while this solvent action of the carbonates is proceeding, through a course of years, the general and final results will be either injurious, in the removal and destruction of the organic matter, or beneficial, by storing it up and fixing it in the soil, under reverse circumstances.

If the system of cropping be continually exhausting—taking as much as possible from the land and returning nothing—then the lessening and disappearance of the organic matter, whether slowly or speedily, will finally be complete, and equally sure will be the so induced and almost hopeless subsequent sterility of the soil. It was upon such ignorant and destructive cropping as this that was founded the often quoted old proverb in England, that "liming makes rich fathers and poor sons." And this saying will certainly be true, if understood, of the fixed alkalies followed by continued or generally exhausting tillage, though entirely false if followed by mild ameliorating cultivation and judicious management.

Calcareous earth, as well as the fixed alkalies, enables the soil, or the plant, growing thereon, to draw much more nutriment from the atmosphere.

Lime and the fixed alkalies in the soil, increases the effect of azotized manures, and, through leguminous plants, draws azote in relatively large amounts also from the atmosphere.

While all persons have concurred in asserting the ameliorating effects of clover, and other leguminous crops, there has been as general an erroneous agreement as to the cause of this quality.

It has been assumed by our scientific instructors, and their doctrine was received without question, that plants with broad leaves absorbed more nitrogen from the air, and hence the superiority in this respect of leguminous plants over all of the narrow-leaved tribes.

Never was there any opinion more generally admitted on a weaker basis, or more easy to be overthrown. Several cultivated crops, as tobacco, cabbage, turnip, pumpkin, and other like vines, have much broader leaves than any of the legumes.

But neither of these has ever been deemed to have any peculiar power for manuring by its growth and decay on the land.

Azote, the smallest but richest, and for its quantity by far the most important element and ingredient of plants, is derived by most plants exclusively from the soil.

Plants of the leguminous order, and they alone, so far as known, possess and exert the power also to draw azote directly from the atmosphere, assimilate and fix in their bodies this richest material, and to give it as manure to the soil on which they grow and are left to decay.

Owing to this peculiar power leguminous plants are the most highly enriching to soil as manure. The important benefits thus to be derived are available only through the aid of lime or alkalies in soil.

Operation of Calcareous Earth to Produce Nitrates in Soil and Composts.

The most interesting and important power of lime or alkalies in soil or in compost heaps of manure is to form nitrates from atmospheric supply of material.

The most familiar, as well as the most instructive examples of this formation of nitric acid is in the artificial nitre beds of France and the north of Europe. These are formed of earth, lime or alkalies, stable manure, or other animal and vegetable matter. The mixture is laid in ridges, occasionally watered with liquid manure, and turned over to expose fresh portions to the air. After a time, perhaps once a year, the whole is washed, when the water which comes off is found to contain a variable quantity of the nitrates of potash, soda, lime and magnesia, which are employed for the manufacture of saltpetre. In these nitre beds it has been observed that the production of nitric acid either does not take place at all, or only with extreme slowness, unless animal or vegetable matter is present in considerable proportions.

And yet the quantity of nitric acid which is formed is much greater than could be produced by the oxidation of the whole of the nitrogen contained in the organic matters present in the mixture. It appears, therefore, that organic matters are necessary to cause the formation of nitric acid to commence, but that after it has begun it will proceed in the same heap for an indefinite period, and at the expense, apparently, of the nitrogen of the air only.

Compost heaps of manure, formed of rich soil, animal manure and lime, calcareous earth or alkalies, are in general only artificial nitre beds, often unskilfully prepared, and badly managed, producing, however, a certain quantity of nitrates, to the presence of which effects on vegetation may not unfrequently be ascribed.

The soils in the plains of India, and in other similar spots in the tropical regions, may be regarded as natural nitre beds, in which the decay of organic matter being vastly more rapid than in our temperate regions, the production of nitric acid is rapid in proportion.

Thus, and in other modes, by the presence and agency of calcareous earth, or alkalies, it may be supposed that nitrogen (or azote), which is the essential element of all rich putrescent manures, is continually produced from the atmosphere; and that the results, in nitrates, are being given to growing plants, to help them to assimilate the necessary nitrogen, which could not be otherwise obtained, except from large supplies of rich animal manures.

ANDREW H. WARD,

Consulting Agricultural Chemist, 85 Devonshire st., Boston, Mass. Fodder and fertilizer formulas furnished, based on required conditions.

Soda Ash or a Carbonate.

Among the important purposes which soda ash serves, in reference to vegetation, it dissolves vegetable matter, and carries it into the roots—that it may form soluble silicates, and thus apply the necessary siliceous matter to the stems of the grasses and other plants—and that rising, as it naturally does, to the surface of the soil, it there, in the presence of vegetable matter, provokes the formation of nitrates, so wholesome to vegetable life.

Potash and soda, in the form of carbonates, act beneficially upon vegetation, by preparing the organic matter of the soil for entering into the roots of plants, and thus administering to their growth.

This preparation may be effected either by their combination directly with the organic matter, as they are known to do with the humic and other acids, which exist in the soil, or by their disposal of this organic matter, at the expense of air and moisture, to form new chemical compounds, which shall be capable of entering into the vegetable circulation. This disposing influence of the alkalies, and even of lime, is familiar to chemists under many other circumstances. This mode of action of the carbonates of potash and soda can be exercised in its fullest extent only when vegetable matter abounds in the soil.

LAYS LIKE A WARRIOR.

Unmarked is the Grave of George Wilkes—What the Great Little Brown Horse Did for American Trotting.

Is the spot marked with no colossal bust,
Or column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral truth tells simpler, so
As the ground was before, thus let it be.

On the side of a hill, beside a disused road, over which the grass grows green, in front of the stables of Ash Grove Farm, Lexington, Ky., lies a little mound, barely raised from the surrounding sod.

As I stood beside it and knew that there lay the ashes of George Wilkes, the memory of Byron's lines came back.

Not a monument like that which marks the resting place of Green Mountain Maid; no articulation of the bones as in the case of that other great son of Hambletonian-Electioneer—nothing but an irregular little mound within ear-shot of where stands some of the best of the fruit of his loins.

No weeping willow bends tenderly over the grave of the little brown hero of Ash grove, no poplar stands in erect dignity to keep silent watch of the greatest sire that has yet lived, no shade tree casts a shadow. Bare, alone and unmarked is the resting place of the great dead.

It needs no tablet of stone to keep the name of George Wilkes graven on the records of the trotter. It is indelibly fixed in the regard of Kentucky, and this New York State bred horse, the founder of the Wilkes family, is accepted without question as the greatest sire that ever lived.

In Kentucky there is no room for debate as to which son of Hambletonian, 10, belongs the supremacy, for though Electioneer and Happy Medium have done phenomenal work, their reputation, at the present time, does not stand comparison; though as each died several years after Dolly Spanker's son, they may show ahead of him in the years to come. They have, however, a great record to beat.

Standing by that irregularly shaped little patch of earth, and thinking of the fact that Robert Fillingham was only stood in Kentucky after 1873, when he was 17 years old, the grand work he accomplished is a matter for wonder. When he passed into the hands of Col. William L. (George Wilkes) Simmons, a New Yorker, who settled in Kentucky, he had

Not a Single 2.30 Trotter,

and had lost the stallion championship to Jay Gould. He got his mark of 2.22 in 1868, then the best mark for a stallion.

His harness was hung upon the wall when Col. Simmons bought him, and he was bred to the Clay family, the Patchens, the Stars and other great strains, and in 1891 he is found, from practically nine years' stud service with 63 trotters with records from 2.13½ to 2.30, and eight pacers from 2.15¾ to 2.30.

"The name of the sire shall be made famous by his offspring," said the sage, and great as has been the success of the old horse, one day a greater than he will be found among his sons. The time is near.

Who that has come down the line of the grand circuit will ever forget that little whirlwind Harry Wilkes, 2.12½, which trotted to his mark while earning money for his owner, and now with 169 won heats in 2.30 or better. Guy Wilkes has a mark of 2.15¼ and 57 heats to his credit, and among the rest of his famous 2.20 list are: Baron Wilkes, Joe Bunker, J. B. Richardson, Rosa Wilkes, So-So, Tom Rogers, Wilson and Wilton. Then there is Alcantara, which was 6-year-old champion in his day, and a horse that with Alcyone, his full brother, ought to have beaten 2.20.

The youngest of George Wilkes' foals are 8 years old, but the last few years have added to his list such fast ones as Alicia (full sister to Alcantara and Alcyone), Daisy Wilkes, Ellerslie Wilkes, Favorite Wilkes, Florence Elmore, Jeff Wilkes, Kaiser, King Wilkes, Magna Wilkes, Mike Wilkes (with a pacing record of 2.15¾ and a trotting mark of 2.28), Miss Wilkes, Richard Wilkes, and others of that stamp that have the speed and ability to go faster if they are given a chance. George Wilkes' stock is so much in demand in the stud that it is hard to spare time to train them.

Where George Wilkes is greatest is in the power to beget speed which has been transmitted to his sons, a prepotency which seems to go through succeeding generations. Red Wilkes (now limited solely to mares owned on the farm where he stands) has 29 trotters in the list; Onward has 28; Alcantara has 22, and led the world with his list in 1890 at all ages, besides being champion sire at 14 years of age; Alcyone has 14, and his death, Kentuckians say,

Cut Off the Greatest Sire

that ever was foaled; Bourbon Wilkes has 16; Simmons, 14, and Jay Bird nine, while Guy Wilkes has seven, and 54 of the soms of George Wilkes have sired 249 trotters.

What has George Wilkes done for the pacers?

He sired eight himself, and 11 of his sons have got one each to their credit, while the dams of six, from two-year-old Manager, 2.16½, are in his roll of honor.

To look at the quality of the dams sired by the hero of Ash Grove. Three of them rank in that exclusive circle of "great brood mares." One was the dam of Butterfly, 2.19¾, and Eagle Bird, 2.21; another produced Delmarch, 2.18½, and Wilkesbrino, 2.23; a third was the dam of Nettle Leaf, 2.23¼, and San Malo, 2.29¼ at 3 years, while such trotters as All-So, 2.20¼; Bon Bon, 2.26 at 4 years; Fortuna, 2.23 at 3 years; France, 2.19¼; Fugue, 2.19¼; Glenview Belle, 2.20½ at 3 years; Moonstone, 2.28½ at 2 years; and Ignis Fatuus, 2.23, are out of George Wilkes mares. Twenty-one of them have produced 24 trotters.

Glance for a moment at the trotters that have been sired by sons of George Wilkes. Red Wilkes in his 29 has sired Prince Wilkes, 2.14¾, called the greatest race horse that ever struck a trot; Phil Thompson, 2.16¼; J. R. Shedd, 2.19¼, which won the great Buffalo race from Aubine, and got his mark in the third heat; Repetition, 2.19¼; Molly Molloy, 2.20; Charley Wilkes, 2.21⅛, the sire of some phenomenal colts and others of that class. Three of his sons have representatives in the list, and his daughters have produced Evangeline, 2.28¾ at two years, Mambrino Maid, 2.17¾, one of the best of the race mares, and McGregor Wilkes, 2.22¼.

Onward has Houri, 2.17, and 27 others that shows the uniformity with which he sires speed, the average coming down towards the 2.25 limit. One trotting sire by this horse, himself a trotter, is Acolyte, sire of two. Olmedo Wilkes has two, and five others of his sons have a representative. He has sired the dams of Benoni, 2.28¼, at 3 years, and Gamoleon, 2.25¼, at 3 years.

Alcantara sired Autograph, 2.18½, Miss Alice, 2.19¾, and White Socks, 2.20½, the best money-winning race horse that has been owned in Boston in many years. Alcantara was the champion sire in 1890, and with 23 trotters and nine pacers to his credit,

Leads the World

as a 14-year-old sire. He has a son, Montezuma, that sired a 2.30 trotter, and his daughters have produced Prince Regent, 2.16¾, and Ægon, 2.18¾, at 3 years.

When death cut off Alcyone in the flower of his vigor he had left 14 trotters to his credit, including Alcryon (2.15¼), Iona (2.17½), Silverone (2.19¾), and his produce will yet gain him greater honor. He sired highly finished and grandly gaited colts, and many Kentuckians cannot now be convinced but that he was the greatest son of the old house.

The fastest of the get of Bourbon Wilkes is Sharper, 2.19½, and as all his get have come into the list in the last two or three years, this 16-year-old horse is sure to be well represented, as he is getting good mares.

Guy Wilkes is one of the younger branches of the family that has a phenomenal name. He trotted in 2.15¼, and then was put in the stud in California, where he is battling for the reputation of "the greatest" son of his father. He sired Sable Wilkes, 2.18, the fastest 3-year-old mark of the age when made, and he in turn sired Freedom, the only yearling in the 2.30 list. Guy Wilkes also sired Lillian Wilkes, 3-year-old record, 2.17¾; Regal Wilkes, 3-year-old record, 2.17½; Hazel Wilkes, 4-year-old record, 2.20; Vida Wilkes, 2-year-old record, 2.22¼, and leads the 2.20 sires at his age. All of his representatives were marked under four years of age.

To the credit of Simmons is the great campaigner Simmocolon, 2.19, and the colt Corraloid, 2.19¾, with a lot of 1890 newcomers that are sure to swell the 2.20 list from among their number. Simmons is only 12 year old, and he is the champion at his age, while his future promises brightly.

Jay Bird is the sire of 9, and his greatest son, by Perfonance, is Alberton, champion 4-year-old stallion, with a third heat in a race in 2.15 and a mark of 2.13½. Then there is Eagle Bird, 2.21, and Early Bird, 2.21¼, all trotters at early ages, while the crop that will be tracked in 1891 will swell his list by a very large number. There is a son of his in New England without a mark that, if he stands training, will beat 2.20 so easily that it will be no limit for him.

The Wilkes family is young, but when one goes to Kentucky and sees colts by Wilton—50 of them all in one barn—not a pacer among them; all shaped for roadsters that a woman might drive; not one carrying an ounce of weight, and none wearing over a nine-ounce shoe, the boom that has been raging can easily be understood. There is absolutely no price put upon a son of George Wilkes, from a well-bred mare, in the South. They are simply out of the market, and the label, "hands off," is very observable.

If the day ever comes, for Kentuckians do not run much to monuments, that a stone is erected over the grave of the dead hero of Ash Grove, no extended record is needed to remind horsemen of his greatness. It needs but the simple legend, "Here lies George Wilkes."

ALLEN LOWE.

"Grant and His Generals."

THE GREATEST OF ALL WAR PAINTINGS.

This celebrated War Painting, called "Grant and His Generals," now reproduced in oil colors on canvas, was painted in 1865, just at the close of the war, by a celebrated artist, who took the portraits from life, and which picture was sold for twenty-five thousand ($25,000) dollars.

In the group of officers that comprise this grand picture are the well-known figures of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, Schofield, Howard, Meade, Thomas, Hancock, Harrison, Garfield, Burnside, Warren, Butler, Granger, Sigel, Custer, Kilpatrick, Wilson, Kearny, McPherson, Lew Wallace, Fairchild, Ord, Blair, Slocum and Hooker, Generals of the Union Army, all of whom had, even at that time, distinguished themselves in battle, characters that will live in the memory of those who served with them, and of their children long after the old veteran has passed away.

These Generals, as they appear in this painting, are artistically mounted on the backs of horses as actually ridden by them during their campaigns.

Three Presidents of the United State appear in this group, viz., Grant, Garfield and Harrison, elected since the painting of the picture, also a number of others who have been mentioned for that high position. There are also seen here the faces of the three Generals, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan—the only ones who received from the United States Government the high rank of General, which rank became extinct at the death of Sheridan.

This picture does not include by any means all those who distinguished themselves in the Civil War. It would be impossible for one piece of canvas to do so; but it does give those who reached the front rank in their profession, with a number of their ablest Lieutenants.

This grand picture, IN OIL COLORS ON CANVAS (size, 24x36 inches), will be mailed to any address throughout the United States, together with the Weekly Globe, one year, for $1.40. Heretofore the price has been FIVE DOLLARS. The families of Union and Confederate soldiers can procure no more pleasing or inexpensive memorial of the Civil War. Mailed, with Weekly Globe, one year, for only $1.40. Address,

THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.

A PURSE IN THE GLOVE.

The Latest Contrivance for Enabling Women to Shop in Comfort.

[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

"Gloves change in style just as do other things that men and women wear," said a glove salesman. "Here, by the way, is a novelty in gloves," and the speaker produced a pair of handsome gloves, size 5½, with just the cutest, tiniest chamois-lined purse imaginable inserted in a palm of the left-hand glove.

"Everybody knows," continued the salesman, "that ladies will put their street-car change on the inside of their gloves, and many are careless enough to even put small gold pieces in their gloves. This purse is large enough to hold two or three $5 gold pieces and some small change besides, and is so arranged that even the amount of money named, if put in the purse, does not inconvenience the wearer of the glove.

The rim of the purse is of nickel, and its clasps are absolutely secure, while its position in the glove is such that it is never seen. Pickpockets are completely foiled by this little device, and ladies are finding palm-purse gloves so handy that we can hardly keep pace with the demand.

A SNAIL IN THE EYE.

Peculiar Little Creature That Will Hunt Up Any Dirt in the Optic.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

Did you ever hear of an eye snail? It is found on the coast of some of the South Pacific islands, a product of the sea, and in appearance not unlike the half of a dry English pea. The flat side is slightly concaved, and by close inspection the numerous small legs can be seen in readiness for business, closely folded together.

Now comes the most singular part of the story: Place the little animal under the lid of the eye, and he springs off, running all about and around the ball apparently in search of anything of a foreign nature, which, should he find, he will seize and come out of the eye, evidently satisfied with having performed his duty.

Stranger still, the thing remains lifeless in the pocket until immersed in a little vinegar, whereupon it begins jumping about, signifying its willingness to work. Although the thing resembles the half of an English pea, there is nothing irritating about it in the eye. Whites are made acquainted with its use by the natives, who frequently get grains of sand in their eyes while diving.

Reasons Why Man May Not Fly.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

Prof. Hazen of the signal office says there are insurmountable obstacles to perfecting a flying machine. Prof. Hazen states the main obstacles thus:

First—It is impossible to use the food which the bird uses to develop power by any contrivance which can ever be invented that will give one tithe of the effect that the bird gets. That is to say, while possibly a spring or other application of force, by using up an enormous amount of energy in a very short time, might momentarily imitate a bird, yet the motive power in such case would be rapidly used up.

Second—It is impossible, by the most delicate mechanism and most perfect wings, to equal the perfection and adaptability of the bird in its own element.

Third—There is a limit of weight beyond which it is impossible for a bird to fly. It is probable that the ostrich had the power of flight in the ages gone by, but when its environment became such that it did not need its wings to escape from enemies, or when it began to grow larger from any favoring circumstances, it used its wings less and less, so that now it is entirely incapable of flight.

It is probable that the condor, weighing 50 pounds, and with a spread of wings of 14 feet, is very near the limit of weight. We may conclude, then, that we can never equal a bird, and, hence, that a self-raising, self-supporting, and self-propelling flying machine cannot possibly be built to carry a man.

Uses of Hot Water.

[Ladies' Home Journal.]

Hot water is one of the best among simple remedies. For instance, headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, and quickly wrung out and applied over the toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief.

A strip of flannel, or napkin folded lengthwise, and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied round the neck of a child that has the croup, will sometimes bring relief in 10 minutes.

Hot water taken freely half an hour before bed time is helpful in the case of constipation, and has a most soothing effect upon the stomach.

A goblet of hot water taken just after rising, before breakfast, has cured thousands of indigestion, and no simple remedy is more widely recommended by physicians to dyspeptics.

Money for Invalids.

Being advised to go South and engage in light business, I bought a plating machine from H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, O., for $5. I get all the tableware and jewelry I can plate and sell some platers. Make from $4 to $10 per day. Work is nicely done. My health improved and I am elated. No experience needed. Any one can do as much by writing for circulars. AN INVALID.

When the Earth Was Young.

[Irish Times.]

When the earth was young, says Dr. Ball, astronomer royal for Ireland, it went around so fast that the day was only three hours long. The earth was liquid then, and it spun around and around at that fearful speed, and as the sun causes ever increasing tides upon its surface, it at last burst in two. The smaller part became the moon, which has been going around the earth ever since at an increasing distance. The influence of the moon now rises tides on the earth, and while there was any liquid to operate on in the moon the earth returned the compliment.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It never fails. We guarantee a complete cure in every instance; 48 page book free. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race st., Cincinnati, O. eowky1y d30

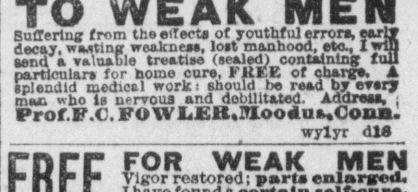
CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their express and P. O. address.

T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y. wyly s6

Manhood Restored

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York. wy41t n18



LYON & HEALY State & Monroe Sts. CHICAGO, will mail free, their newly enlarged Catalogue of Band Instruments, Uniforms and Equipments. 400 fine illustrations describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps, including Repairing Materials, Trimmings, etc.; instructions for Amateur Bands, Exercises & Scales, Drum Major's Tactics, By-Laws, and selected list of Band Music.

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Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work: should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn. wylyr d18

FREE CURE FOR WEAK MEN Vigor restored; parts enlarged. I have found a certain self-cure. I will gladly send the recipe FREE to any fellow sufferer. It cured me after all else had failed. Address R. T. HAMILTON, Box 43, Albion, Mich. wytf ja13

FREE TRIAL! Thousands of cases of NERVOUS DEBILITY, Lost Manhood, etc., cured by NERVITA. $1.00 package; 6 for $5. Trial sent FREE for 12c. postage. DR. A. G. OLIN CO., Box 242, Chicago, Ill. eowy26t je3

WEAK MEN! STOP!!!

Do you suffer from any weakness caused by errors or excesses? If so, Prof. Ricord's Chemical Tablets will positively cure you. Sealed information (free). Michigan Chemical Co., Battle Creek, Mich. wy4t je3

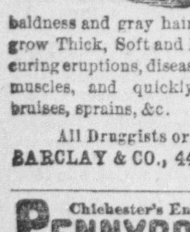
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$5 A DAY SURE. $2.15 Samples Free. Horse owners buy 1 to 6. 20 other specialties. Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich. wyly n29

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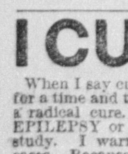


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Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper.
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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
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